Fangirl

Based on the bestselling novel by

RAINBOW ROWELL

3

Adapted by

RAINBOW ROWELL

Illustrated by

GABI NAM

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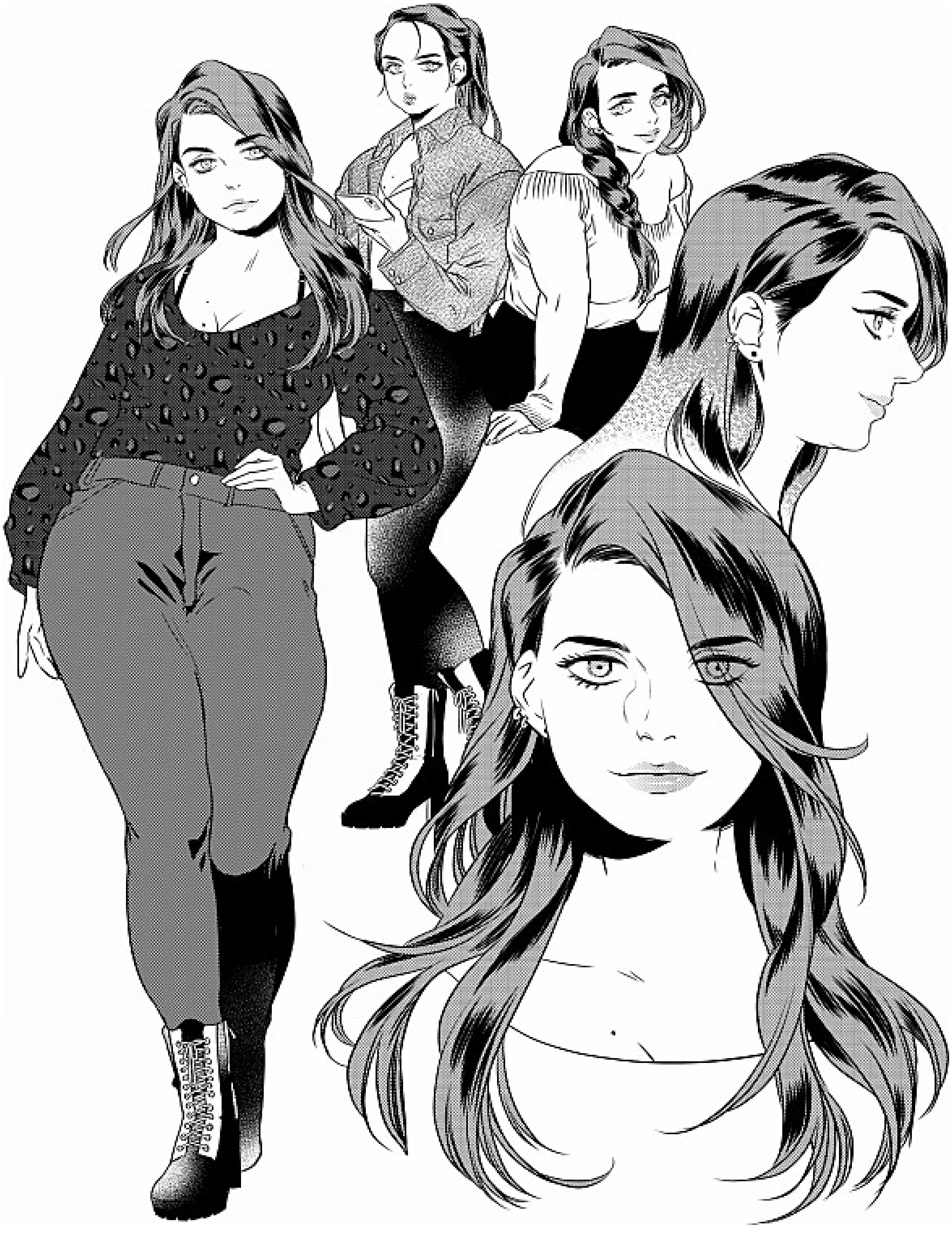

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Based on the
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VIZ ORIGINALS

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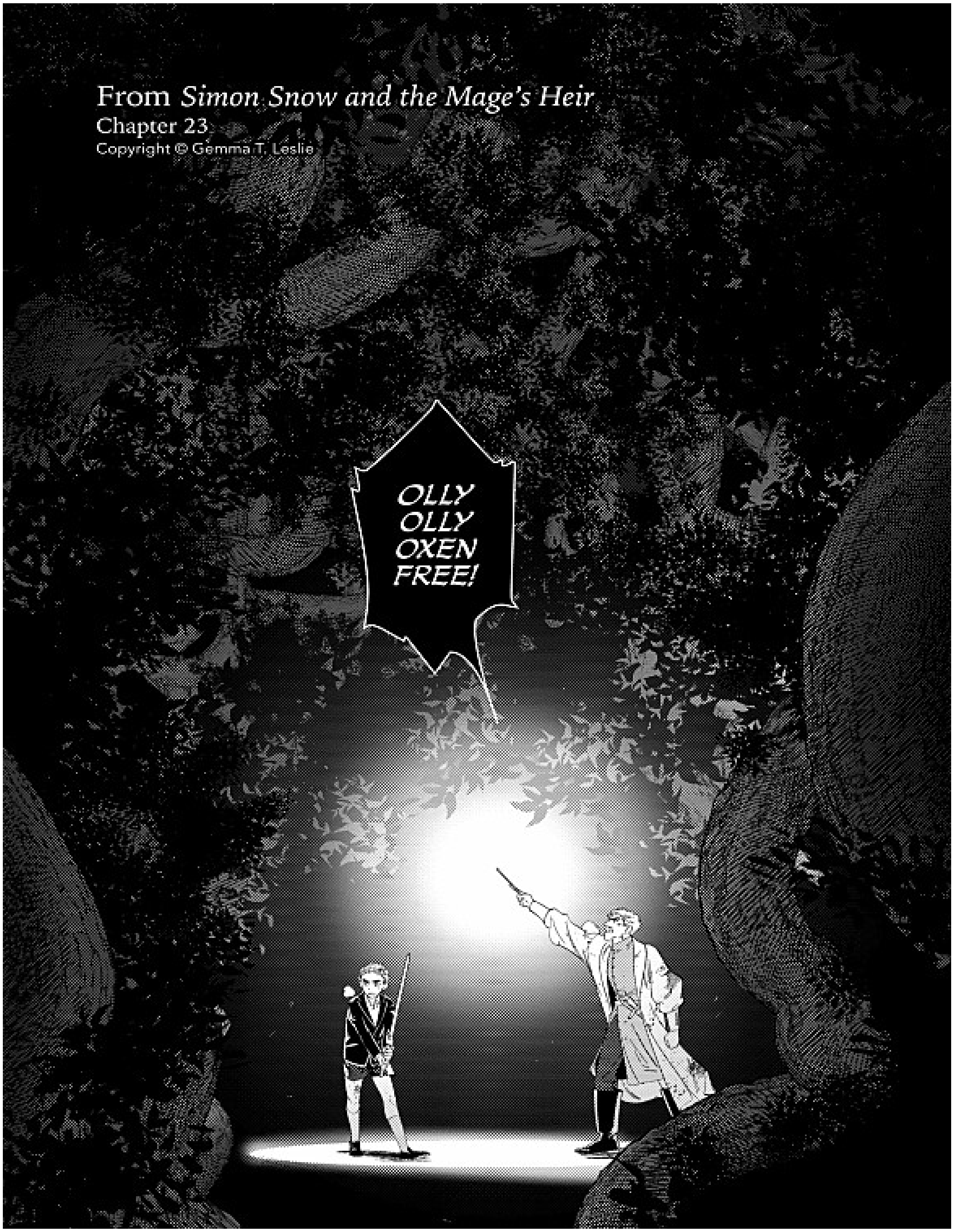

From *Simon Snow and the Mage's Heir*
Chapter 23

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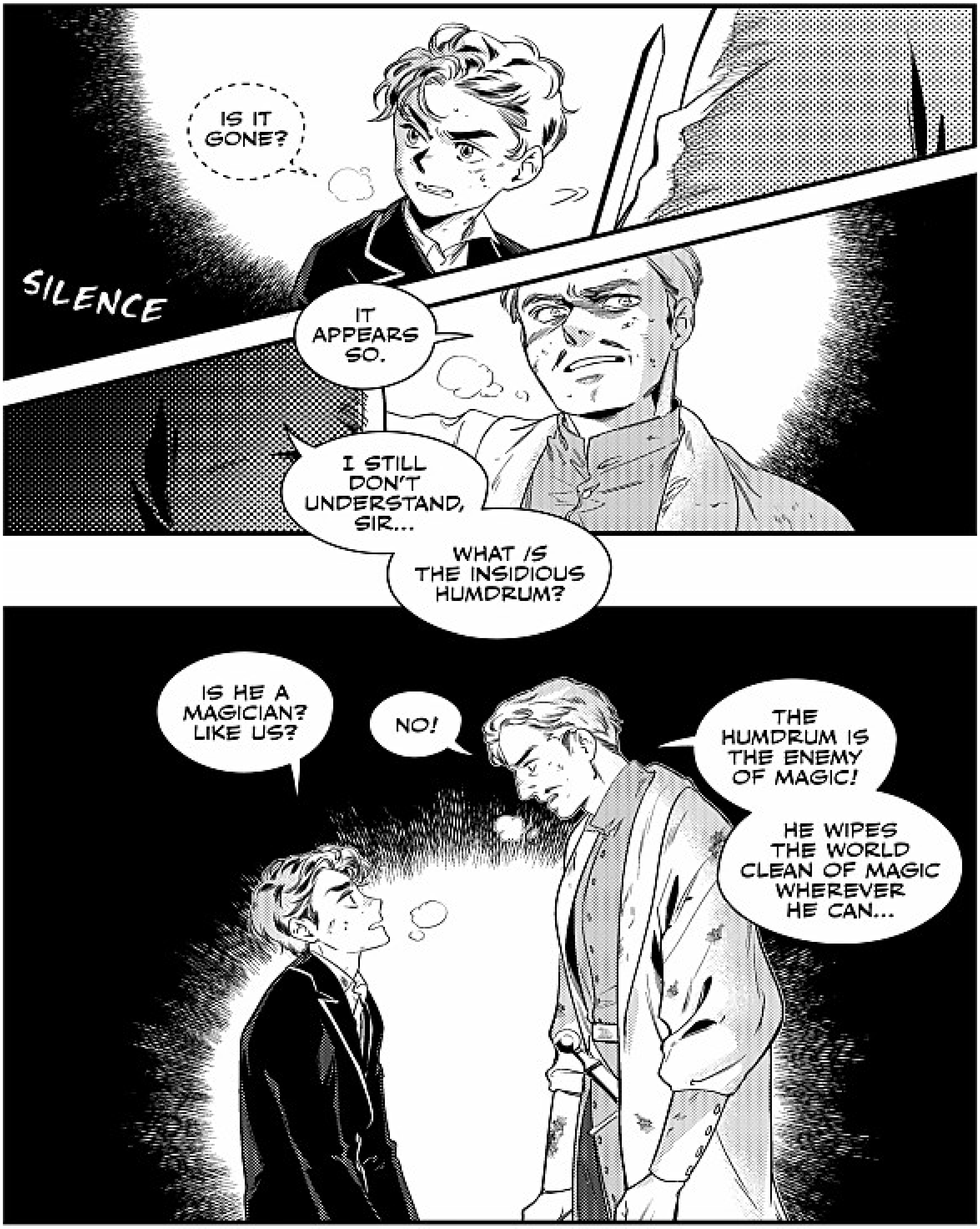
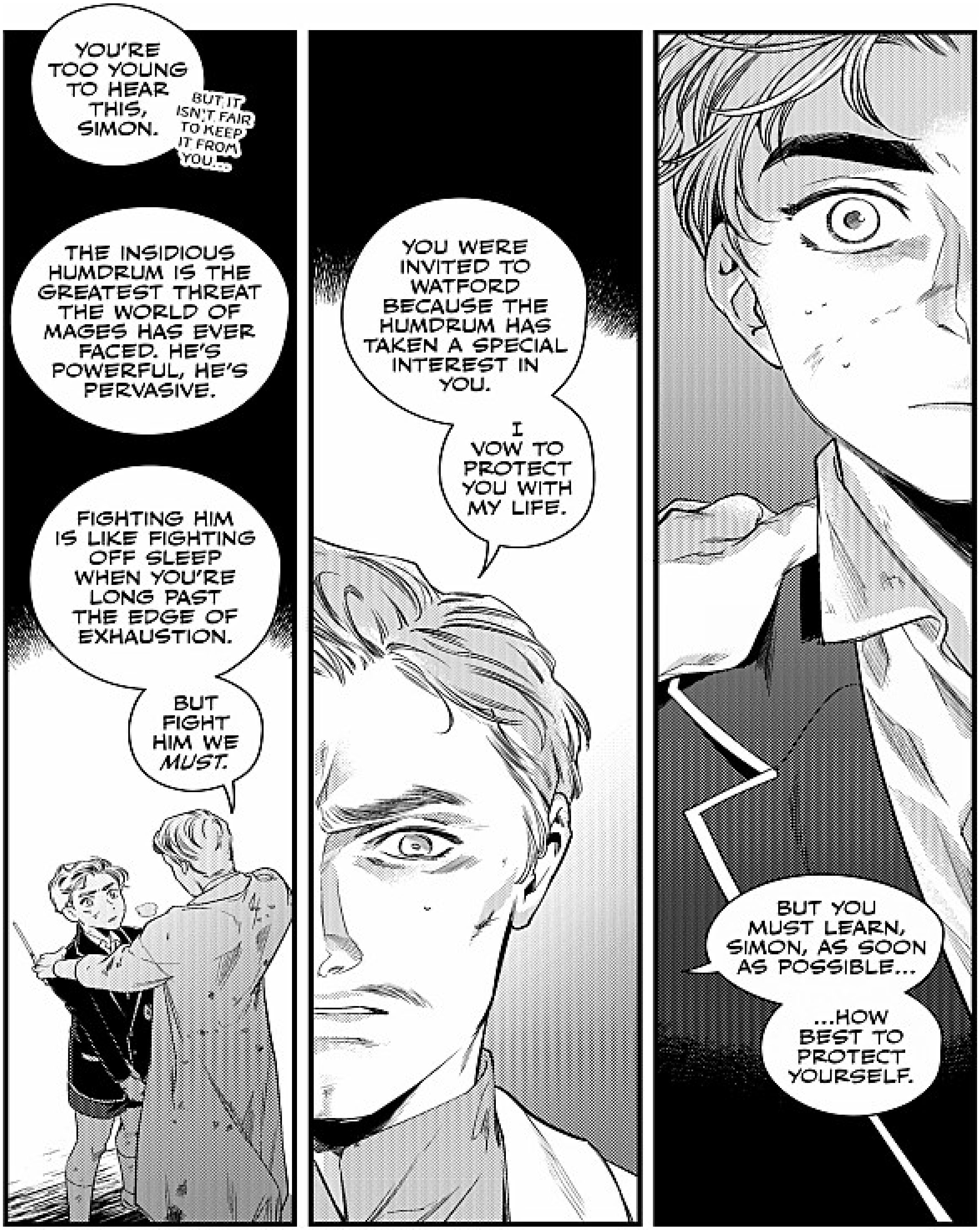
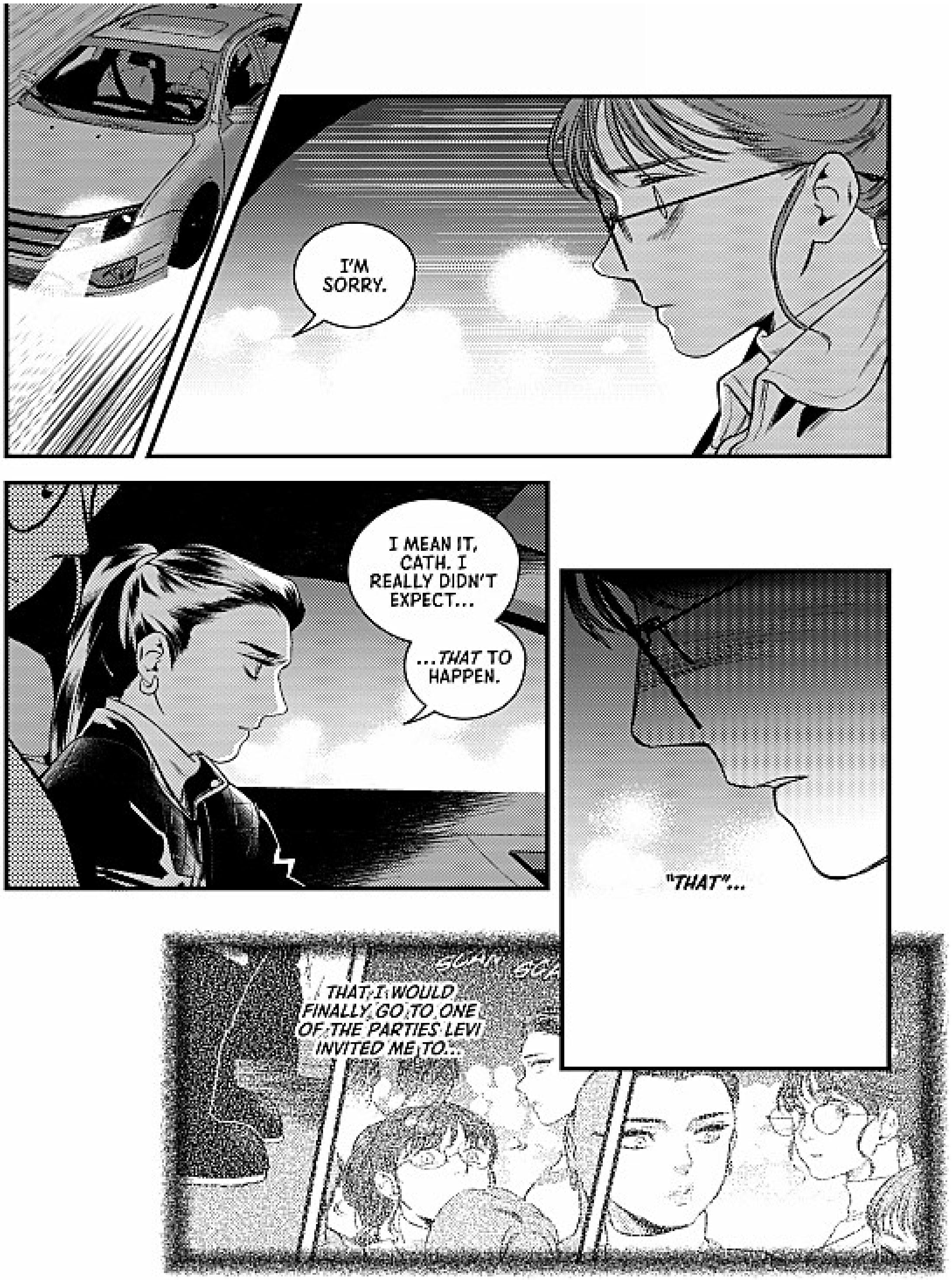
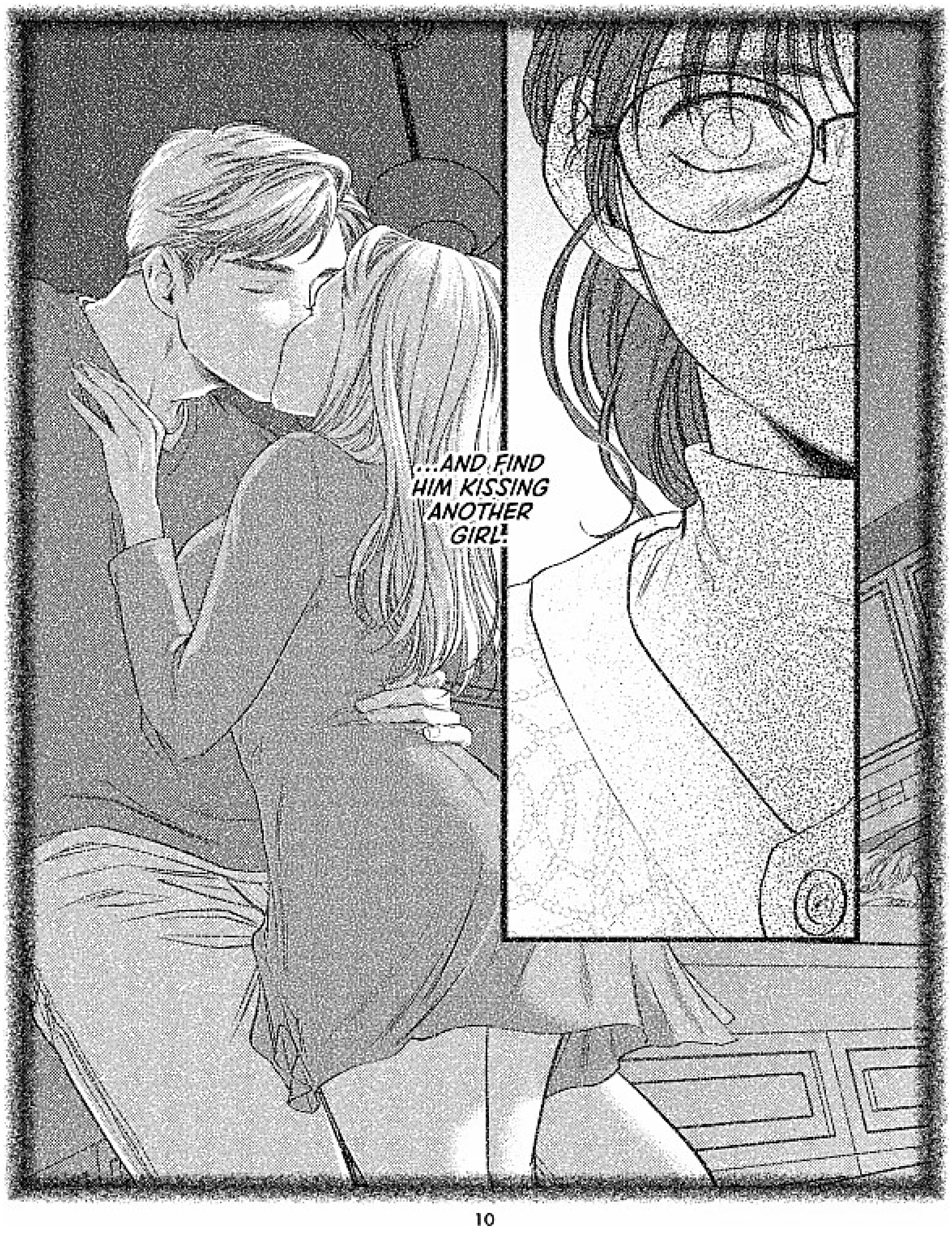
OLLY OLLY OXEN FREE!

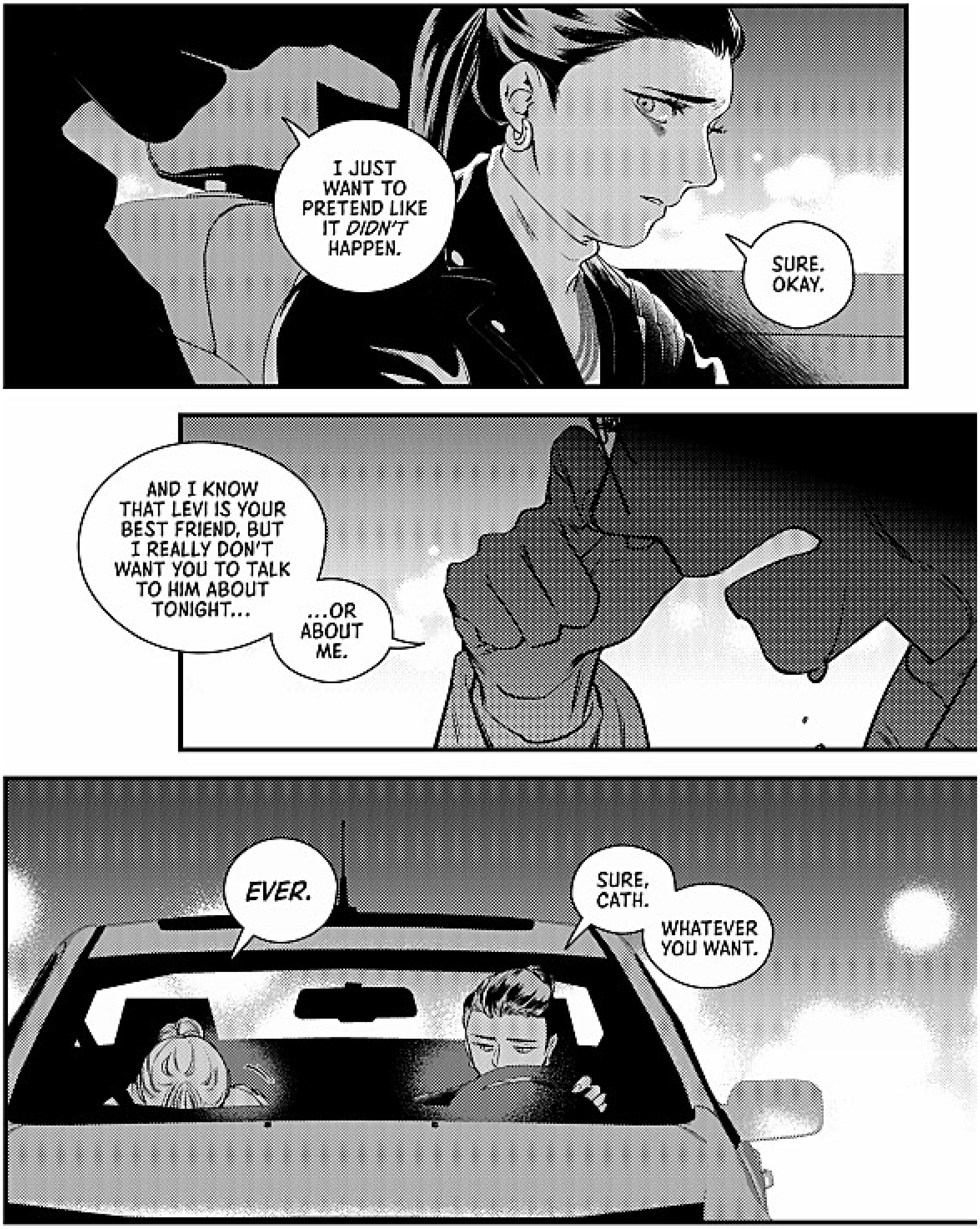

IS IT GONE?
SILENCE
IT APPEARS SO.
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR...
WHAT *IS* THE INSIDIOUS HUMDRUM?
IS HE A MAGICIAN? LIKE US?
NO!
THE HUMDRUM IS THE ENEMY OF MAGIC!
HE WIPES THE WORLD CLEAN OF MAGIC WHEREVER HE CAN...

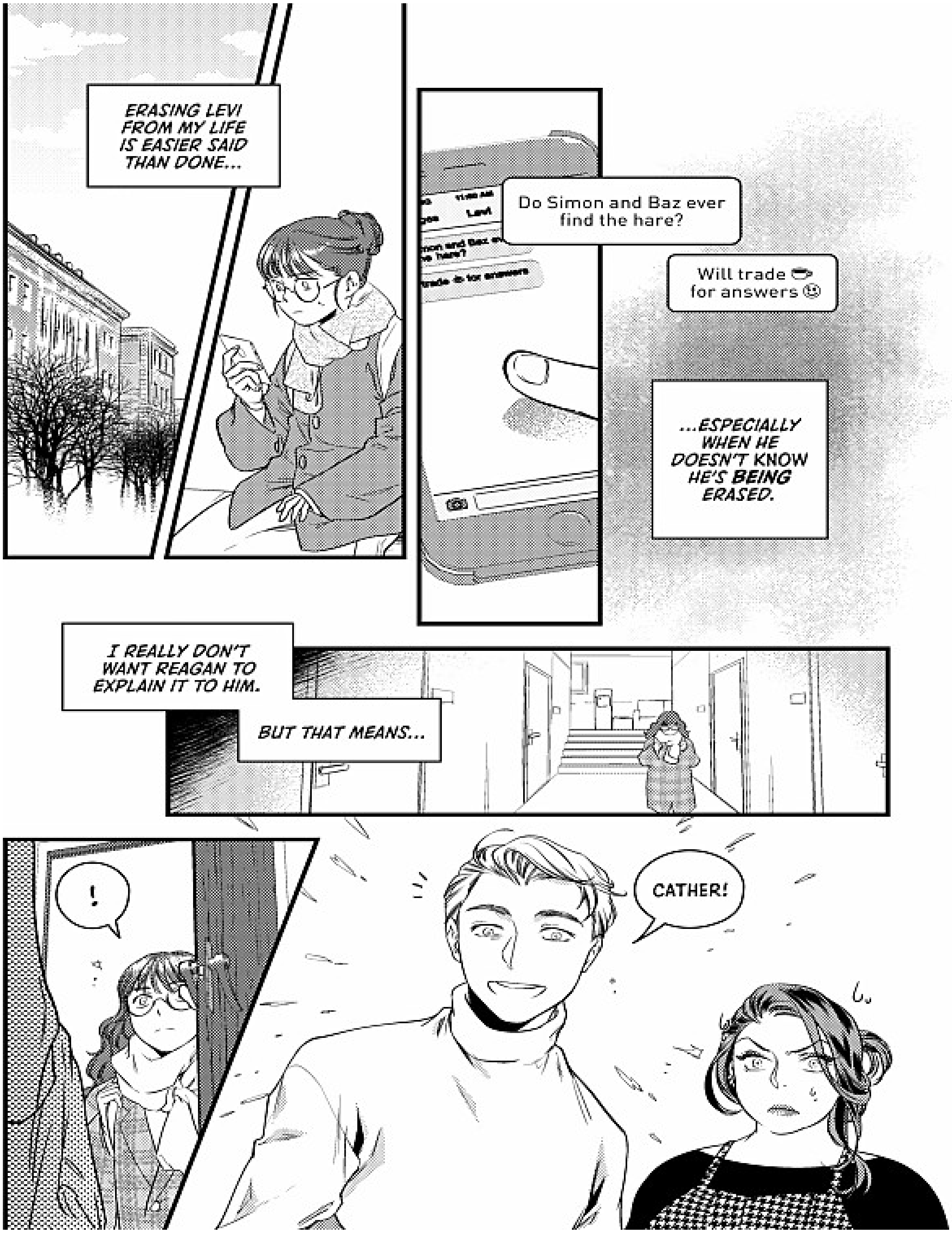

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO HEAR THIS, SIMON.
BUT IT ISN'T FAIR TO KEEP IT FROM YOU...
THE INSIDIOUS HUMDRUM IS THE GREATEST THREAT THE WORLD OF MAGES HAS EVER FACED. HE'S POWERFUL, HE'S PERVASIVE.
FIGHTING HIM IS LIKE FIGHTING OFF SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE LONG PAST THE EDGE OF EXHAUSTION.
BUT FIGHT HIM WE *MUST.*
YOU WERE INVITED TO WATFORD BECAUSE THE HUMDRUM HAS TAKEN A SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOU.
I VOW TO PROTECT YOU WITH MY LIFE.
BUT YOU MUST LEARN, SIMON, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...
...HOW BEST TO PROTECT YOURSELF.

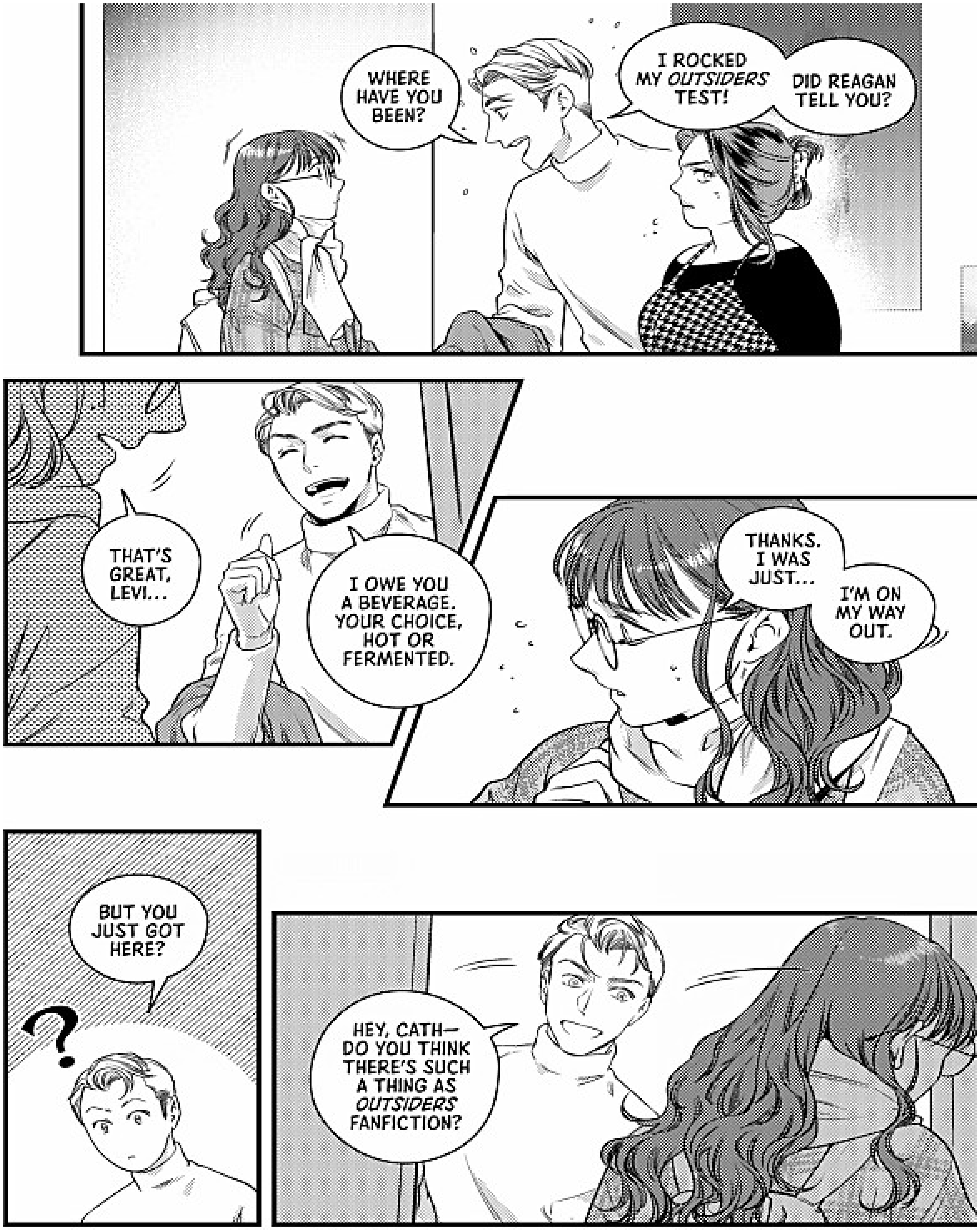
[redacted]

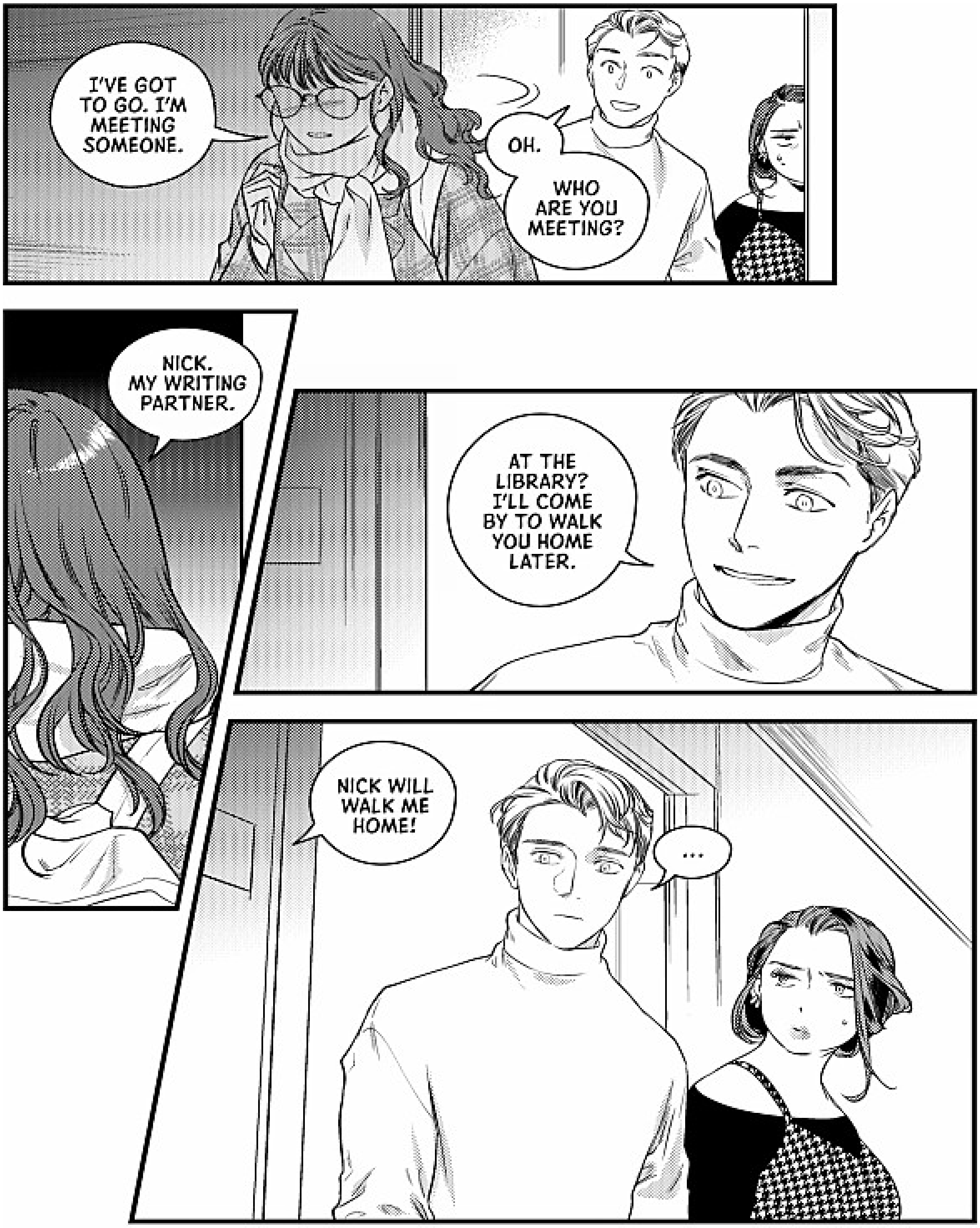

I'M SORRY.
I MEAN IT, CATH. I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT...
...*THAT* TO HAPPEN.
"THAT"...
THAT I WOULD FINALLY GO TO ONE OF THE PARTIES LEVI INVITED ME TO...

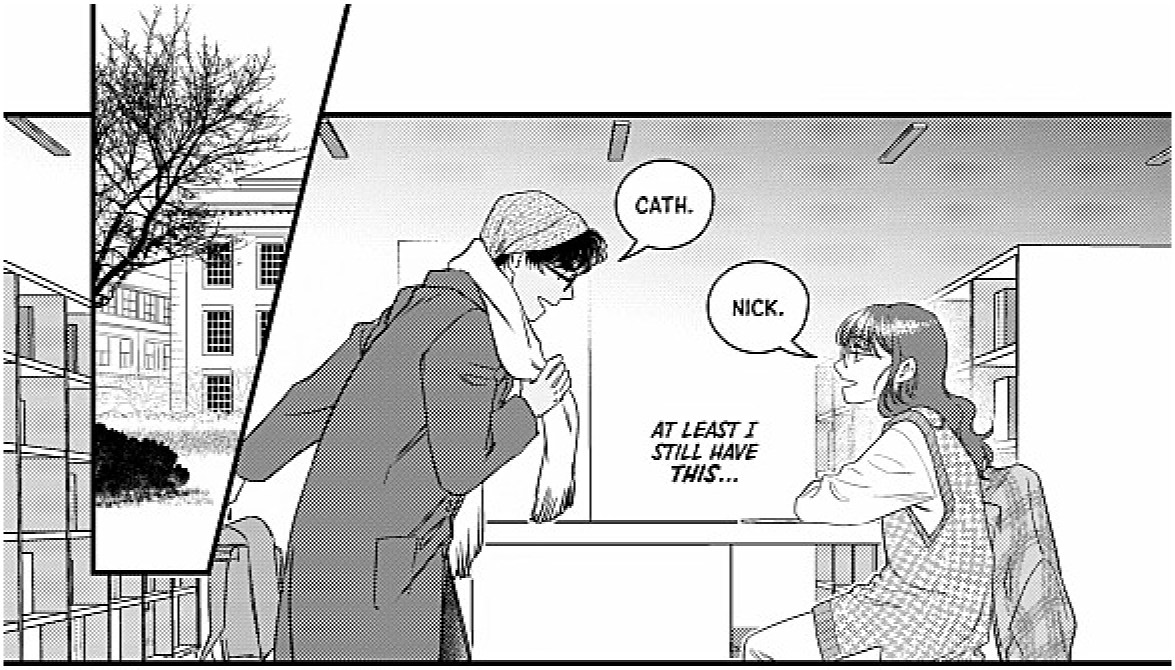

...AND FIND HIM KISSING ANOTHER GIRL!

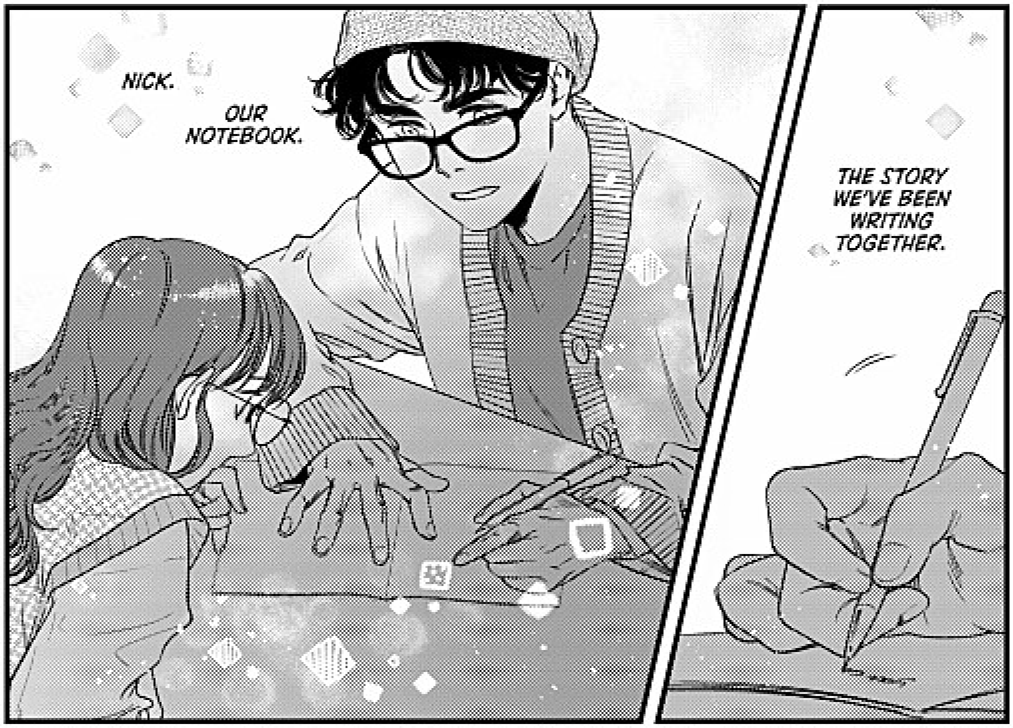

I JUST WANT TO PRETEND LIKE IT *DIDN'T* HAPPEN.
SURE. OKAY.
AND I KNOW THAT LEVI IS YOUR BEST FRIEND, BUT I REALLY DON'T WANT YOU TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT TONIGHT...
...OR ABOUT ME.
EVER.
SURE, CATH.
WHATEVER YOU WANT.

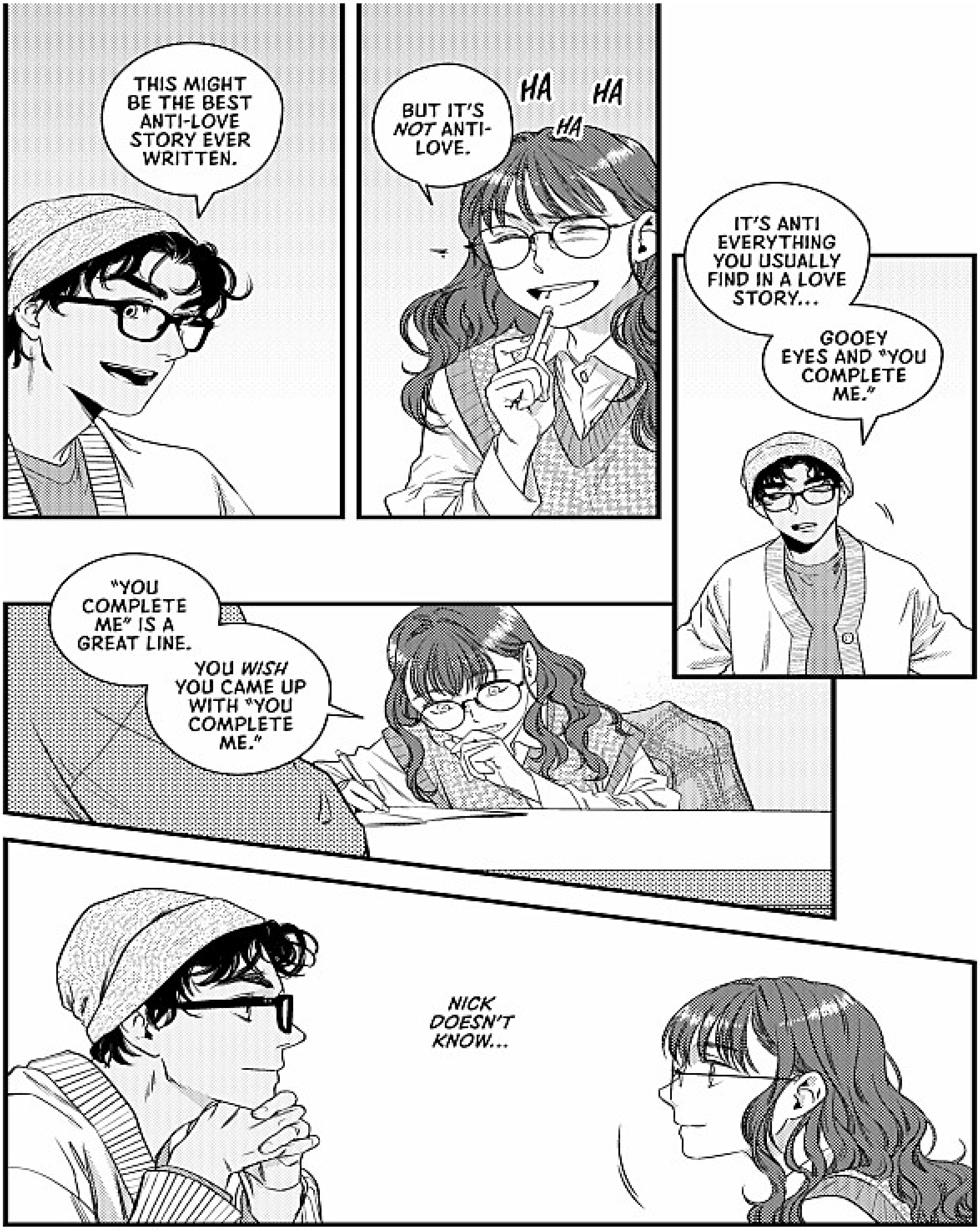

ERASING LEVI FROM MY LIFE IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE…
Do Simon and Baz ever find the hare?
Will trade ☕ for answers ☺
…ESPECIALLY WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S **BEING** ERASED.
I REALLY DON'T WANT REAGAN TO EXPLAIN IT TO HIM.
BUT THAT MEANS…
!
CATHER!

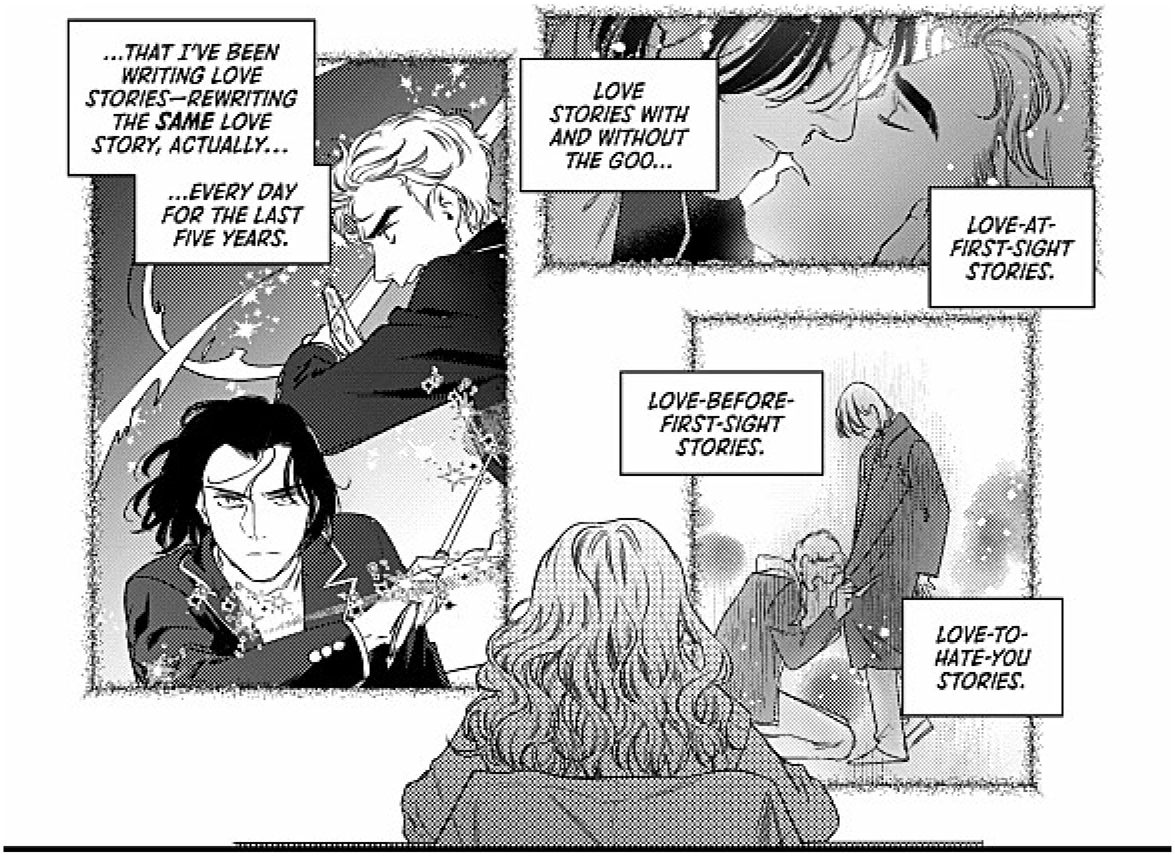

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I ROCKED MY *OUTSIDERS* TEST!
DID REAGAN TELL YOU?
THAT'S GREAT, LEVI...
I OWE YOU A BEVERAGE. YOUR CHOICE, HOT OR FERMENTED.
THANKS. I WAS JUST...
I'M ON MY WAY OUT.
BUT YOU JUST GOT HERE?
?
HEY, CATH— DO YOU THINK THERE'S SUCH A THING AS *OUTSIDERS* FANFICTION?

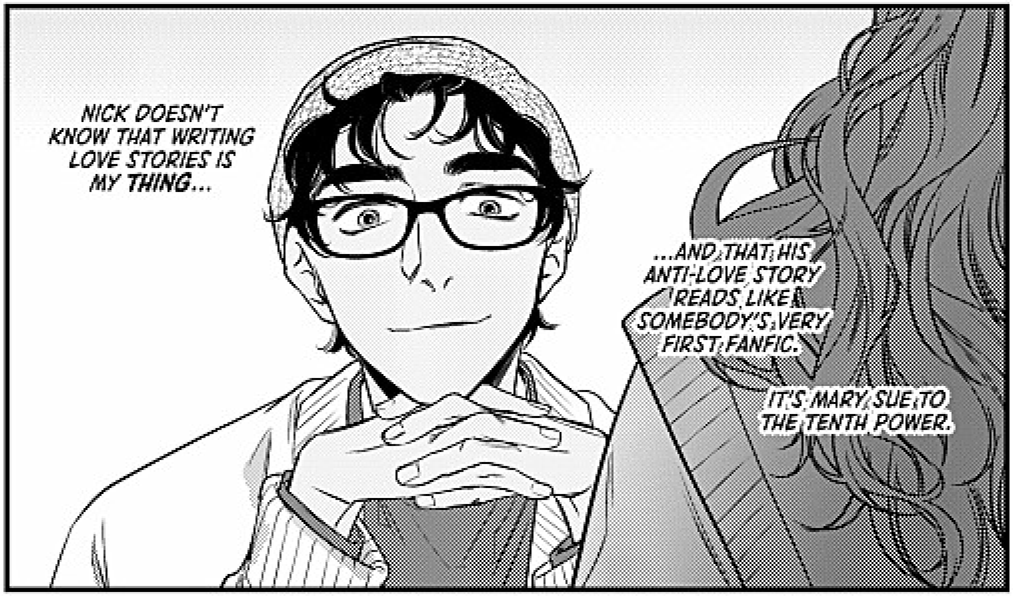

I'VE GOT TO GO. I'M MEETING SOMEONE.
OH.
WHO ARE YOU MEETING?
NICK. MY WRITING PARTNER.
AT THE LIBRARY? I'LL COME BY TO WALK YOU HOME LATER.
NICK WILL WALK ME HOME!
...

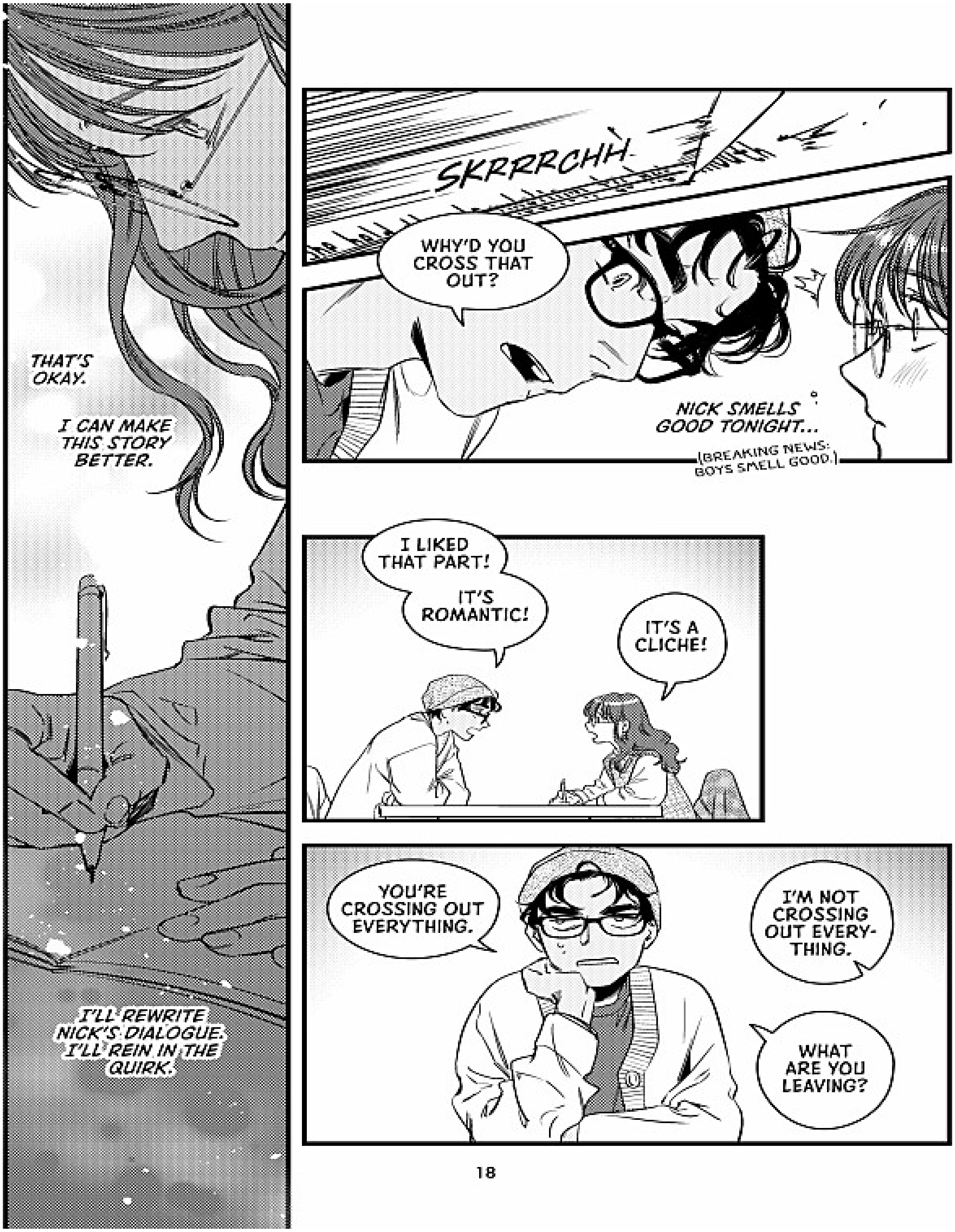

CATH.
NICK.
AT LEAST I STILL HAVE THIS...

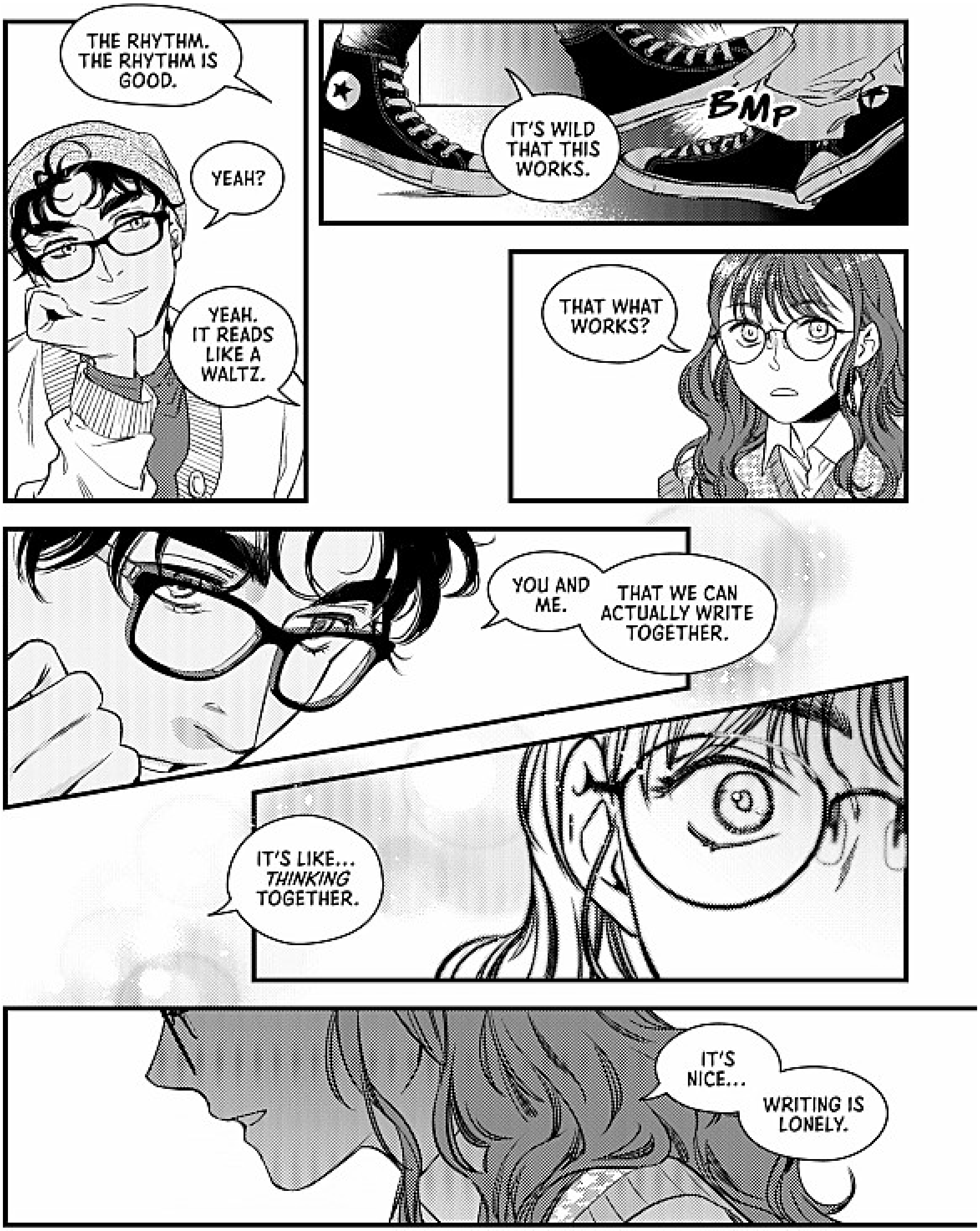

NICK.
OUR NOTEBOOK.
THE STORY WE'VE BEEN WRITING TOGETHER.

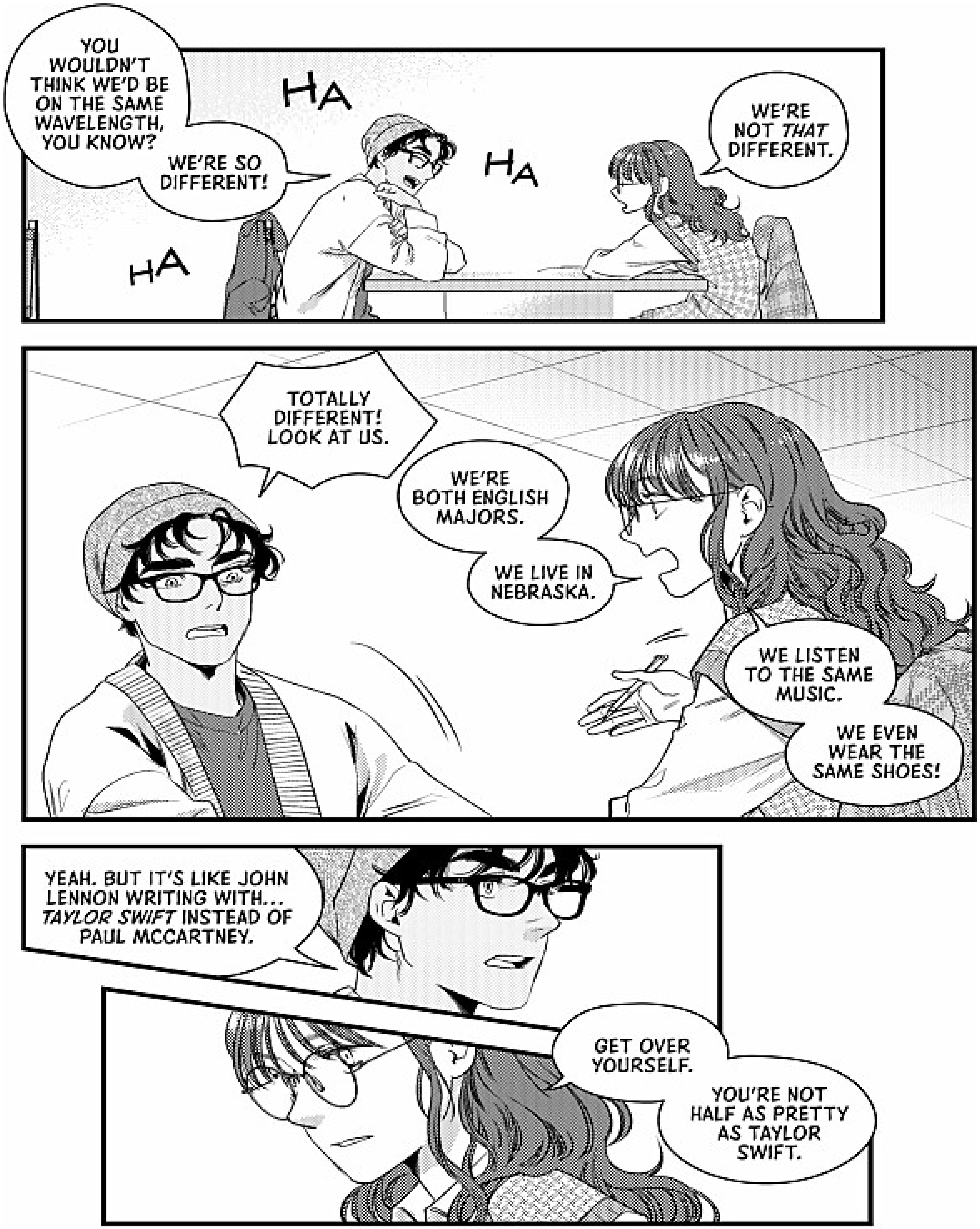

THIS MIGHT BE THE BEST ANTI-LOVE STORY EVER WRITTEN.
BUT IT'S *NOT* ANTI-LOVE.
HA HA HA
IT'S ANTI EVERYTHING YOU USUALLY FIND IN A LOVE STORY...
GOOEY EYES AND "YOU COMPLETE ME."
"YOU COMPLETE ME" IS A GREAT LINE.
YOU *WISH* YOU CAME UP WITH "YOU COMPLETE ME."
NICK DOESN'T KNOW...

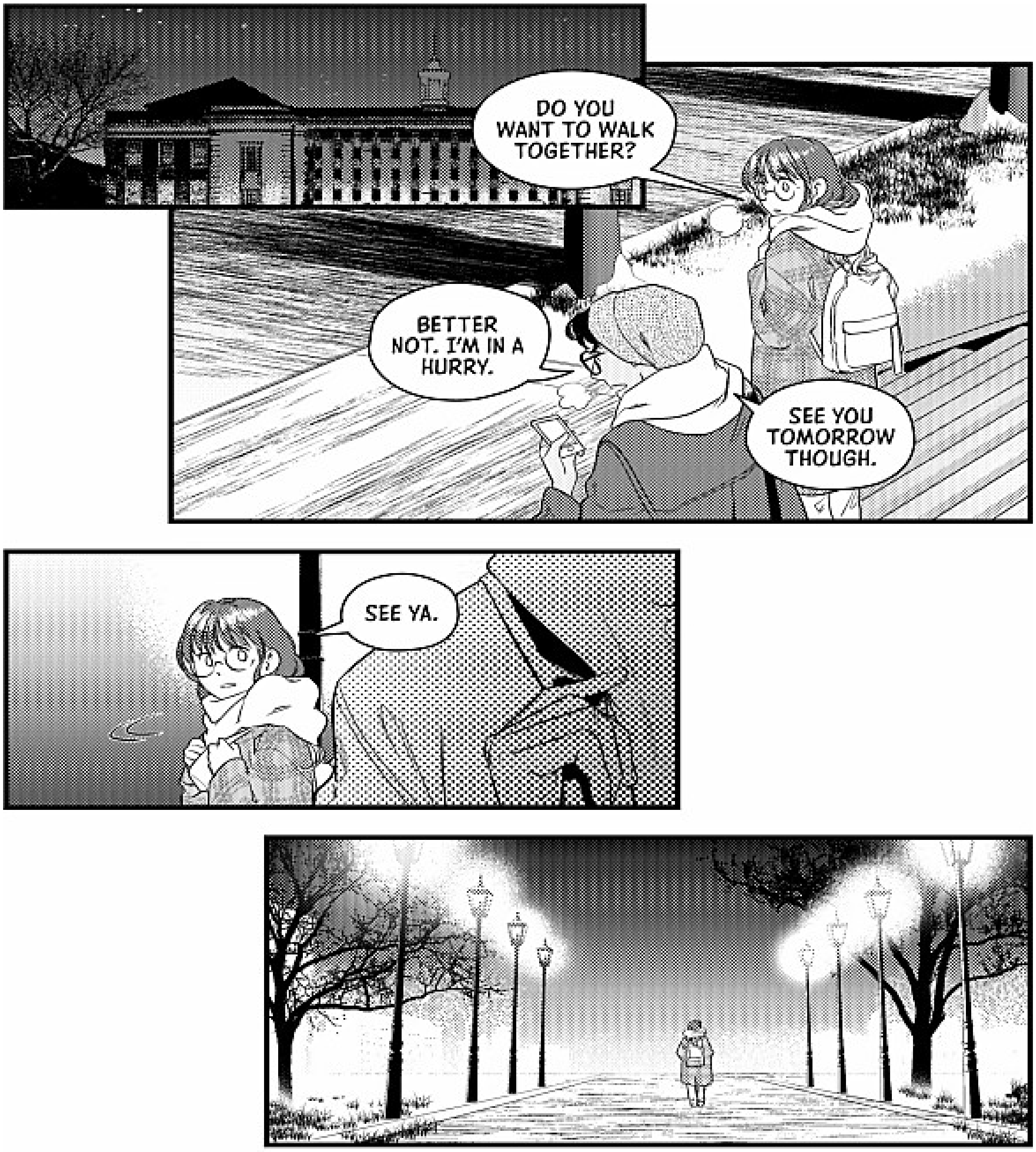

...THAT I'VE BEEN WRITING LOVE STORIES—REWRITING THE **SAME** LOVE STORY, ACTUALLY...
...EVERY DAY FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS.
LOVE STORIES WITH AND WITHOUT THE GOO...
LOVE-AT-FIRST-SIGHT STORIES.
LOVE-BEFORE-FIRST-SIGHT STORIES.
LOVE-TO-HATE-YOU STORIES.

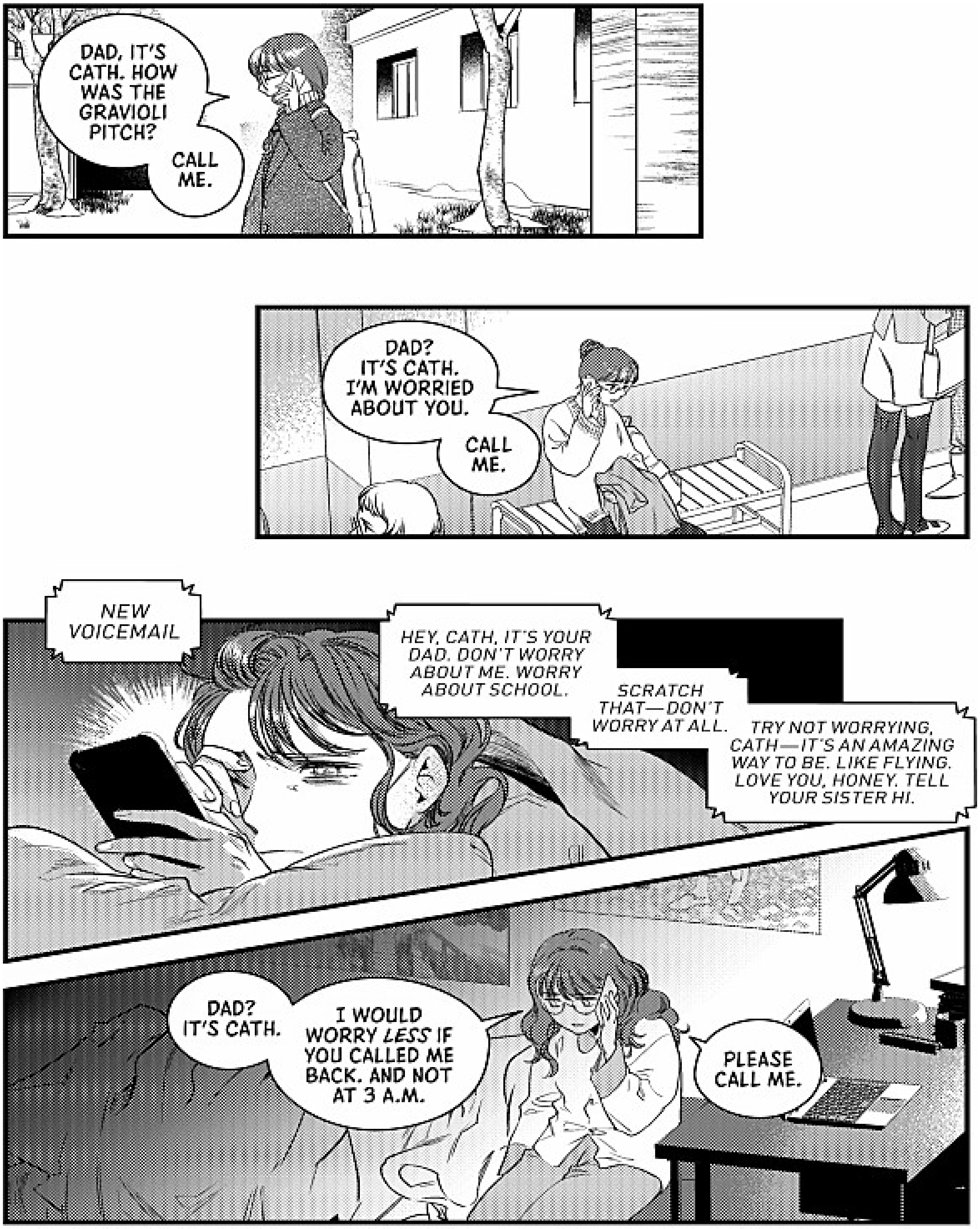

NICK DOESN'T KNOW THAT WRITING LOVE STORIES IS MY **THING**...
...AND THAT HIS ANTI-LOVE STORY READS LIKE SOMEBODY'S VERY FIRST FANFIC.
IT'S MARY SUE TO THE TENTH POWER.

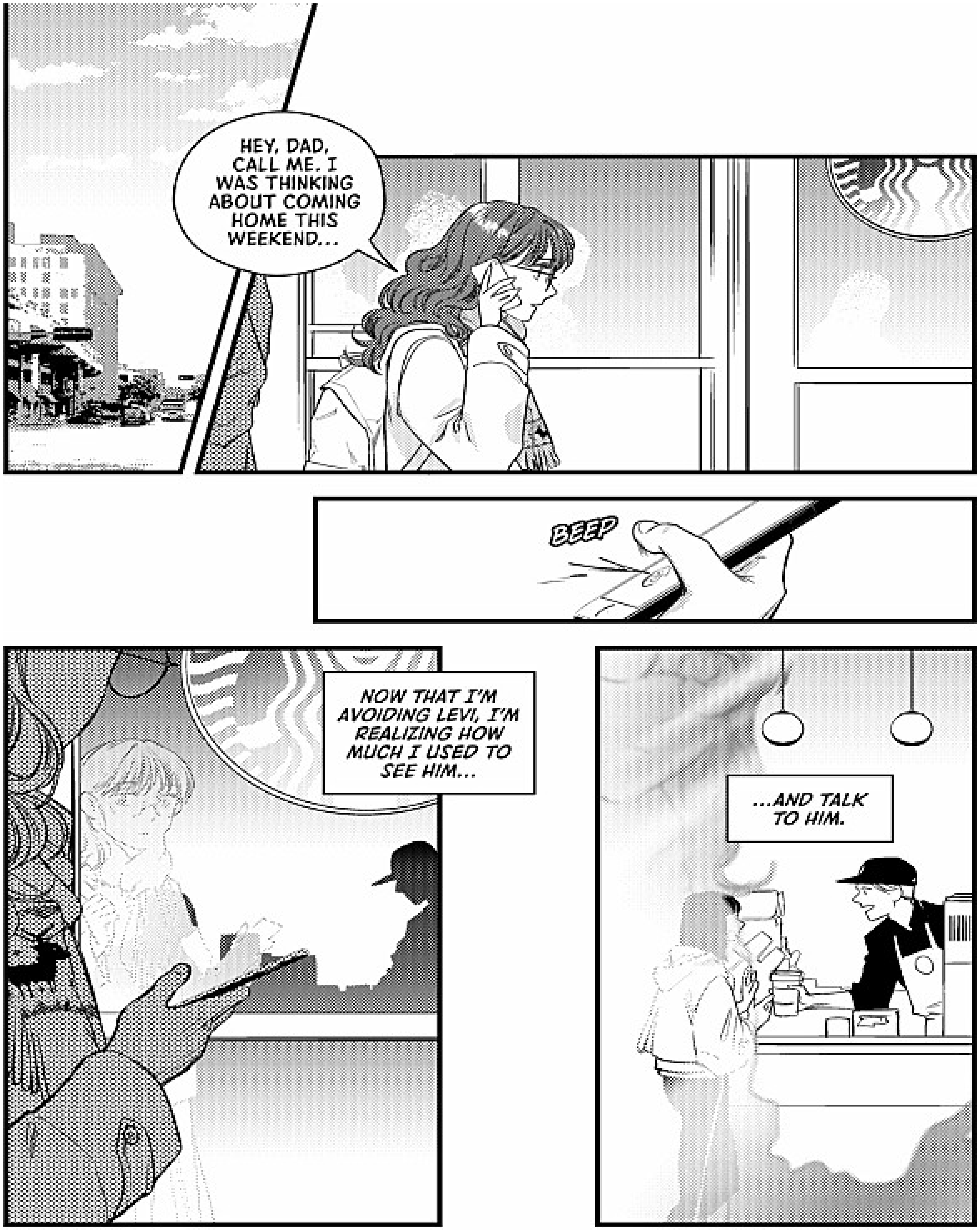

THAT'S OKAY.
I CAN MAKE THIS STORY BETTER.
I'LL REWRITE NICK'S DIALOGUE. I'LL REIN IN THE QUIRK.
SKRRRCHH
WHY'D YOU CROSS THAT OUT?
NICK SMELLS GOOD TONIGHT...
(BREAKING NEWS: BOYS SMELL GOOD.)
I LIKED THAT PART!
IT'S ROMANTIC!
IT'S A CLICHE!
YOU'RE CROSSING OUT EVERYTHING.
I'M NOT CROSSING OUT EVERYTHING.
WHAT ARE YOU LEAVING?

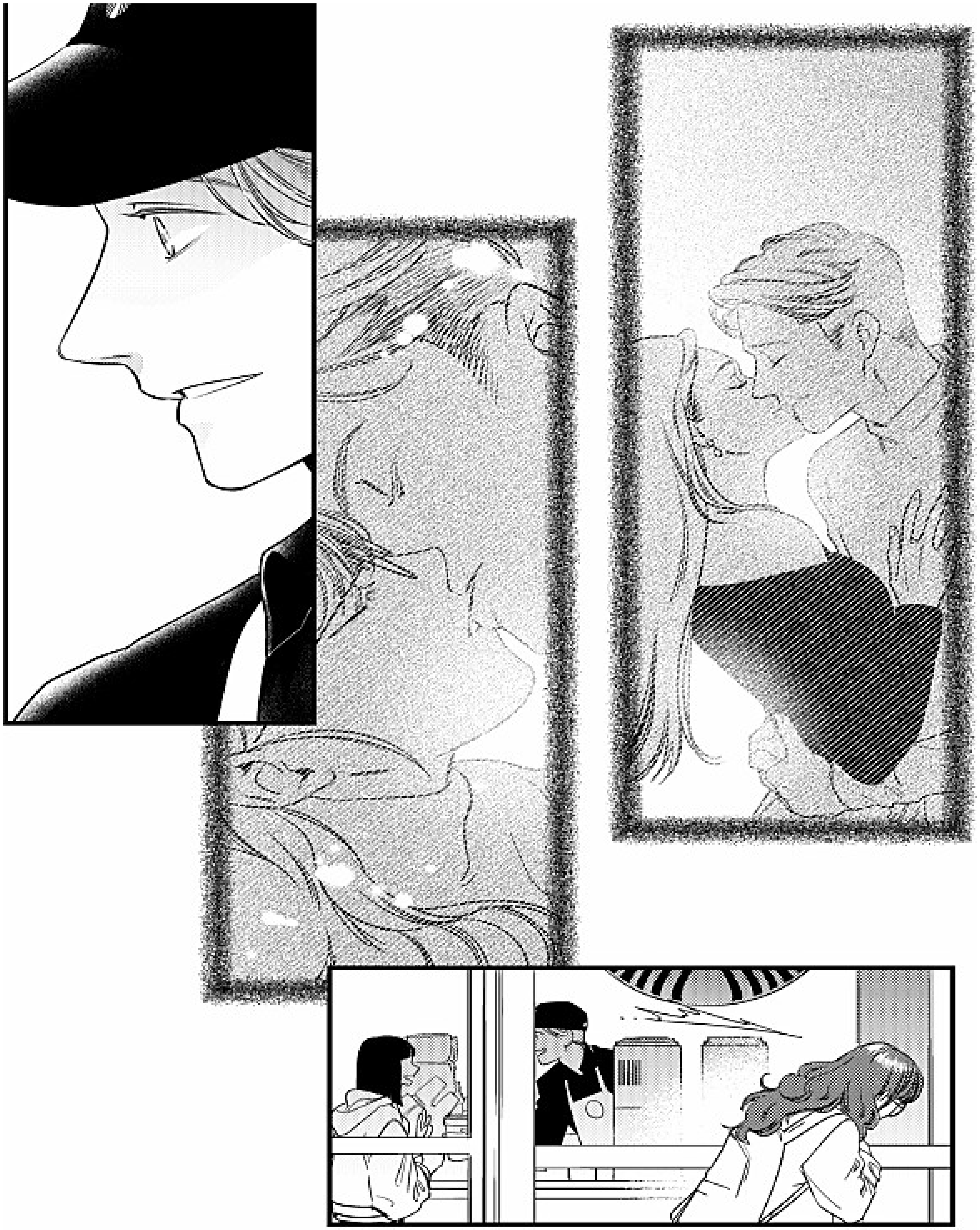

THE RHYTHM. THE RHYTHM IS GOOD.
YEAH?
YEAH. IT READS LIKE A WALTZ.
IT'S WILD THAT THIS WORKS.
BMP
THAT WHAT WORKS?
YOU AND ME.
THAT WE CAN ACTUALLY WRITE TOGETHER.
IT'S LIKE... *THINKING* TOGETHER.
IT'S NICE...
WRITING IS LONELY.

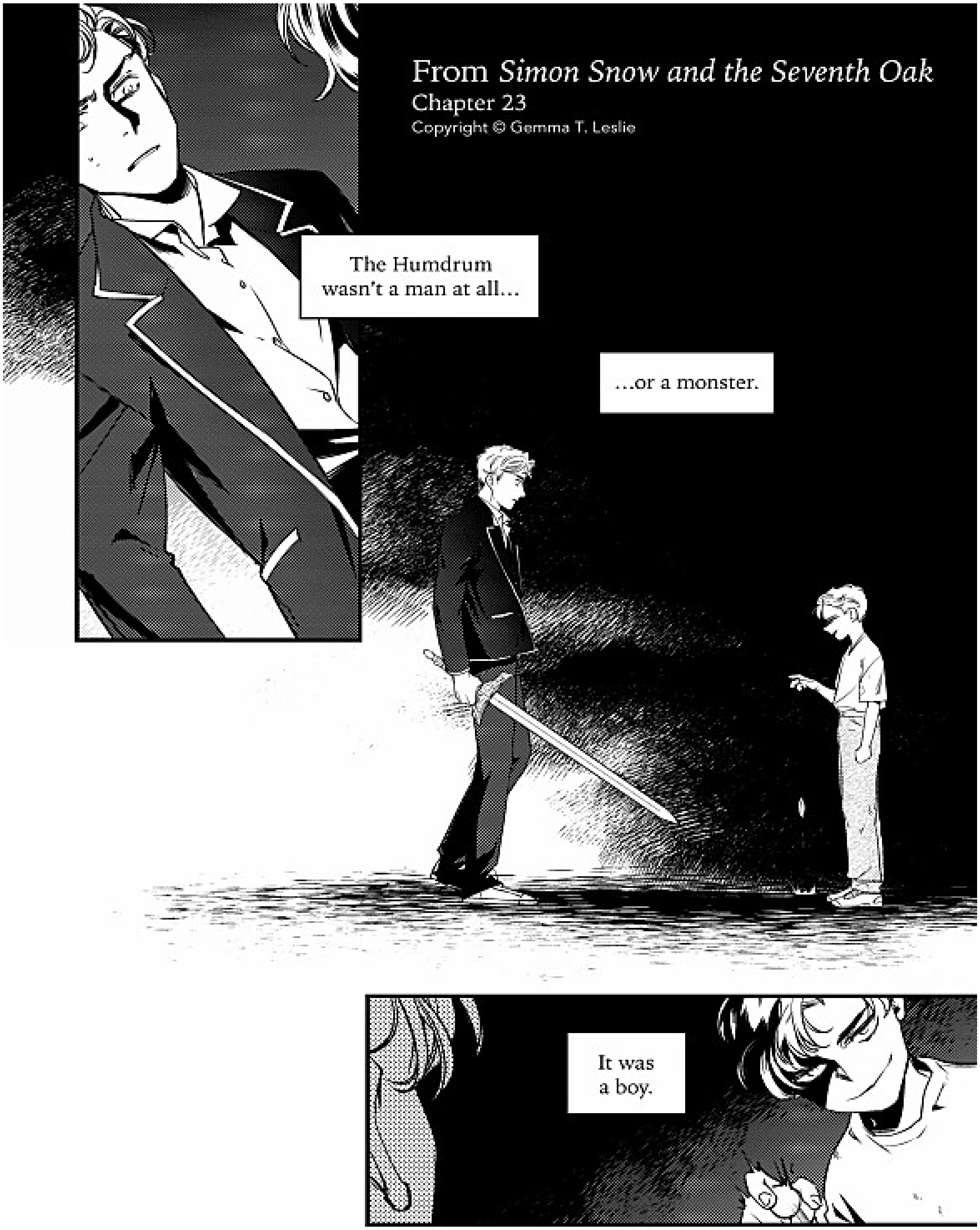

YOU WOULDN'T THINK WE'D BE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH, YOU KNOW?
WE'RE *SO* DIFFERENT!
HA
HA
HA
WE'RE NOT *THAT* DIFFERENT.
TOTALLY DIFFERENT! LOOK AT US.
WE'RE BOTH ENGLISH MAJORS.
WE LIVE IN NEBRASKA.
WE LISTEN TO THE SAME MUSIC.
WE EVEN WEAR THE SAME SHOES!
YEAH. BUT IT'S LIKE JOHN LENNON WRITING WITH... *TAYLOR SWIFT* INSTEAD OF PAUL MCCARTNEY.
GET OVER YOURSELF.
YOU'RE NOT HALF AS PRETTY AS TAYLOR SWIFT.


DO YOU WANT TO WALK TOGETHER?
BETTER NOT. I'M IN A HURRY.
SEE YOU TOMORROW THOUGH.
SEE YA.


DAD, IT'S CATH. HOW WAS THE GRAVIOLI PITCH?
CALL ME.
DAD? IT'S CATH. I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
CALL ME.
NEW VOICEMAIL
HEY, CATH, IT'S YOUR DAD. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. WORRY ABOUT SCHOOL.
SCRATCH THAT—DON'T WORRY AT ALL.
TRY NOT WORRYING, CATH—IT'S AN AMAZING WAY TO BE. LIKE FLYING. LOVE YOU, HONEY. TELL YOUR SISTER HI.
DAD? IT'S CATH.
I WOULD WORRY *LESS* IF YOU CALLED ME BACK. AND NOT AT 3 A.M.
PLEASE CALL ME.


HEY, DAD, CALL ME. I WAS THINKING ABOUT COMING HOME THIS WEEKEND...
BEEP
NOW THAT I'M AVOIDING LEVI, I'M REALIZING HOW MUCH I USED TO SEE HIM...
...AND TALK TO HIM.





From *Simon Snow and the Seventh Oak*

Chapter 23

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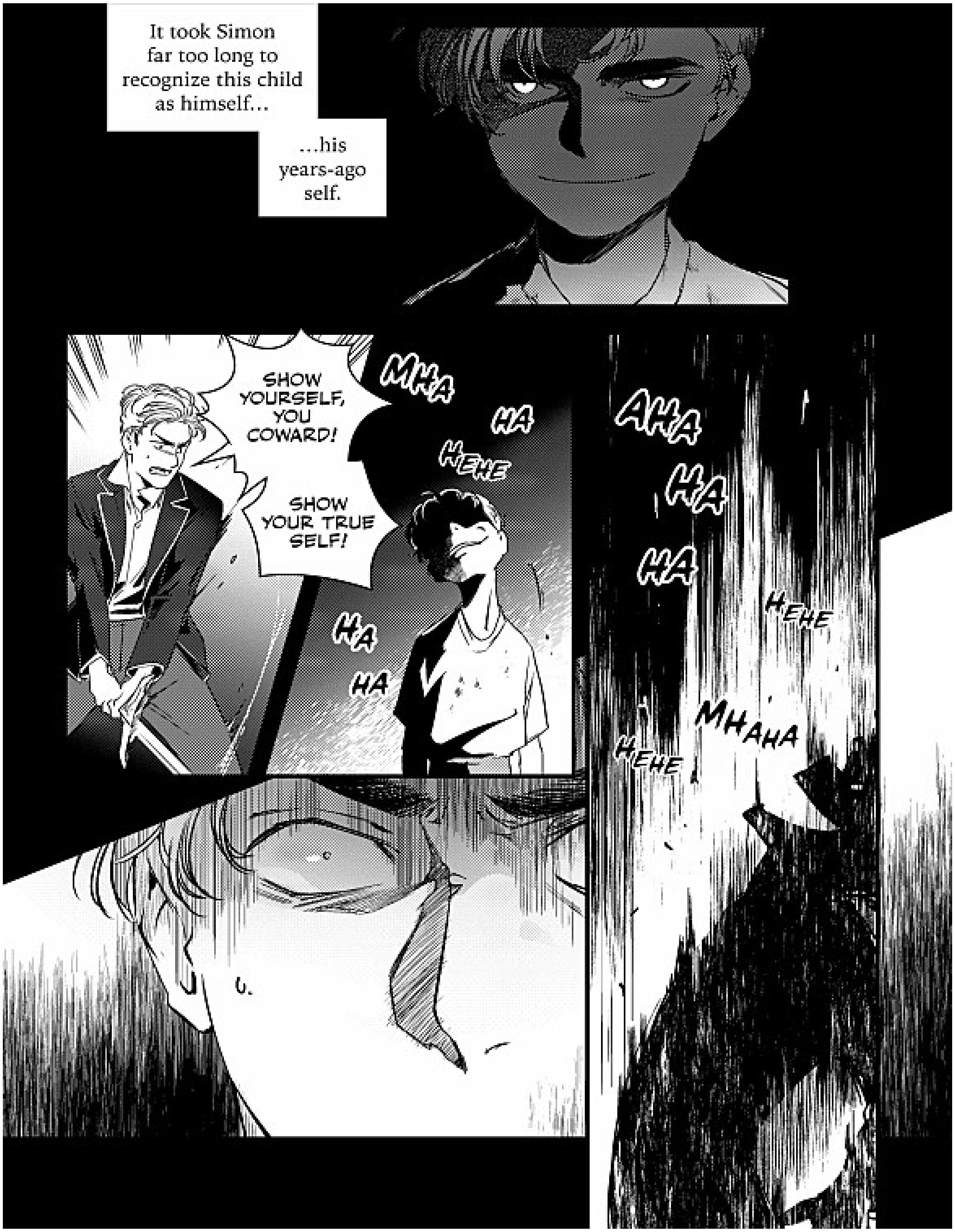
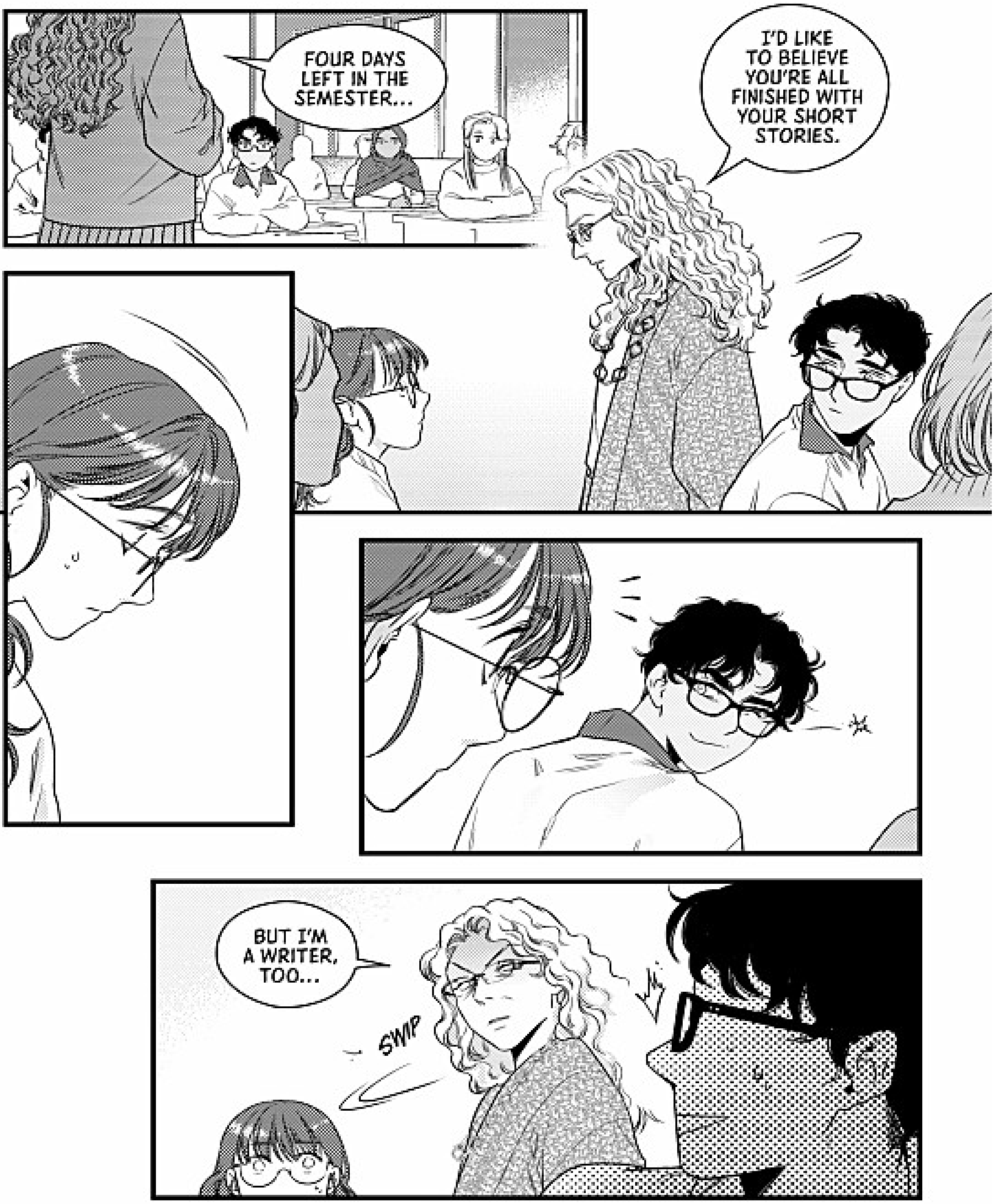
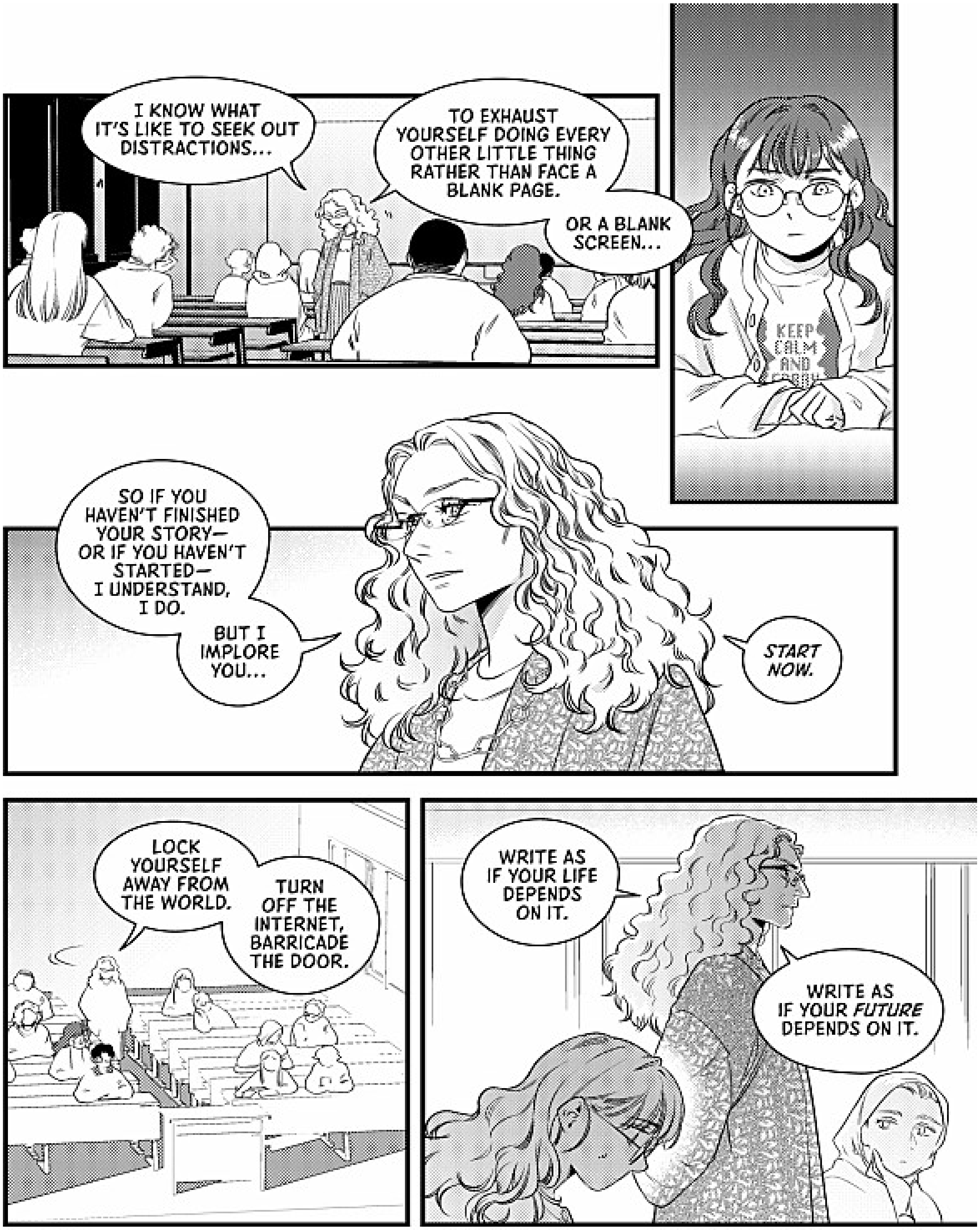
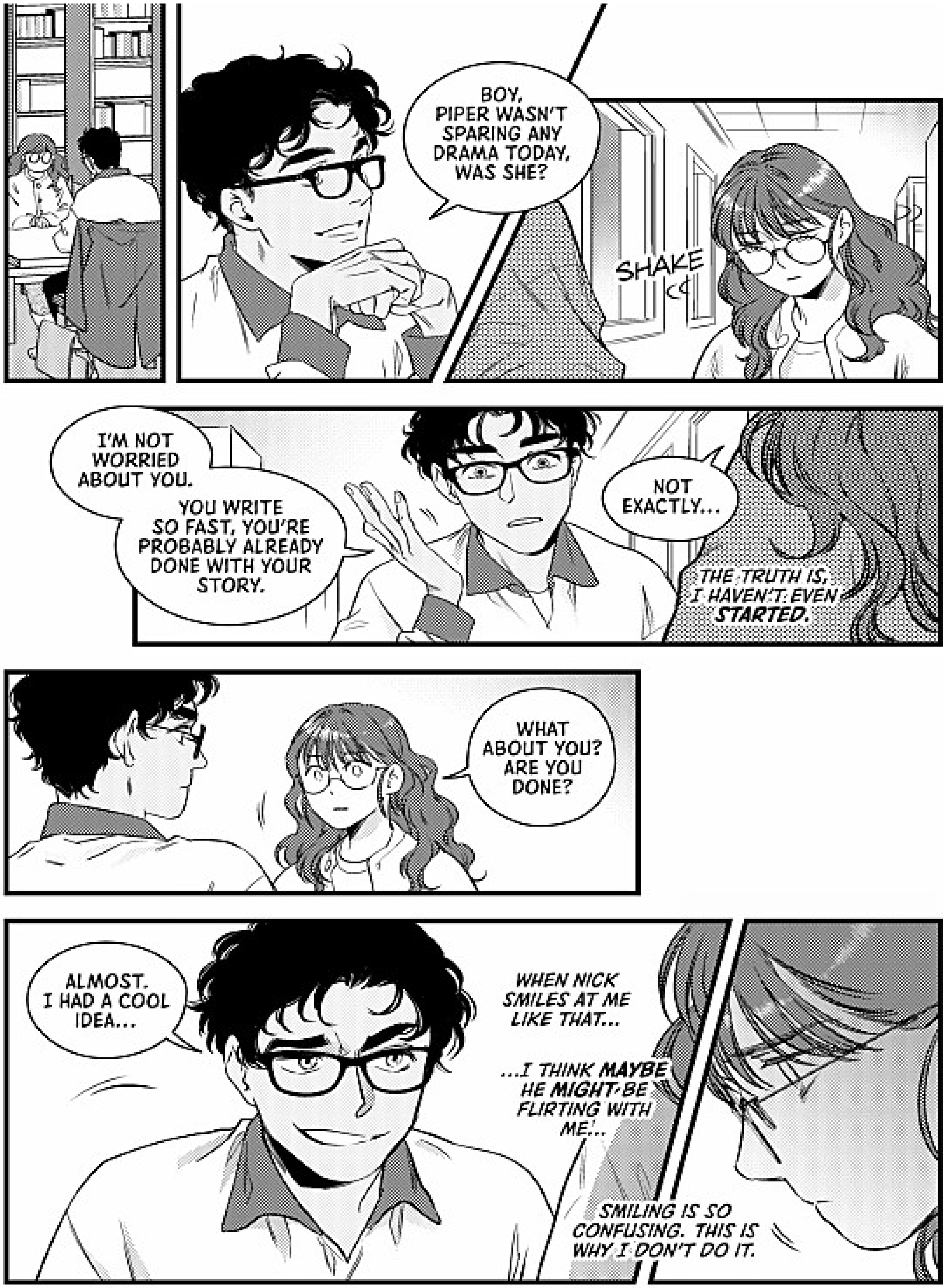
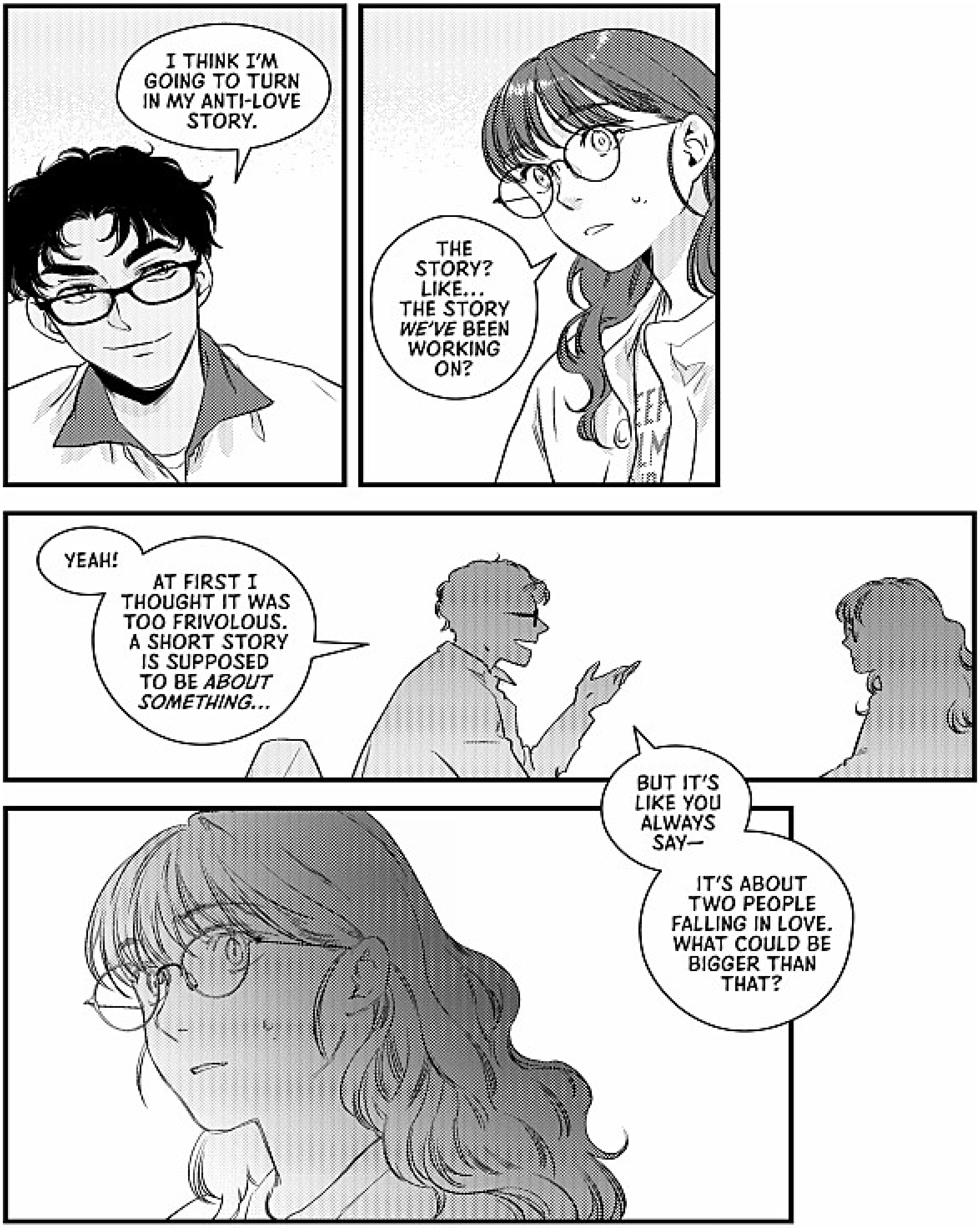
The Humdrum wasn't a man at all…
…or a monster.
It was a boy.

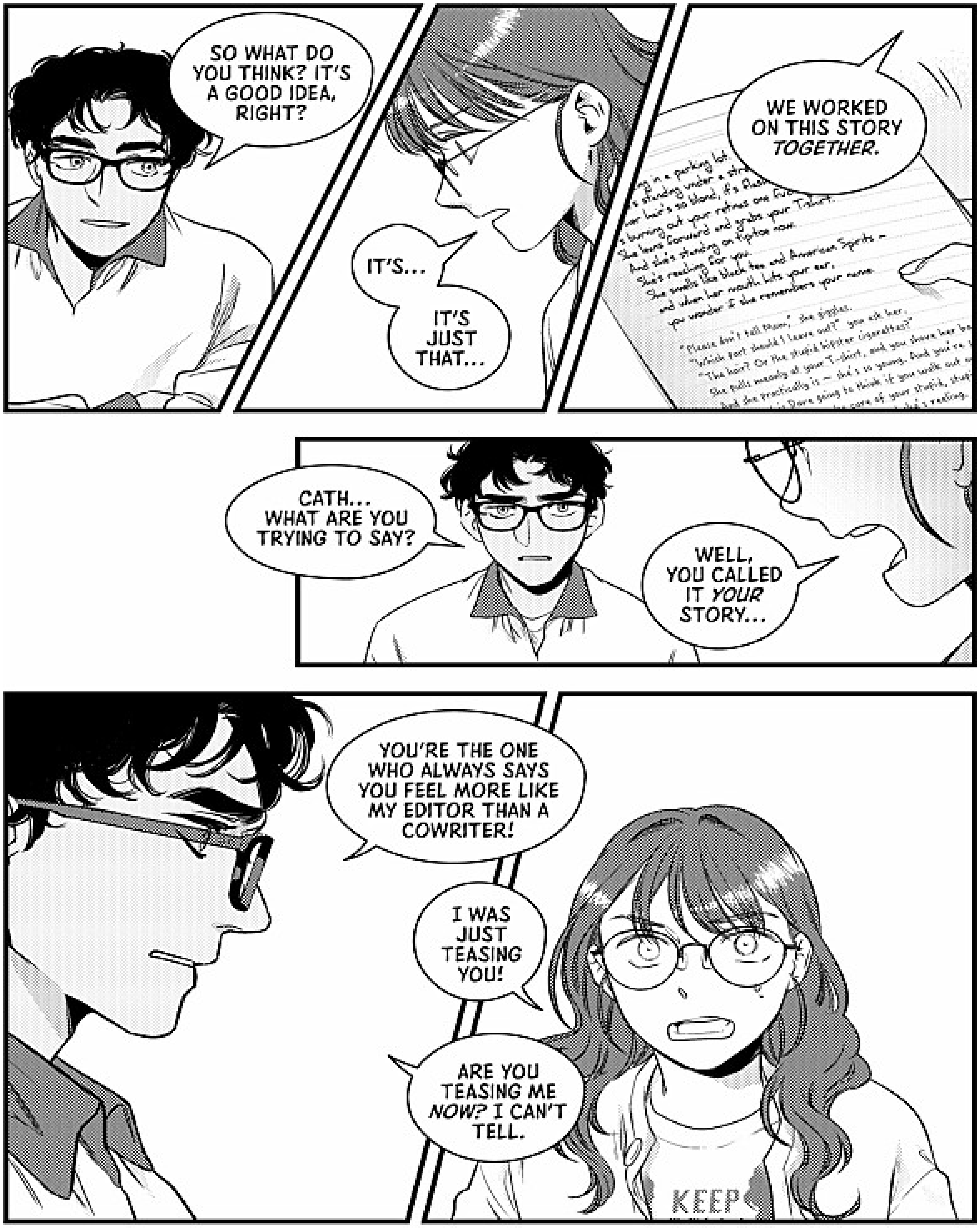

It took Simon far too long to recognize this child as himself…
…his years-ago self.
SHOW YOURSELF, YOU COWARD!
SHOW YOUR TRUE SELF!
MHA
HA
HEHE
HA
HA
AHA
HA
HA
HEHE
MHAHA
HEHE

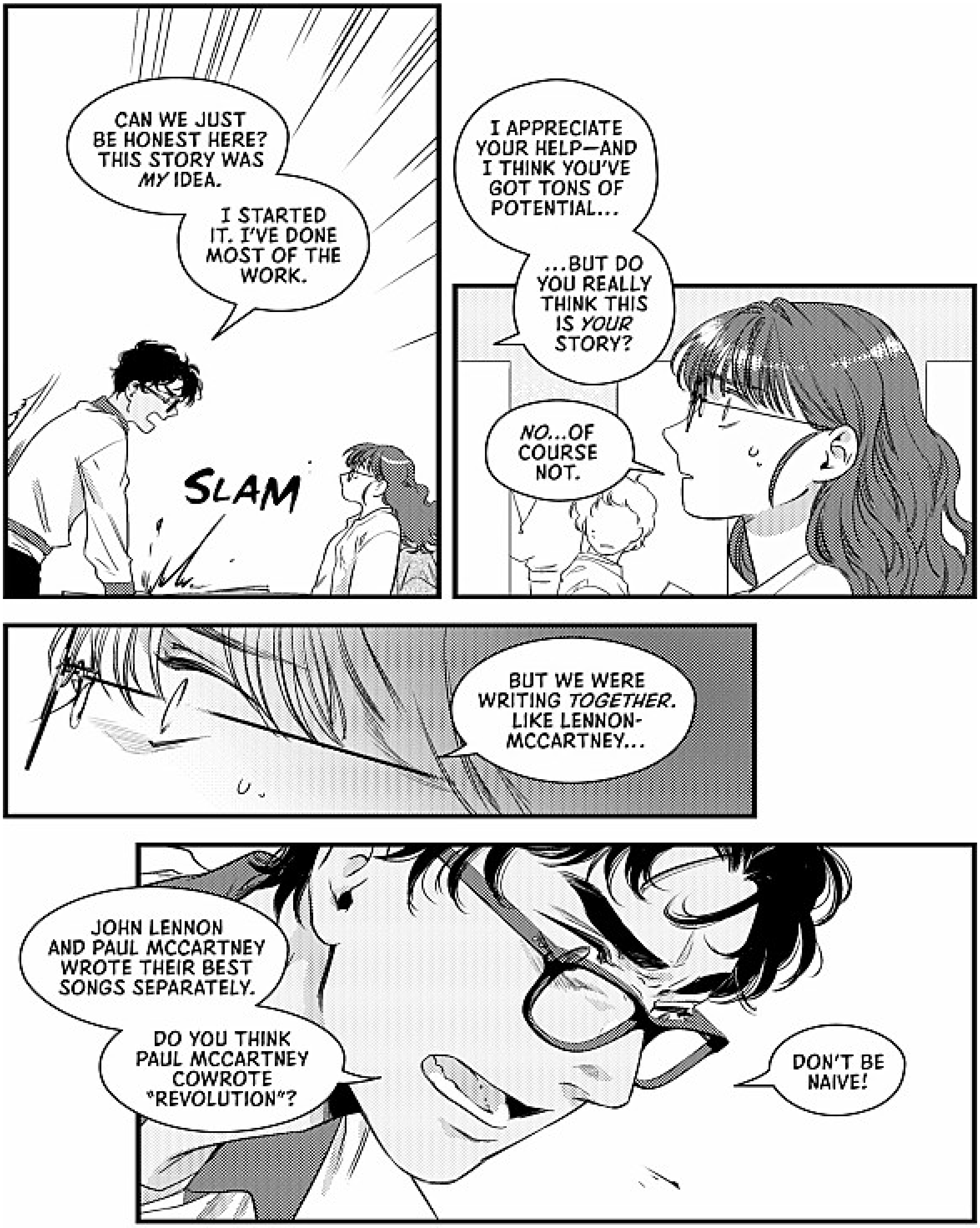

FOUR DAYS LEFT IN THE SEMESTER...
I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU'RE ALL FINISHED WITH YOUR SHORT STORIES.
BUT I'M A WRITER, TOO...
SWIP

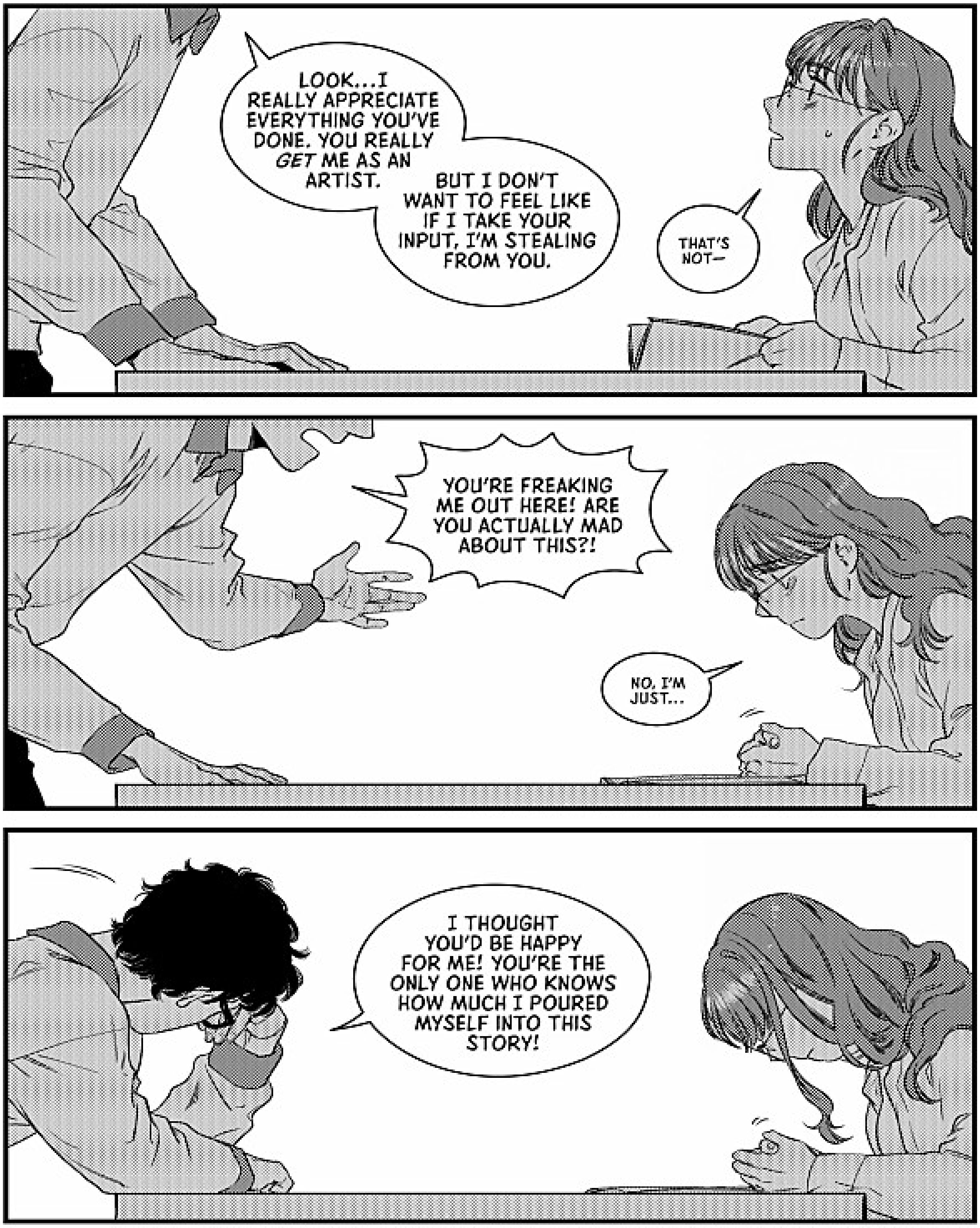

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO *SEEK OUT* DISTRACTIONS...
TO EXHAUST YOURSELF DOING EVERY OTHER LITTLE THING RATHER THAN FACE A BLANK PAGE.
OR A BLANK *SCREEN*...
KEEP CALM AND
SO IF YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED YOUR *STORY*— OR IF YOU HAVEN'T *STARTED*— I UNDERSTAND, I DO.
BUT I IMPLORE YOU...
START NOW.
LOCK YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE WORLD.
TURN OFF THE INTERNET, BARRICADE THE DOOR.
WRITE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.
WRITE AS IF YOUR *FUTURE* DEPENDS ON IT.

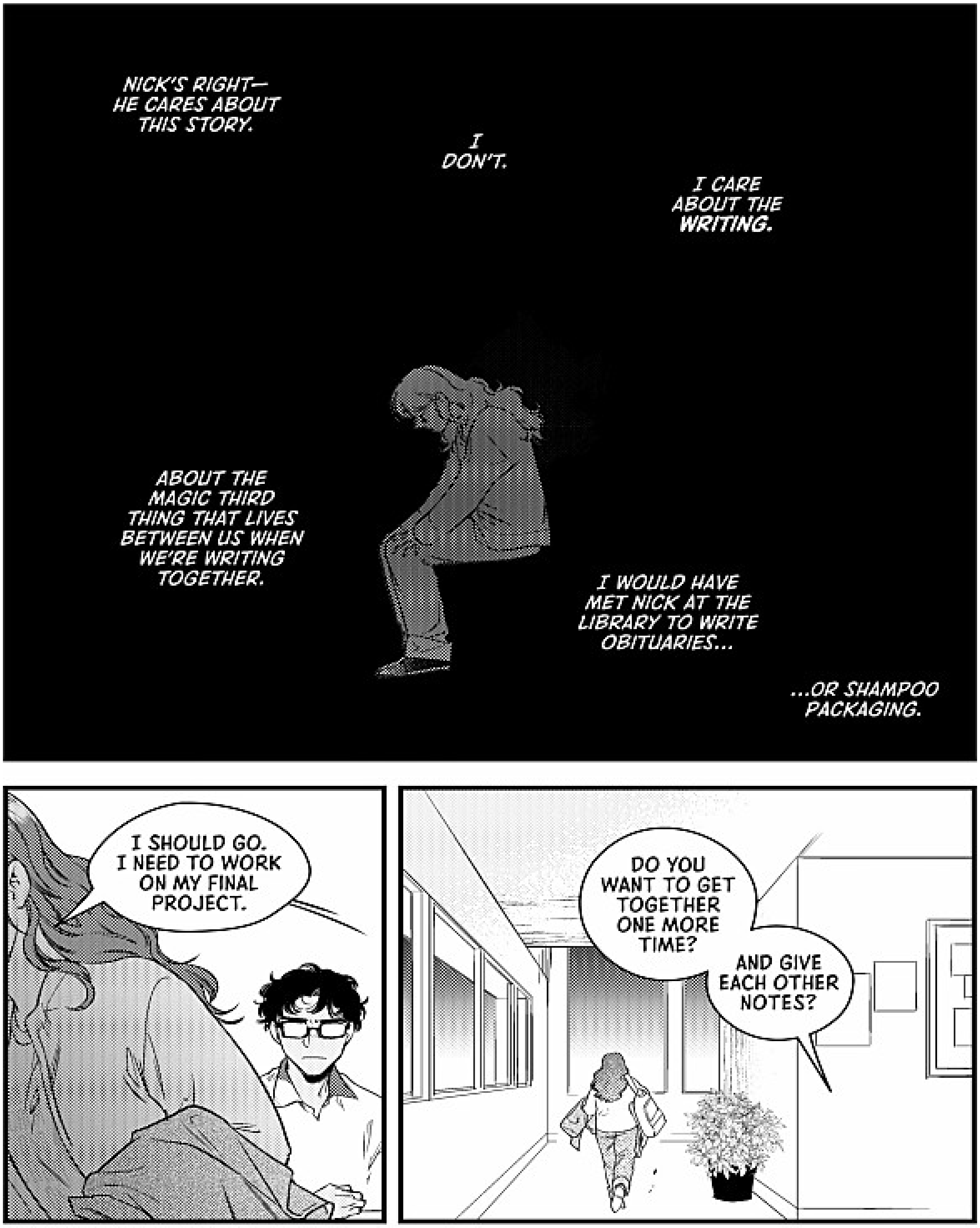

BOY, PIPER WASN'T SPARING ANY DRAMA TODAY, WAS SHE?
SHAKE
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
YOU WRITE SO FAST, YOU'RE PROBABLY ALREADY DONE WITH YOUR STORY.
NOT EXACTLY...
THE TRUTH IS, I HAVEN'T EVEN **STARTED.**
WHAT ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU DONE?
ALMOST. I HAD A COOL IDEA...
WHEN NICK SMILES AT ME LIKE THAT...
...I THINK **MAYBE** HE **MIGHT** BE FLIRTING WITH ME...
SMILING IS SO CONFUSING. THIS IS WHY I DON'T DO IT.

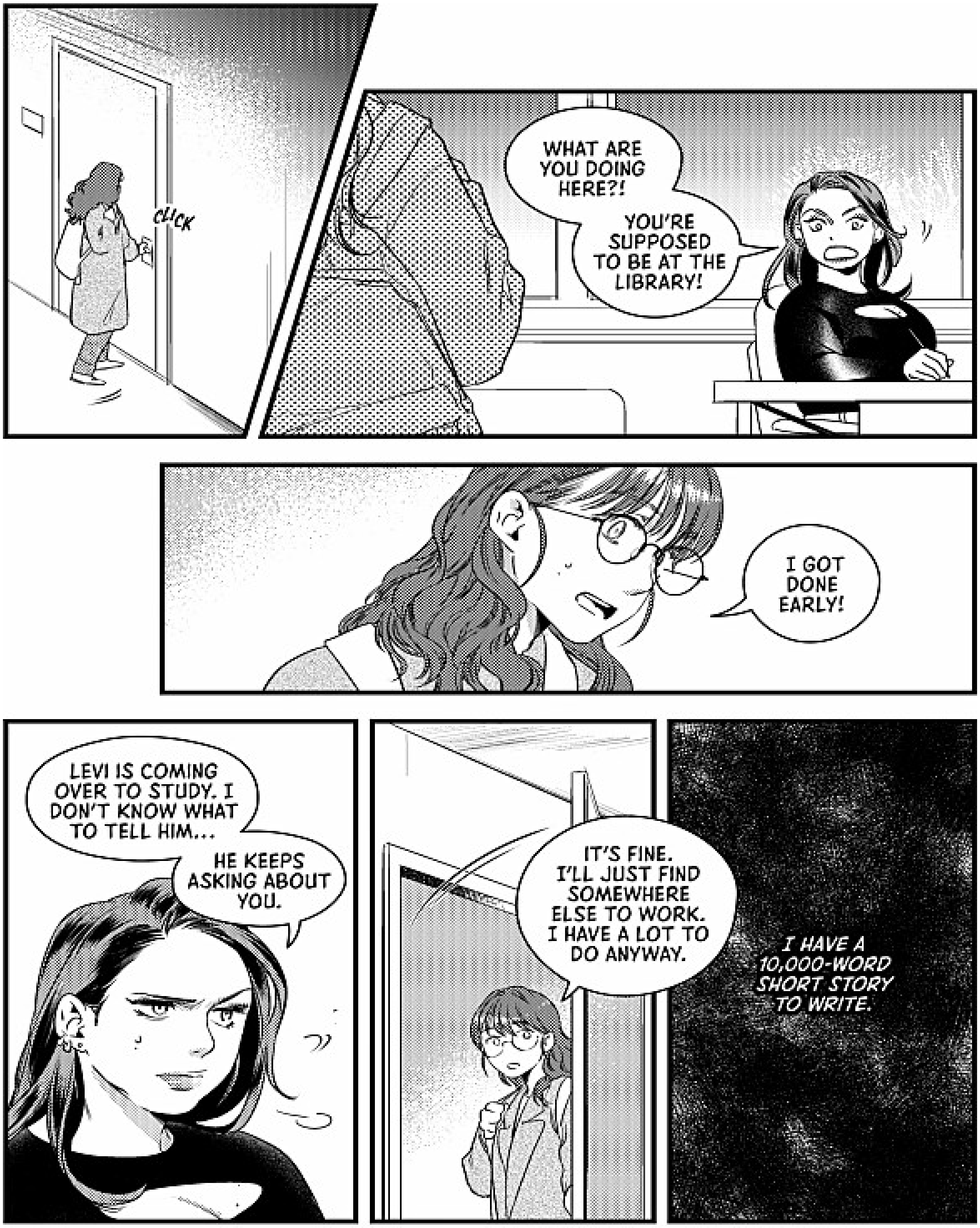

I THINK I'M GOING TO TURN IN MY ANTI-LOVE STORY.
THE STORY? LIKE... THE STORY *WE'VE* BEEN WORKING ON?
YEAH!
AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO FRIVOLOUS. A *SHORT STORY* IS *SUPPOSED* TO BE *ABOUT SOMETHING...*
BUT IT'S LIKE YOU ALWAYS SAY—
IT'S ABOUT TWO PEOPLE FALLING IN LOVE. WHAT COULD BE BIGGER THAN THAT?

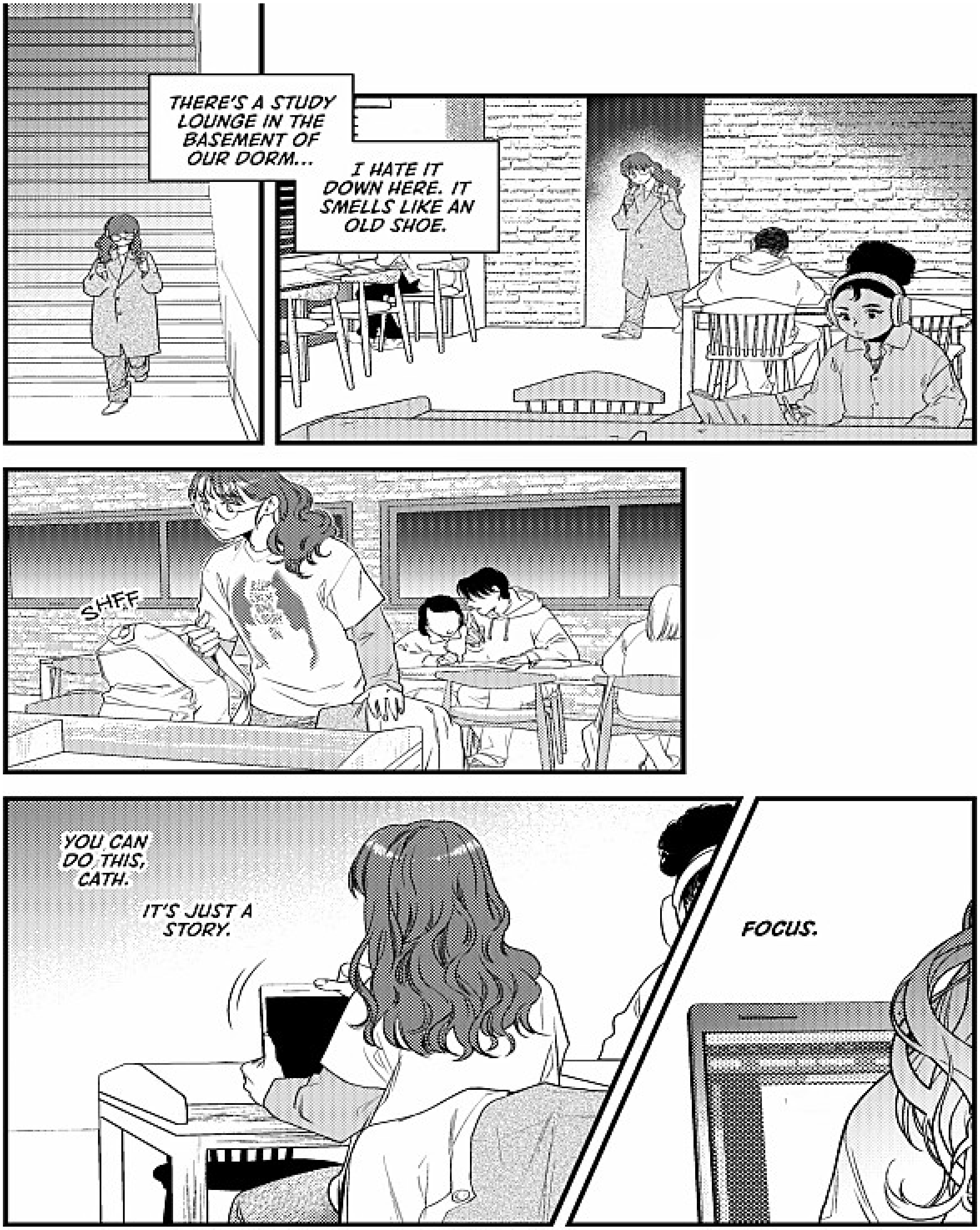

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? IT'S A GOOD IDEA, RIGHT?
IT'S...
IT'S JUST THAT...
WE WORKED ON THIS STORY *TOGETHER.*
CATH... WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?
WELL, YOU CALLED IT *YOUR* STORY...
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ALWAYS SAYS YOU FEEL MORE LIKE MY EDITOR THAN A COWRITER!
I WAS JUST TEASING YOU!
ARE YOU TEASING ME *NOW?* I CAN'T TELL.
KEEP

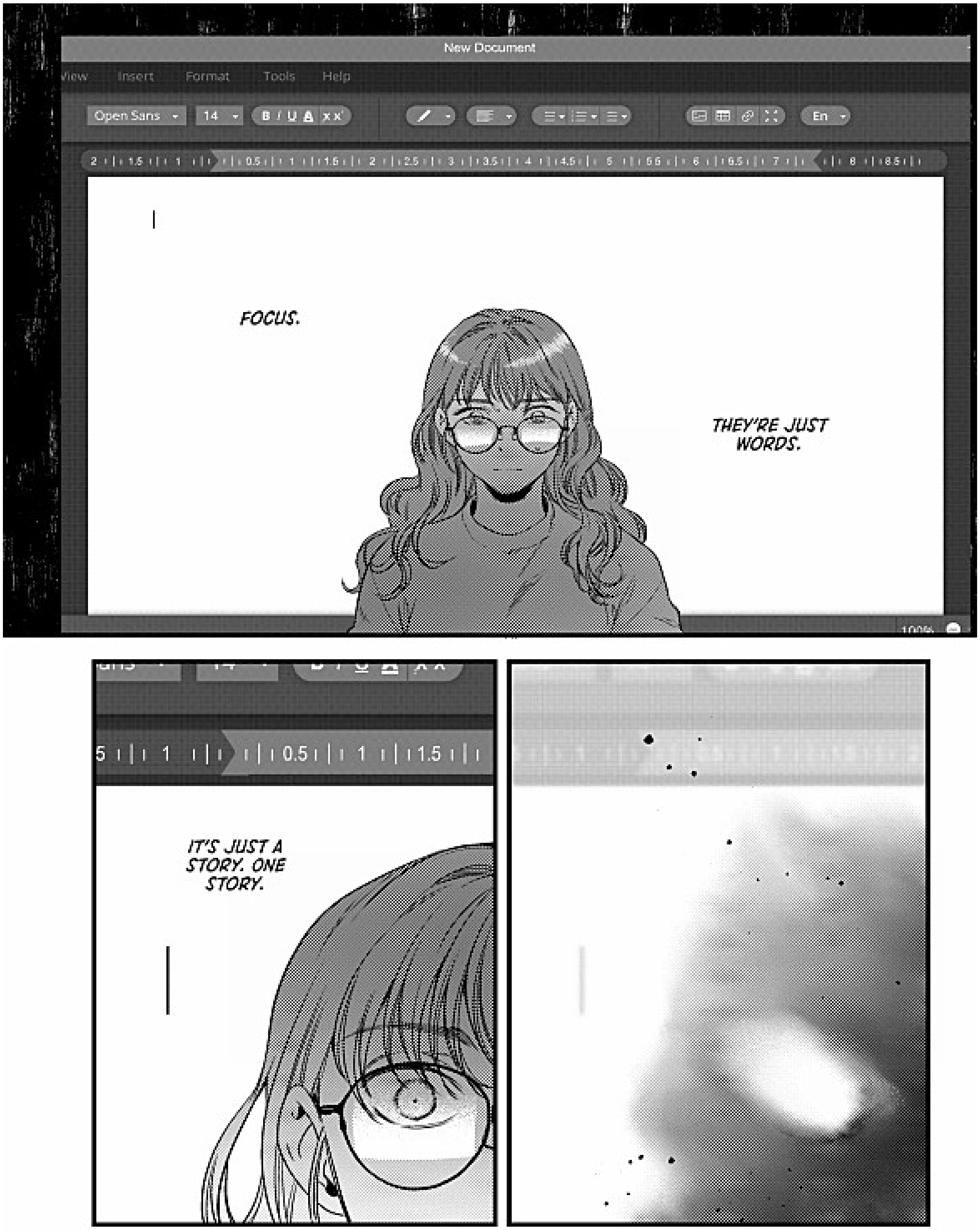

CAN WE JUST BE HONEST HERE? THIS *STORY* WAS *MY* IDEA.
I STARTED IT. I'VE DONE MOST OF THE WORK.
SLAM
I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP—AND I THINK YOU'VE GOT TONS OF POTENTIAL…
…BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS *YOUR* STORY?
NO…OF COURSE NOT.
BUT WE WERE WRITING *TOGETHER*. LIKE LENNON-MCCARTNEY…
JOHN LENNON AND PAUL MCCARTNEY WROTE THEIR BEST *SONGS SEPARATELY*.
DO YOU THINK PAUL MCCARTNEY COWROTE "REVOLUTION"?
DON'T BE NAIVE!

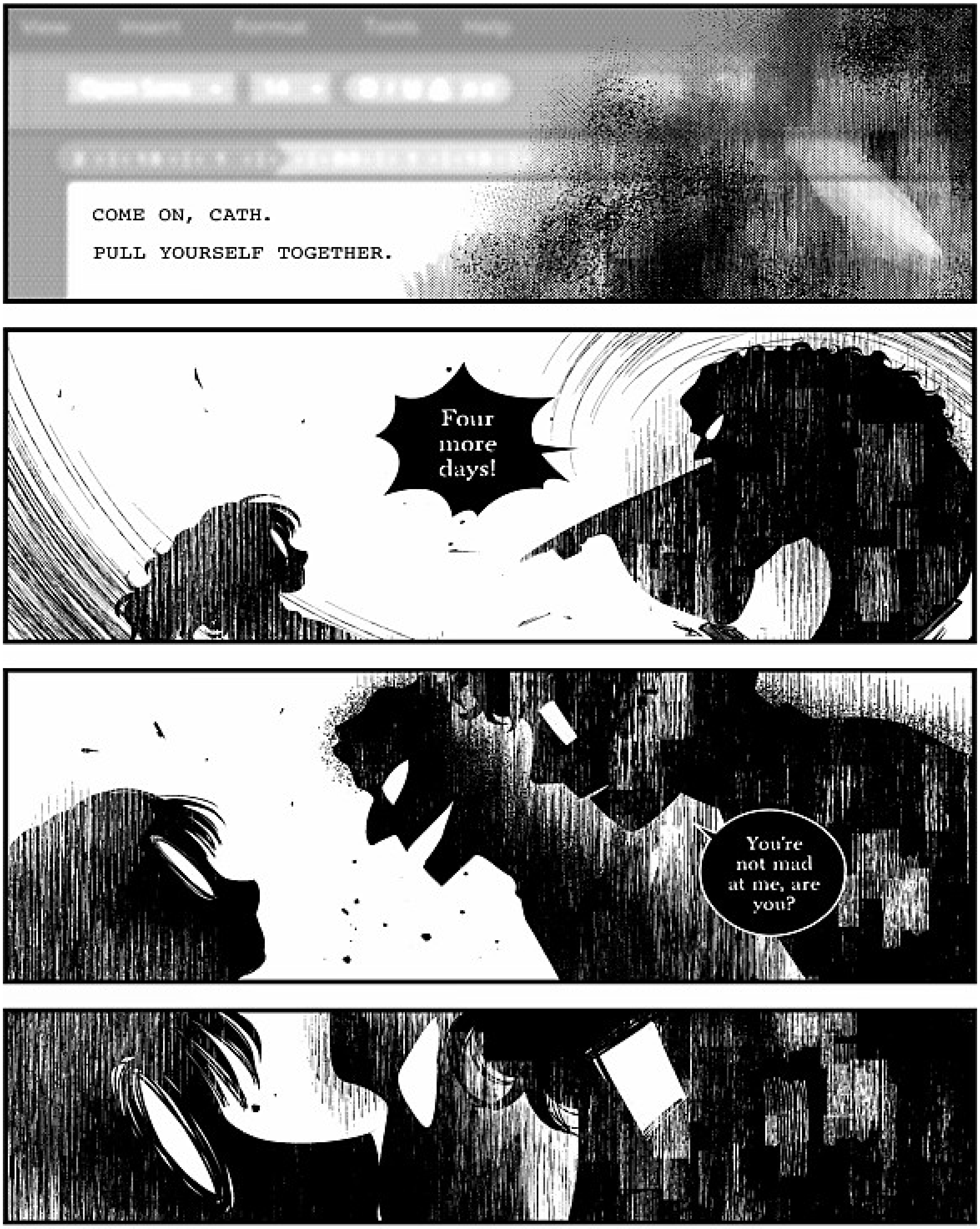

LOOK...I REALLY APPRECIATE EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE. YOU REALLY *GET* ME AS AN ARTIST.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO FEEL LIKE IF I TAKE YOUR INPUT, I'M STEALING FROM YOU.
THAT'S NOT—
YOU'RE FREAKING ME OUT HERE! ARE YOU ACTUALLY MAD ABOUT THIS?!
NO, I'M JUST...
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY FOR ME! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH I POURED MYSELF INTO THIS STORY!

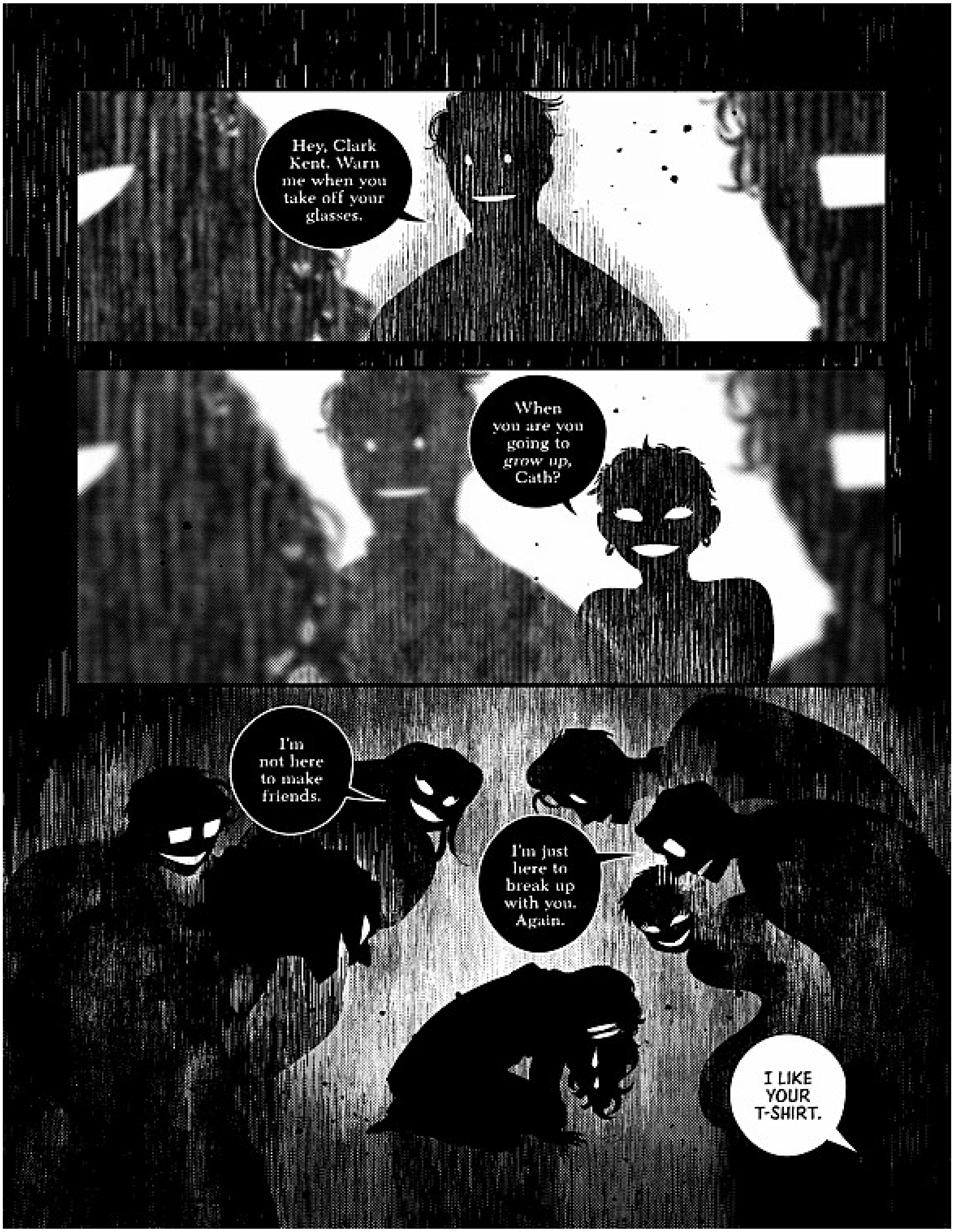

NICK'S RIGHT—
HE CARES ABOUT THIS STORY.
I DON'T.
I CARE ABOUT THE **WRITING.**
ABOUT THE MAGIC THIRD THING THAT LIVES BETWEEN US WHEN WE'RE WRITING TOGETHER.
I WOULD HAVE MET NICK AT THE LIBRARY TO WRITE OBITUARIES...
...OR SHAMPOO PACKAGING.
I SHOULD GO. I NEED TO WORK ON MY FINAL PROJECT.
DO YOU WANT TO GET TOGETHER ONE MORE TIME?
AND GIVE EACH OTHER NOTES?

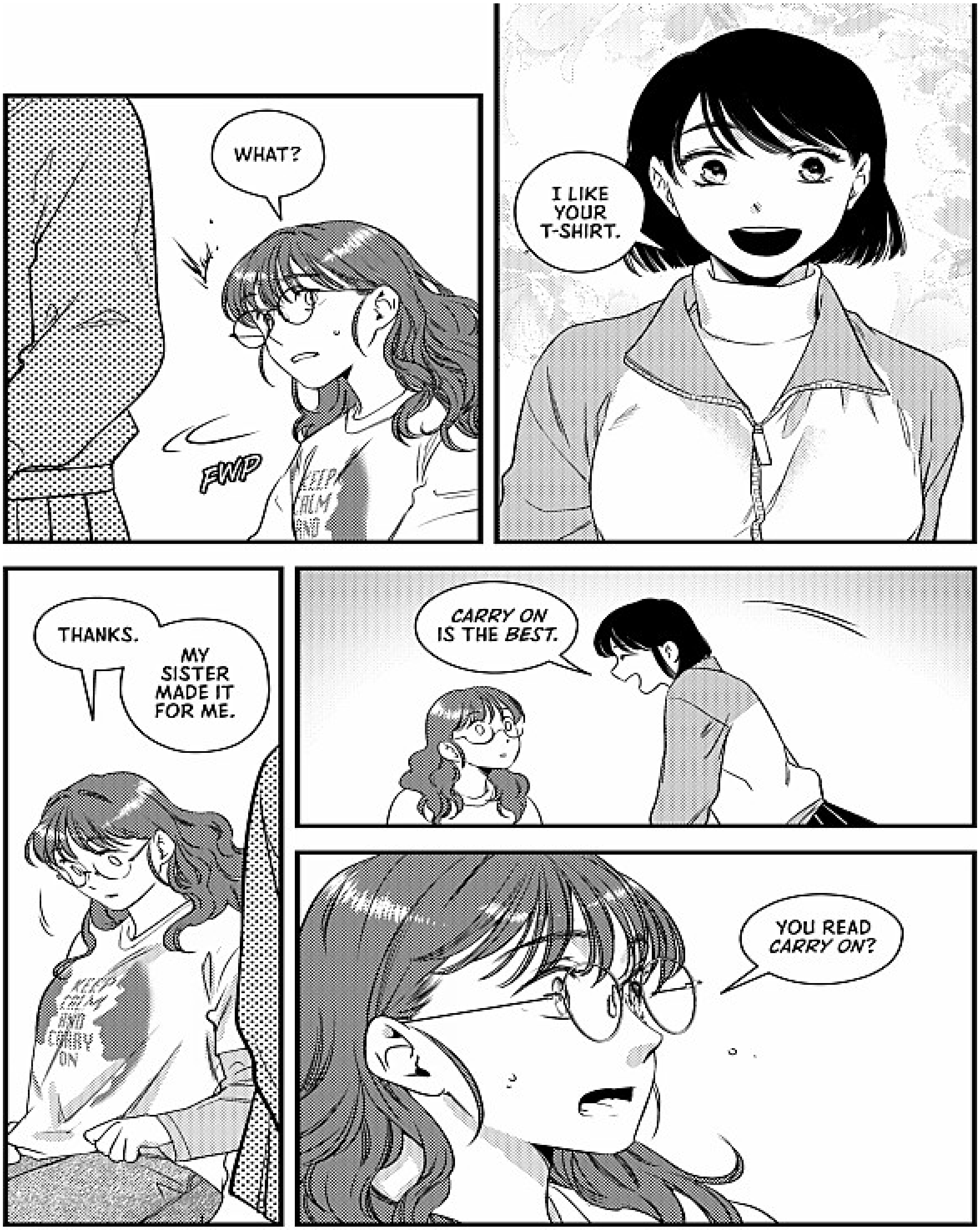

CLICK
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE LIBRARY!
I GOT DONE EARLY!
LEVI IS COMING OVER TO STUDY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM...
HE KEEPS ASKING ABOUT YOU.
IT'S FINE. I'LL JUST FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO WORK. I HAVE A LOT TO DO ANYWAY.
I HAVE A 10,000-WORD SHORT STORY TO WRITE.

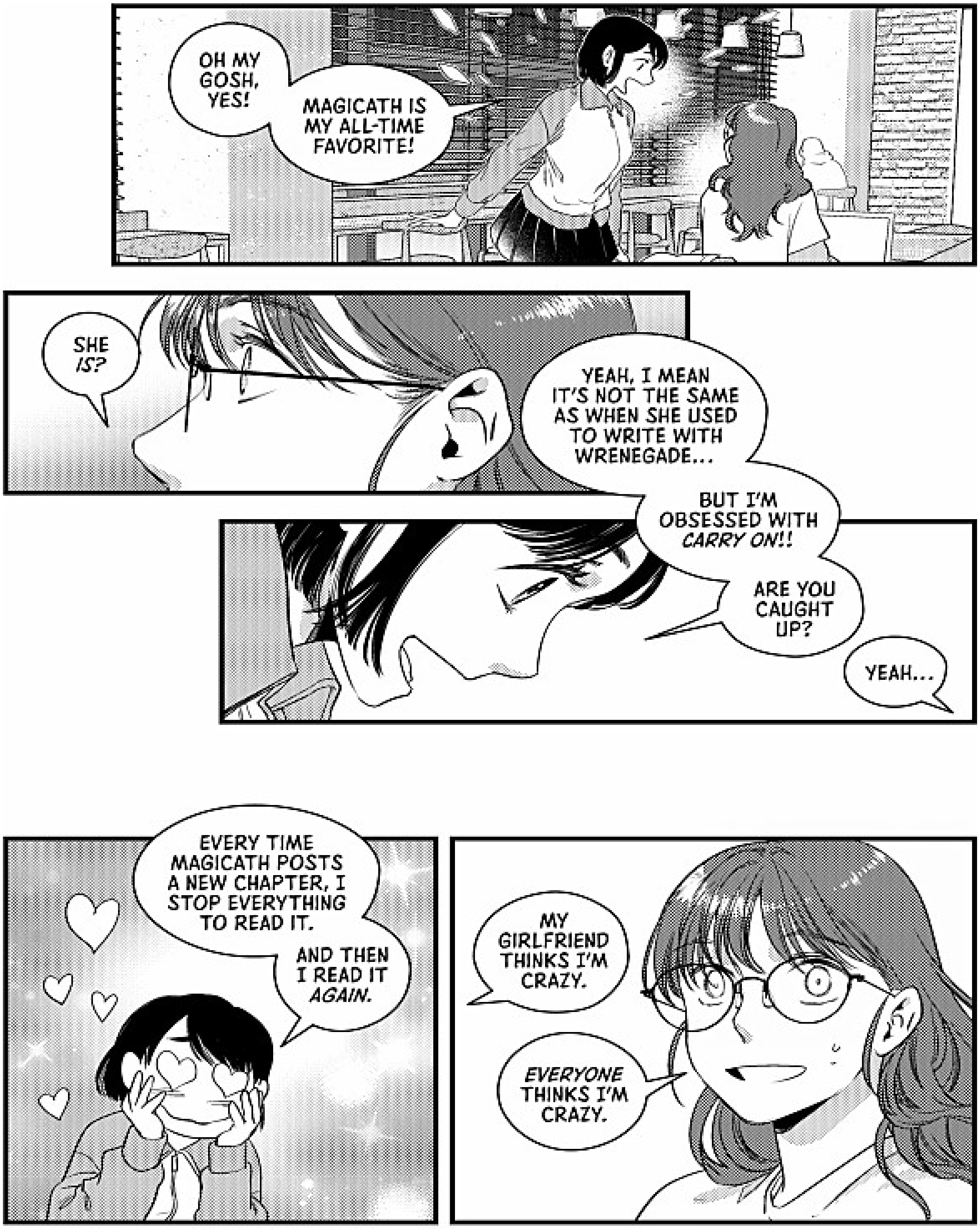

THERE'S A STUDY LOUNGE IN THE BASEMENT OF OUR DORM...
I HATE IT DOWN HERE. IT SMELLS LIKE AN OLD SHOE.
SHFF
YOU CAN DO THIS, CATH.
IT'S JUST A STORY.
FOCUS.

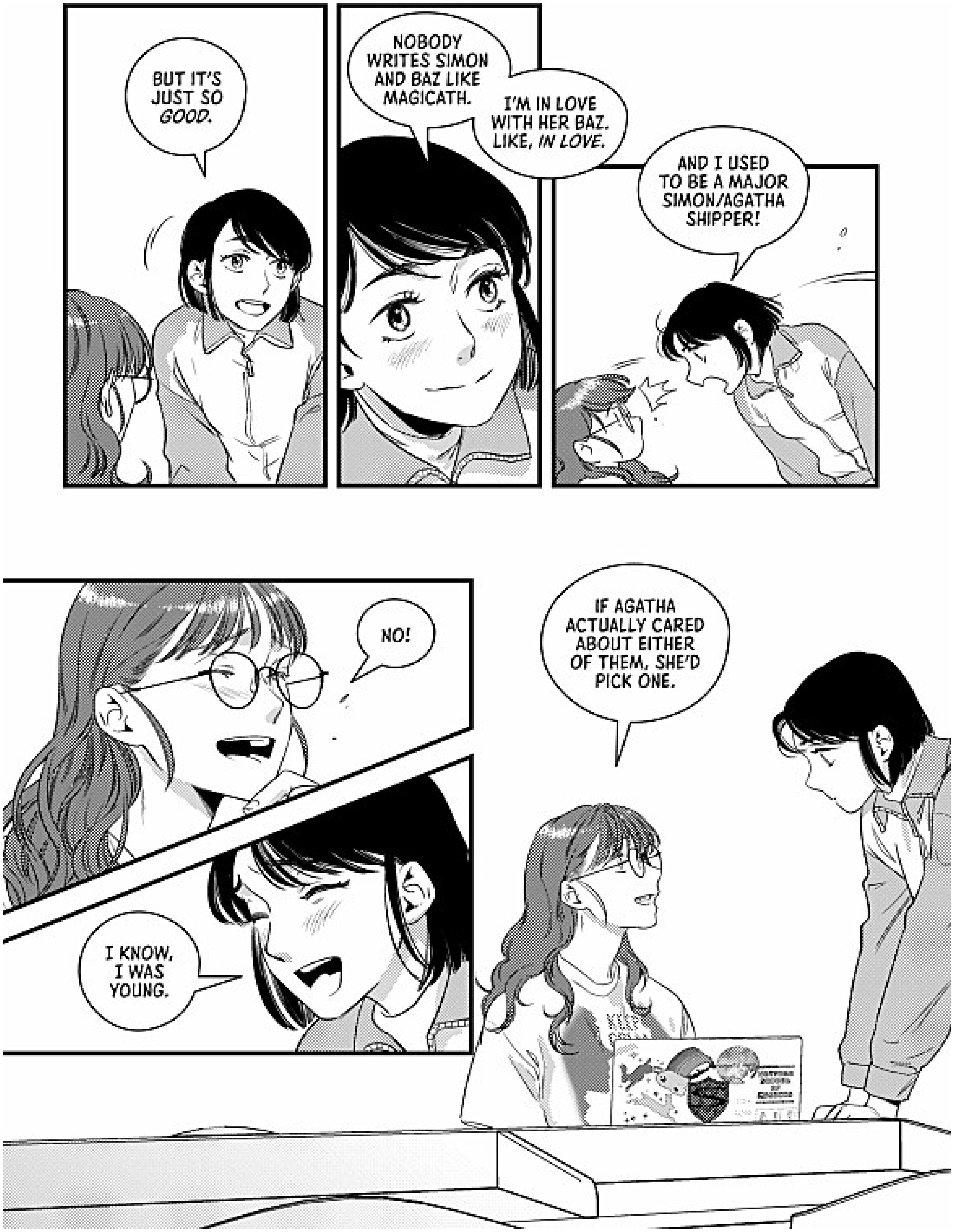

New Document
View
Insert
Format
Tools
Help
Open Sans
14
En
FOCUS.
THEY'RE JUST WORDS.
IT'S JUST A STORY. ONE STORY.

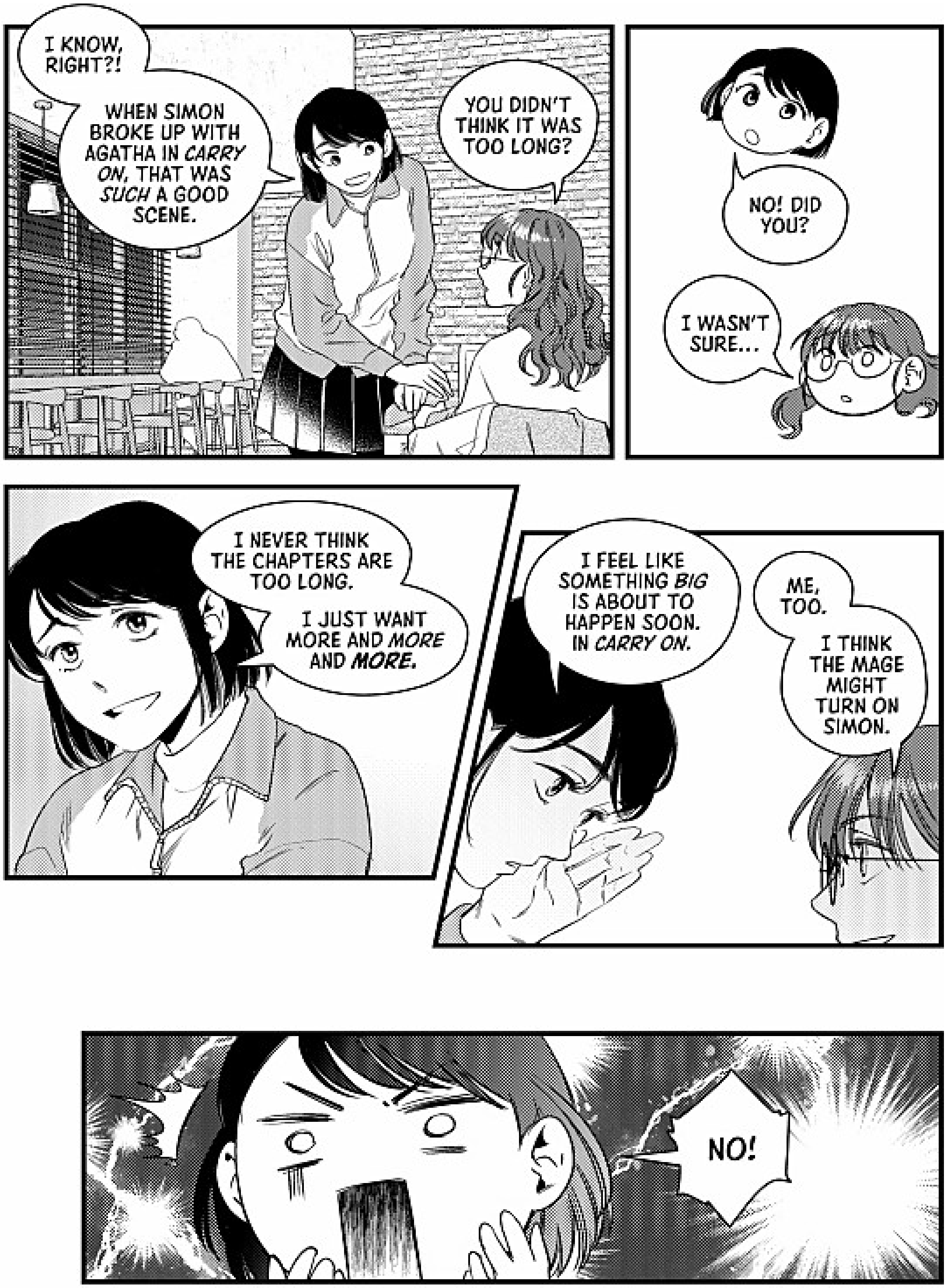

COME ON, CATH.
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
Four more days!
You're not mad at me, are you?

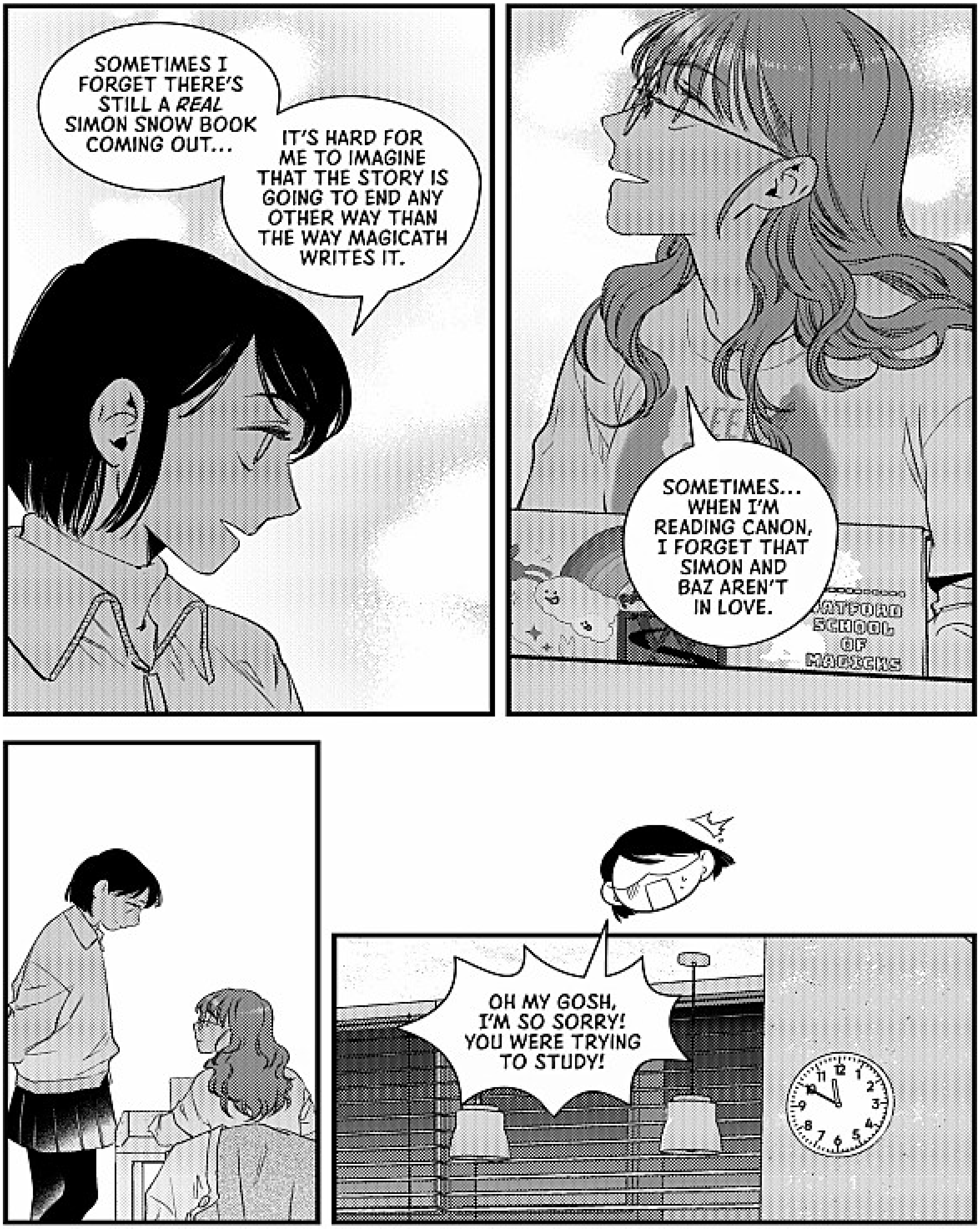

Hey, Clark Kent. Warn me when you take off your glasses.
When you are you going to *grow up*, Cath?
I'm not here to make friends.
I'm just here to break up with you. Again.
I LIKE YOUR T-SHIRT.

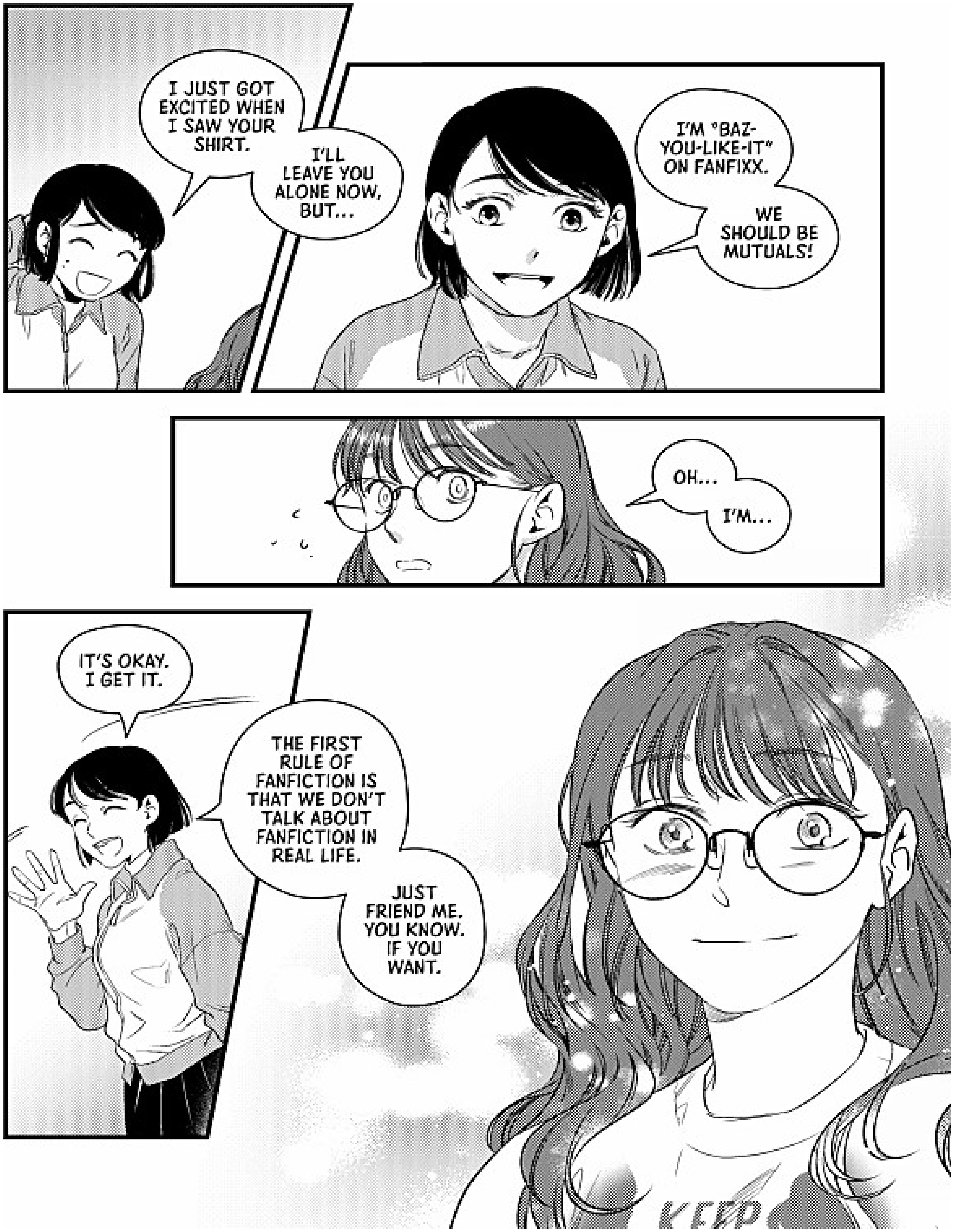

WHAT?
FWIP
I LIKE YOUR T-SHIRT.
THANKS.
MY SISTER MADE IT FOR ME.
KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON
CARRY ON IS THE *BEST.*
YOU READ *CARRY ON?*

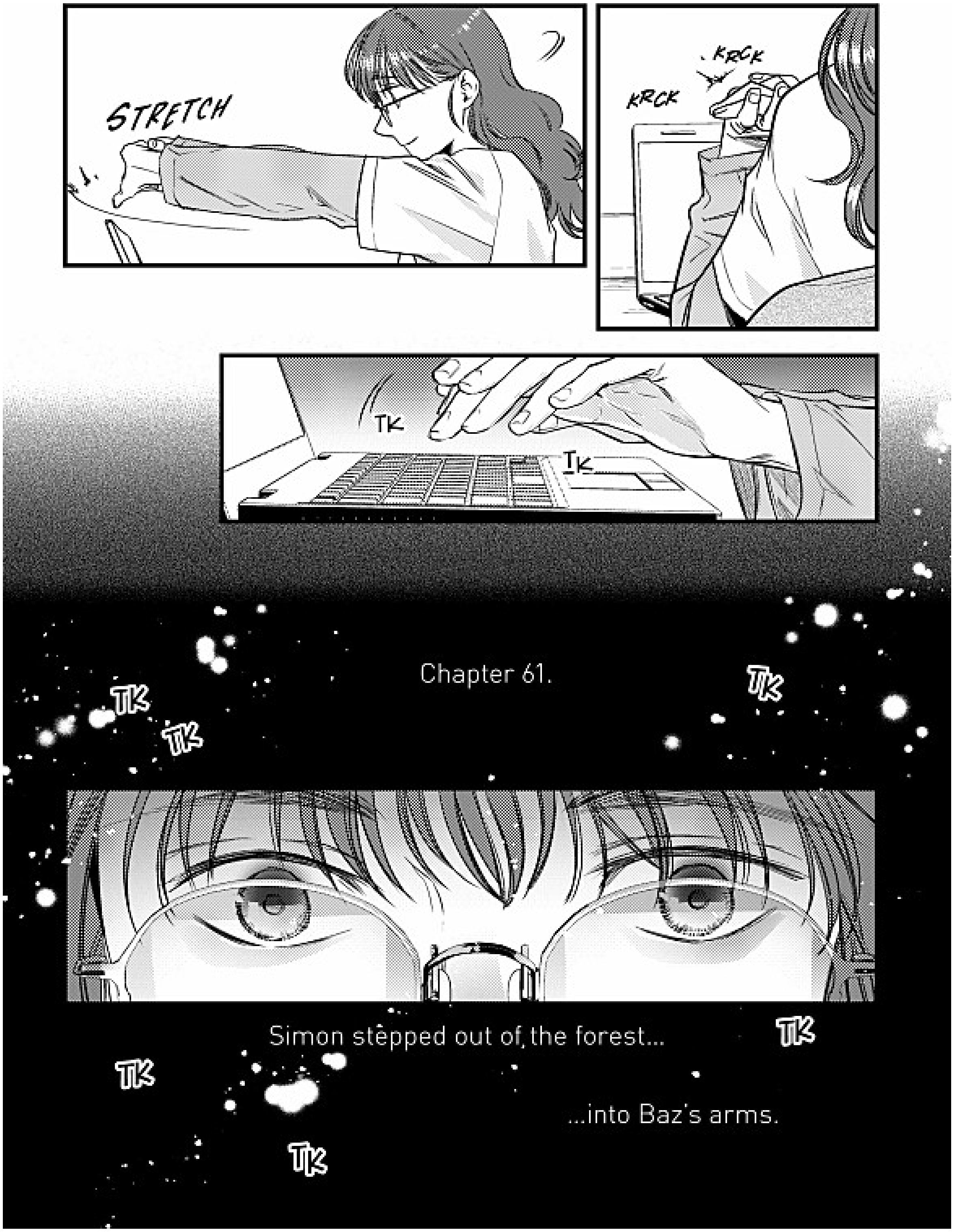

OH MY GOSH, YES!
MAGICATH IS MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE!
SHE *IS?*
YEAH, I MEAN IT'S NOT THE SAME AS WHEN SHE USED TO WRITE WITH WRENEGADE…
BUT I'M OBSESSED WITH *CARRY ON!!*
ARE YOU CAUGHT UP?
YEAH…
EVERY TIME MAGICATH POSTS A NEW CHAPTER, I STOP EVERYTHING TO READ IT.
AND THEN I READ IT *AGAIN.*
MY GIRLFRIEND THINKS I'M CRAZY.
EVERYONE THINKS I'M CRAZY.

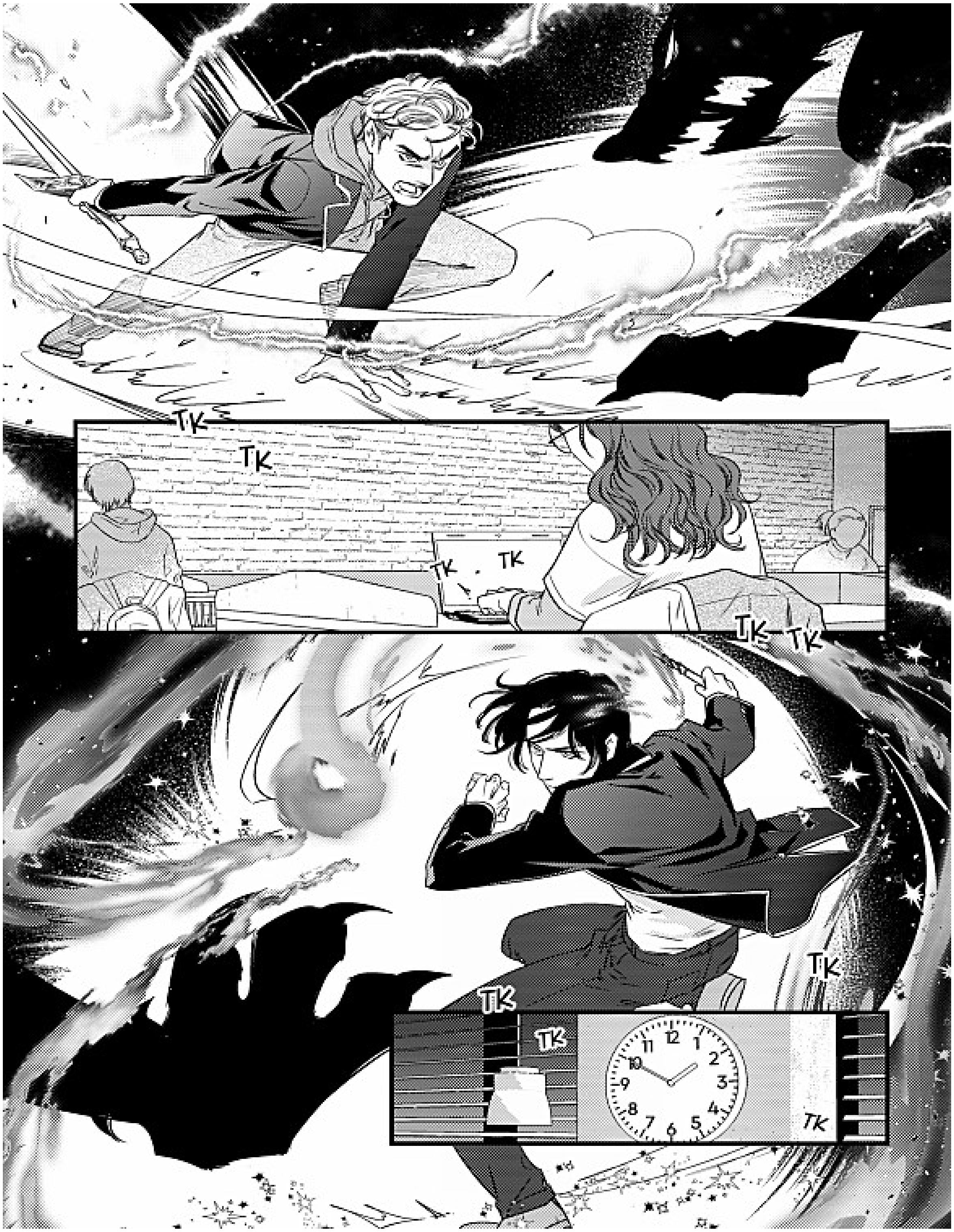

BUT IT'S JUST SO *GOOD.*
NOBODY WRITES SIMON AND BAZ LIKE MAGICATH.
I'M IN LOVE WITH HER BAZ. LIKE, *IN LOVE.*
AND I USED TO BE A MAJOR SIMON/AGATHA SHIPPER!
NO!
I KNOW, I WAS YOUNG.
IF AGATHA ACTUALLY CARED ABOUT EITHER OF THEM, SHE'D PICK ONE.


I KNOW, RIGHT?!
WHEN SIMON BROKE UP WITH AGATHA IN *CARRY ON*, THAT WAS *SUCH* A GOOD SCENE.
YOU DIDN'T THINK IT WAS TOO LONG?
NO! DID YOU?
I WASN'T SURE...
I NEVER THINK THE CHAPTERS ARE TOO LONG.
I JUST WANT MORE AND *MORE* AND ***MORE.***
I FEEL LIKE SOMETHING *BIG* IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN SOON. IN *CARRY ON*.
ME, TOO.
I THINK THE MAGE MIGHT TURN ON SIMON.
NO!


SOMETIMES I FORGET THERE'S STILL A *REAL* SIMON SNOW BOOK COMING OUT…
IT'S HARD FOR ME TO IMAGINE THAT THE *STORY* IS GOING TO END ANY OTHER WAY THAN THE WAY MAGICATH *WRITES* IT.
SOMETIMES… WHEN I'M READING CANON, I FORGET THAT SIMON AND BAZ AREN'T IN LOVE.
ATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
OH MY GOSH, I'M *SO* SORRY! YOU WERE TRYING TO STUDY!


I JUST GOT EXCITED WHEN I SAW YOUR SHIRT.
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE NOW, BUT...
I'M "BAZ-YOU-LIKE-IT" ON FANFIXX.
WE SHOULD BE MUTUALS!
OH...
I'M...
IT'S OKAY. I GET IT.
THE FIRST RULE OF FANFICTION IS THAT WE DON'T TALK ABOUT FANFICTION IN REAL LIFE.
JUST FRIEND ME. YOU KNOW. IF YOU WANT.
KEEP


STRETCH
KRCK
KRCK
TK
TK
TK
TK
Chapter 61.
TK
Simon stepped out of the forest...
TK
TK
...into Baz's arms.
TK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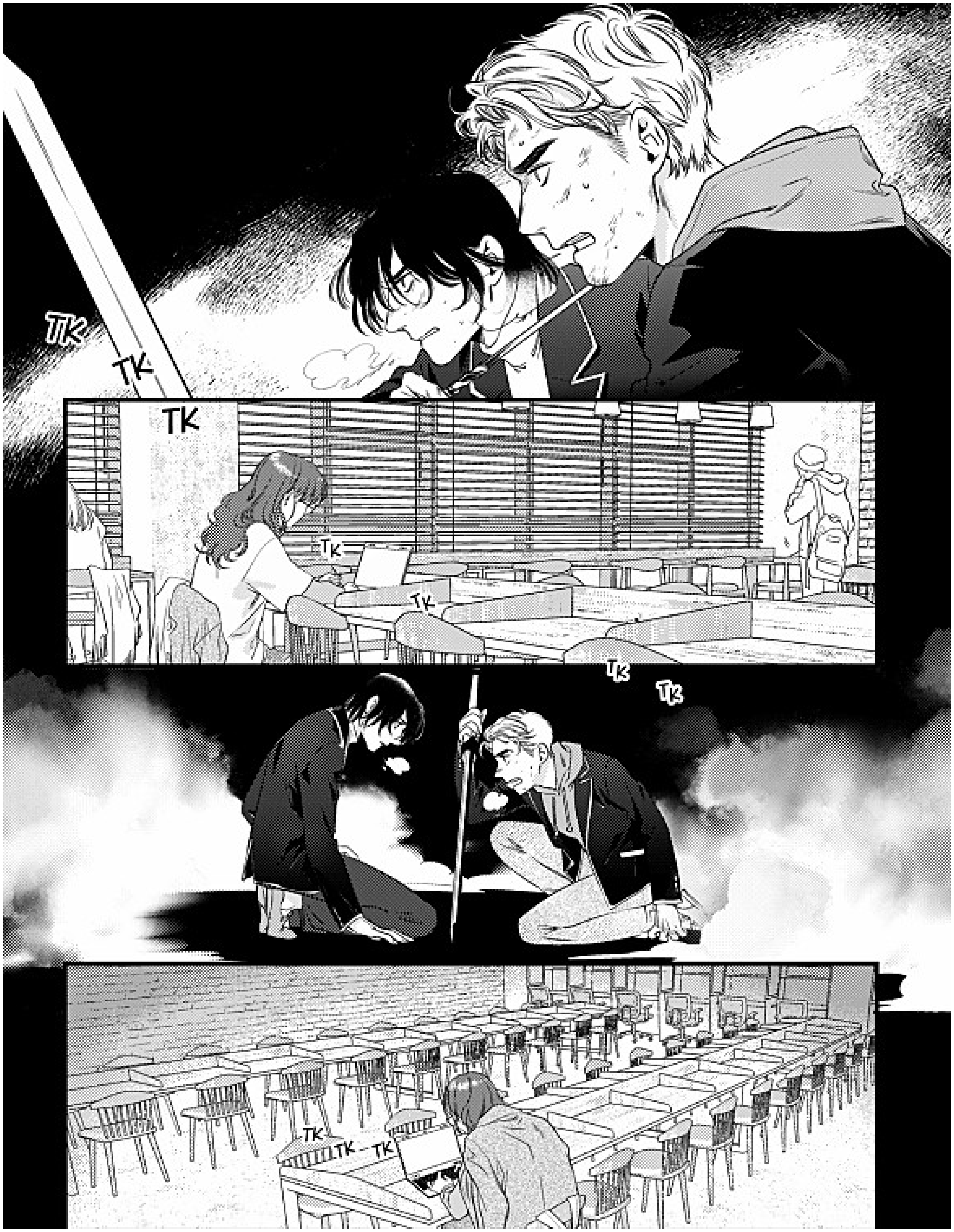
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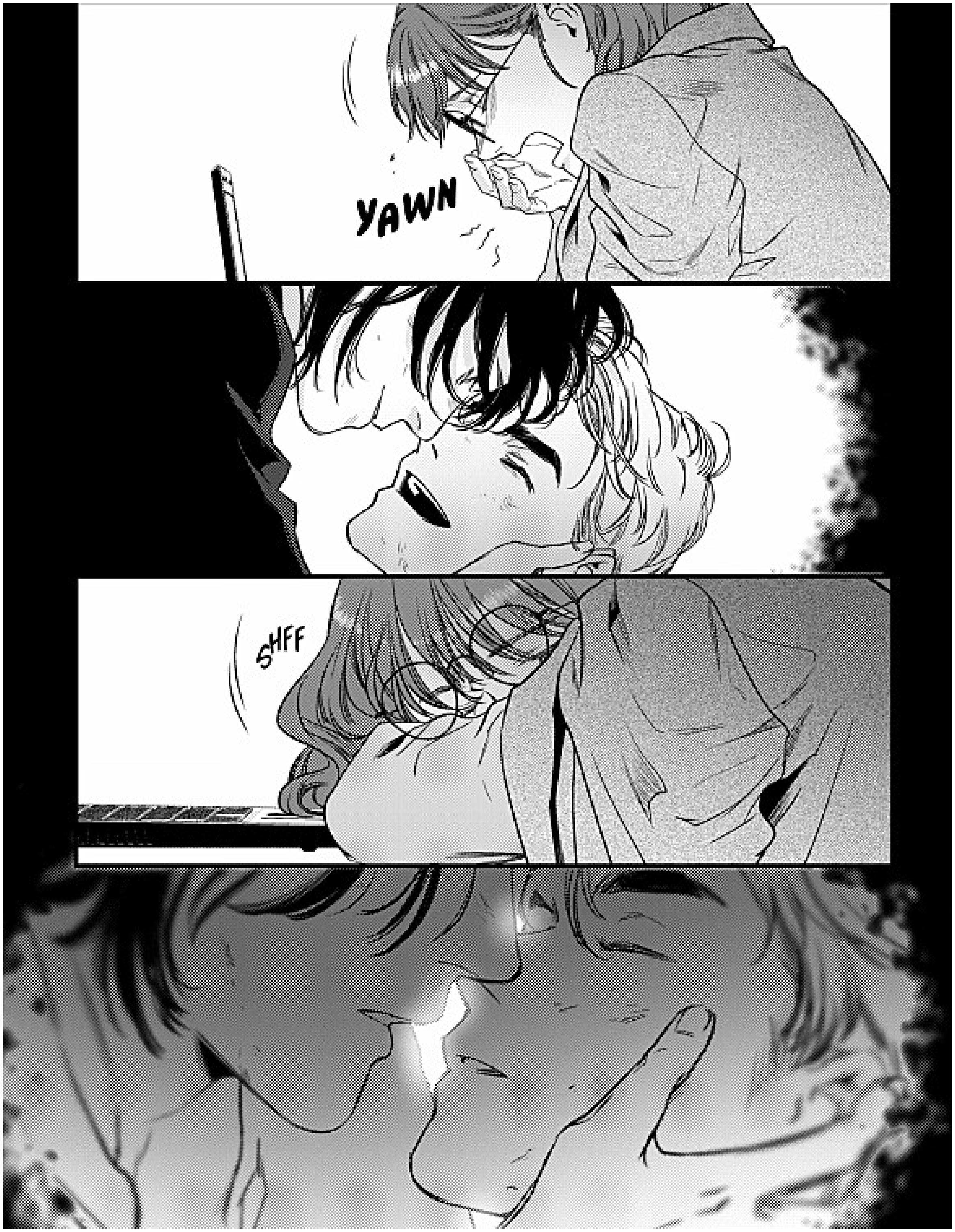
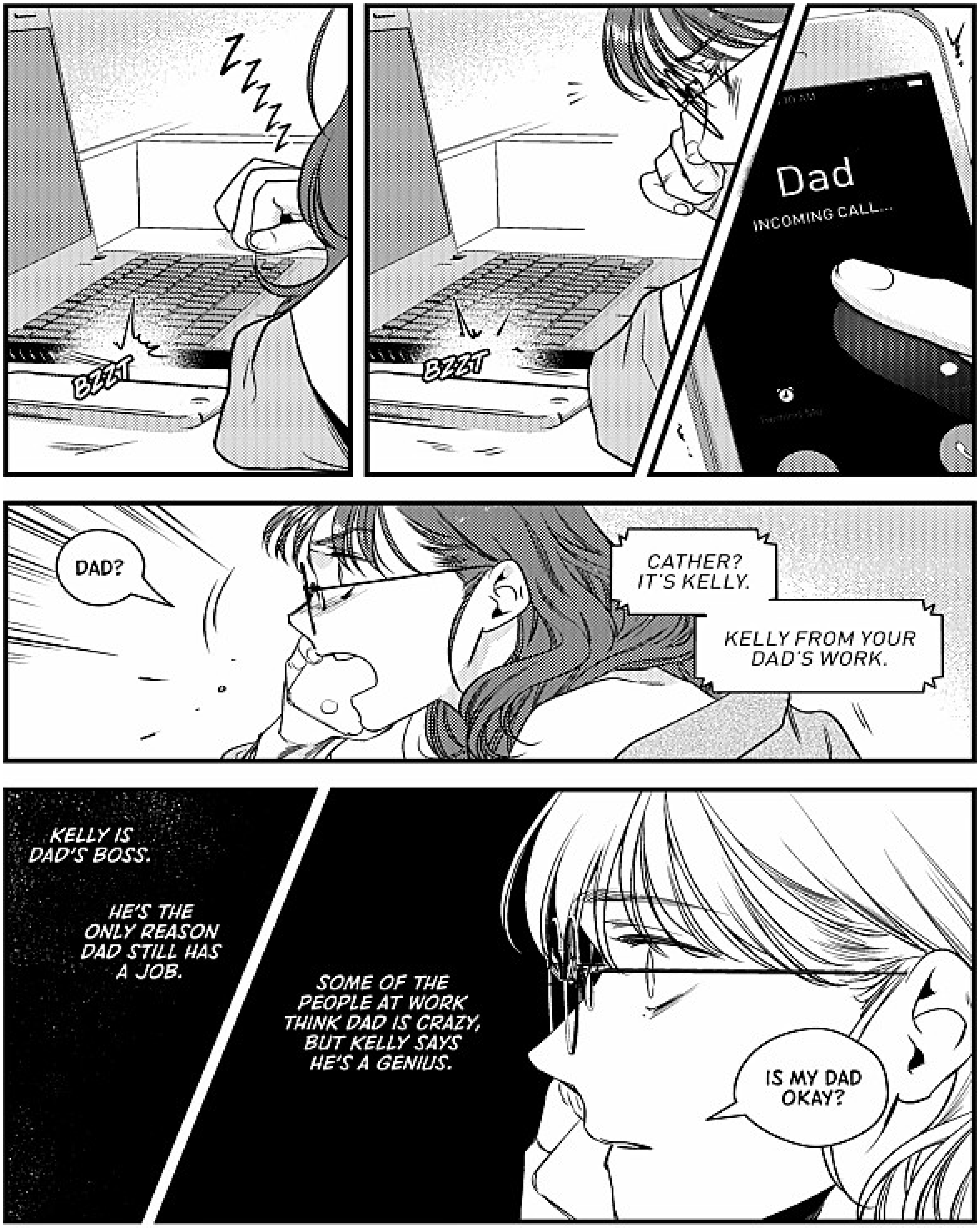
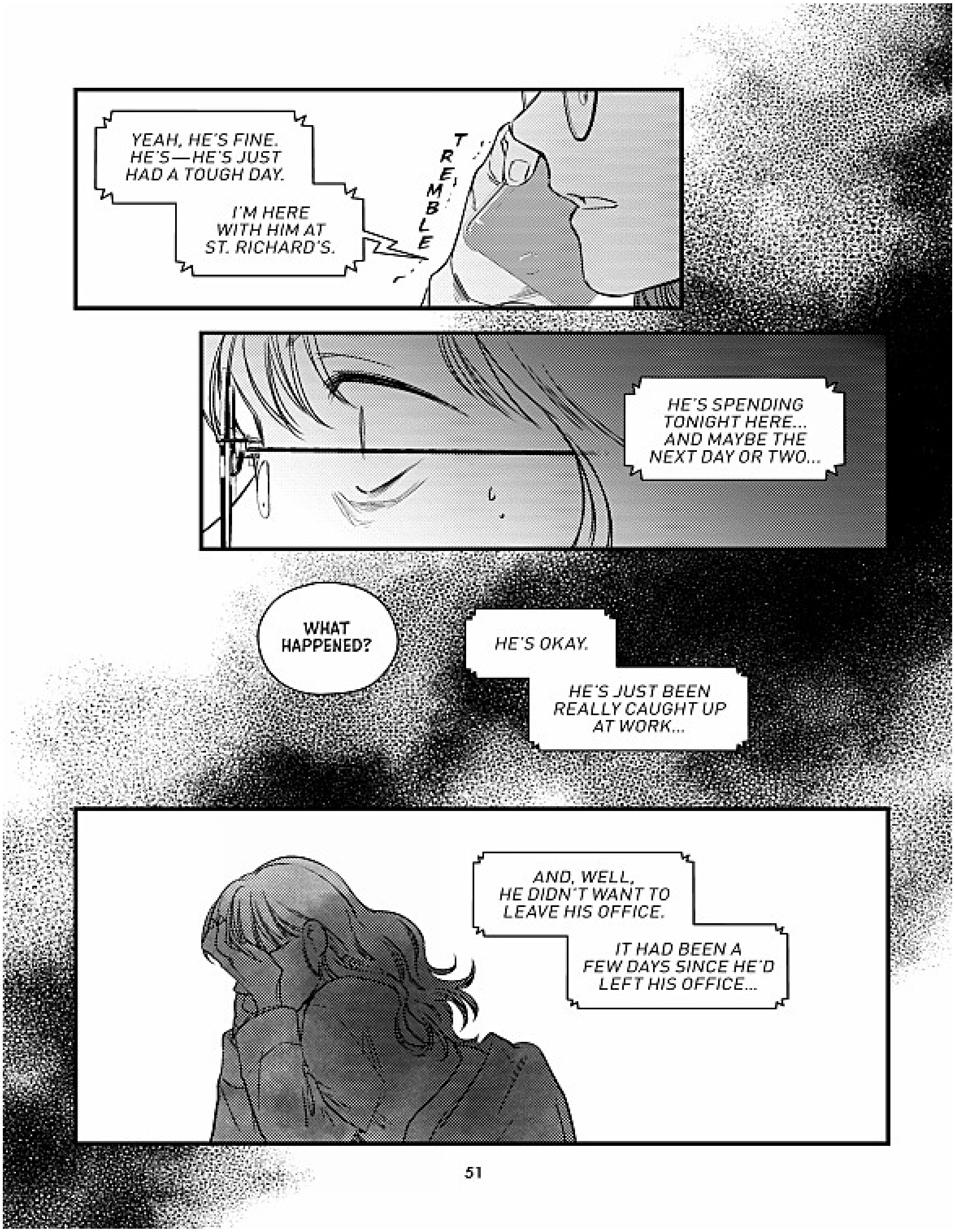
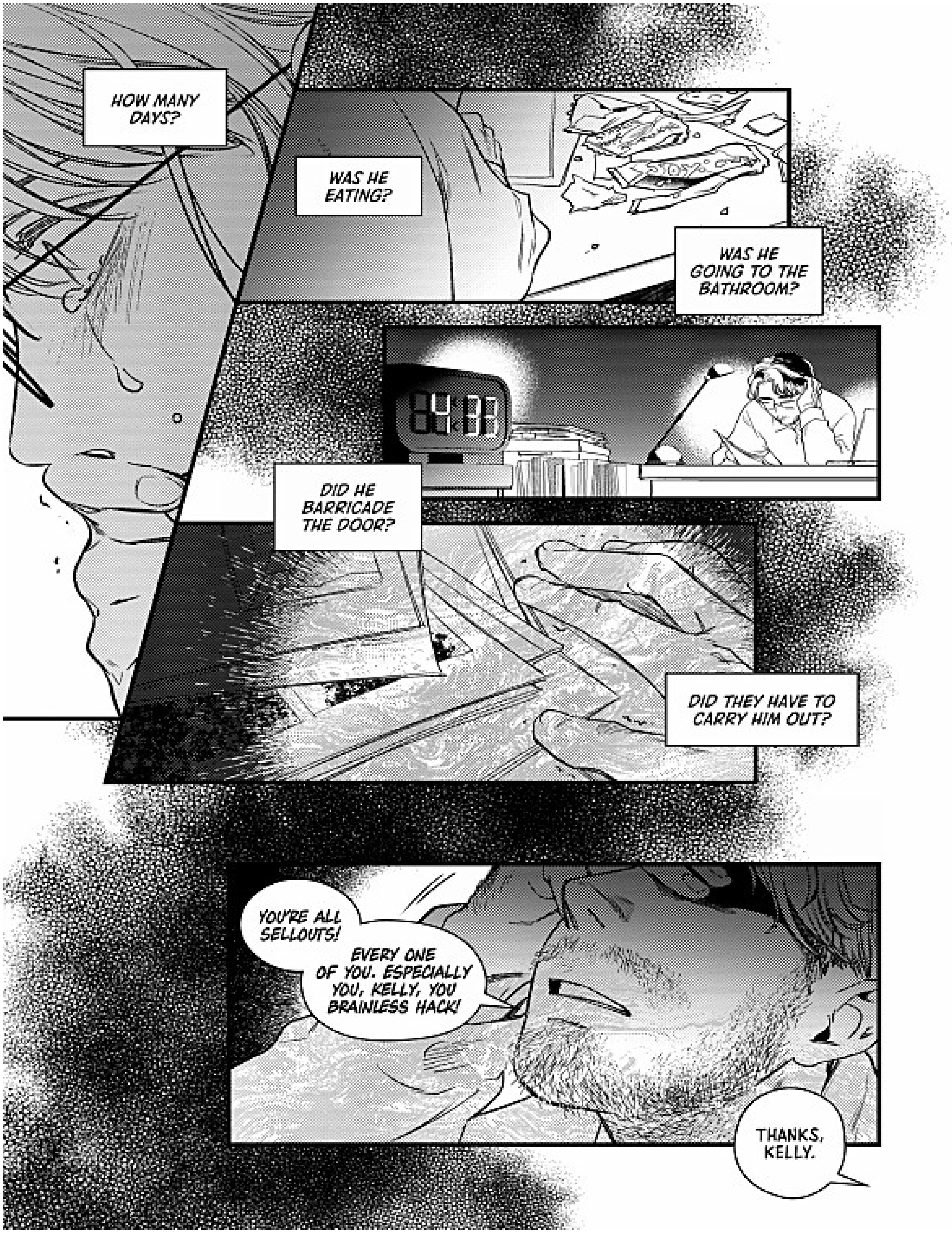
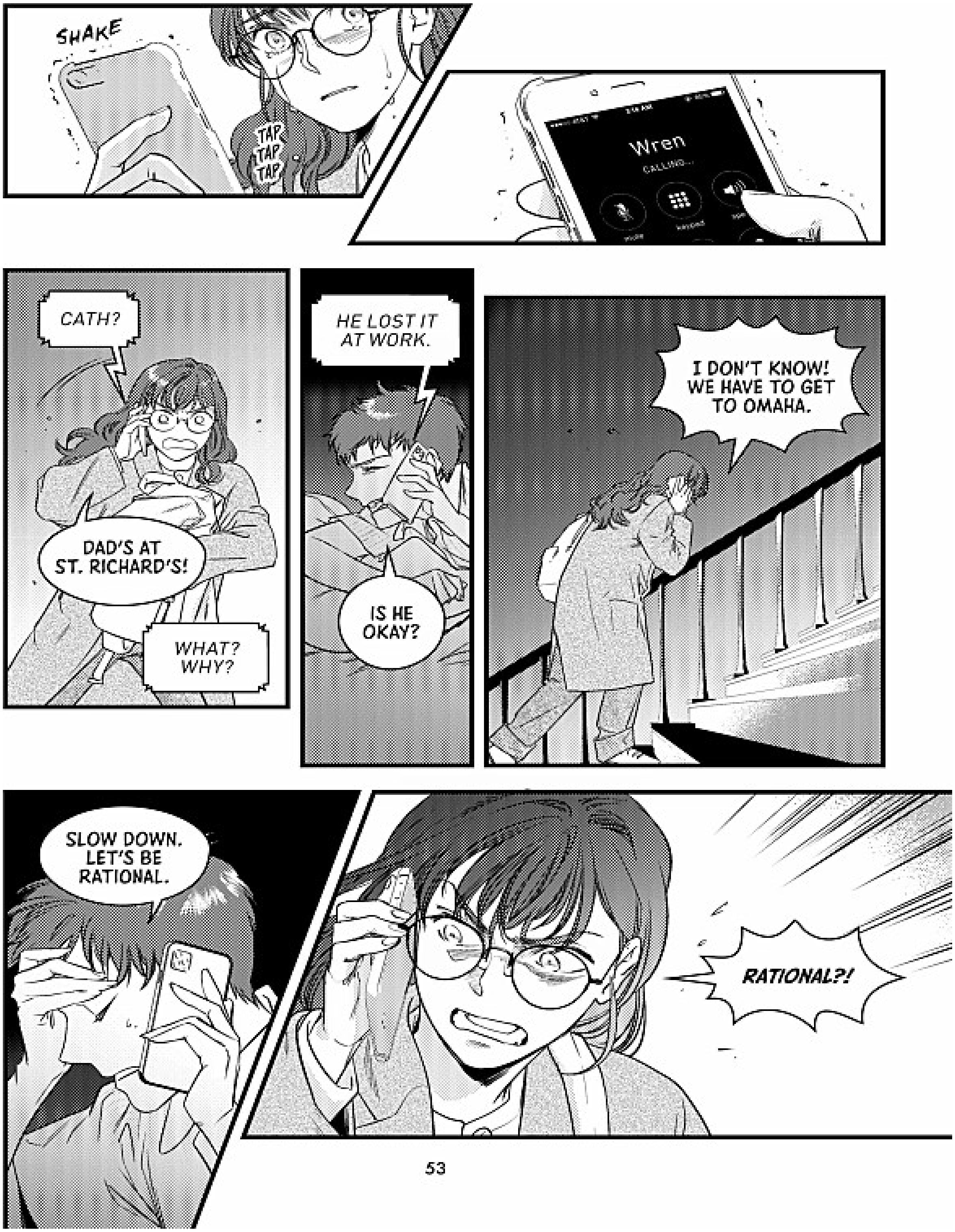
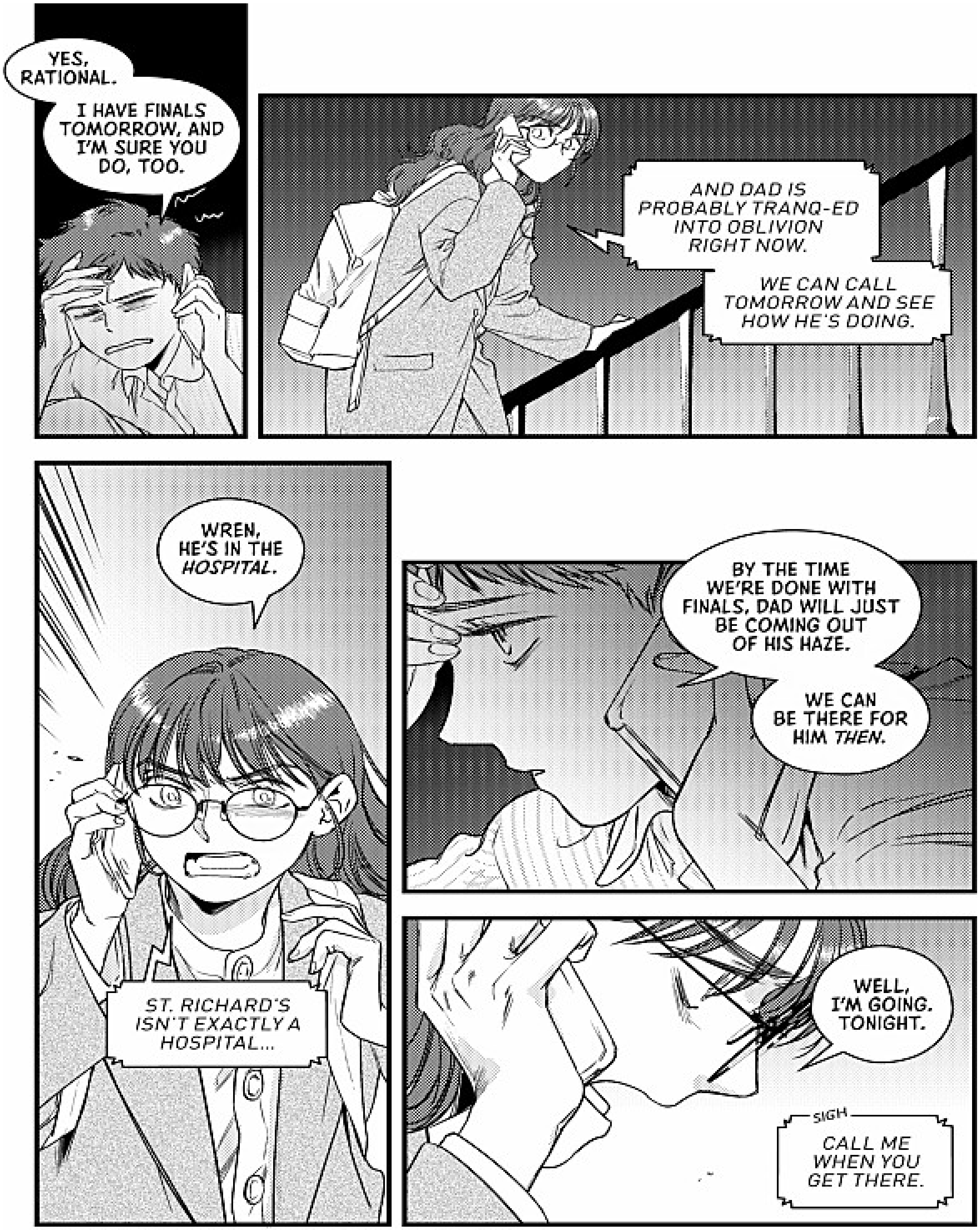

YAWN
SHFF

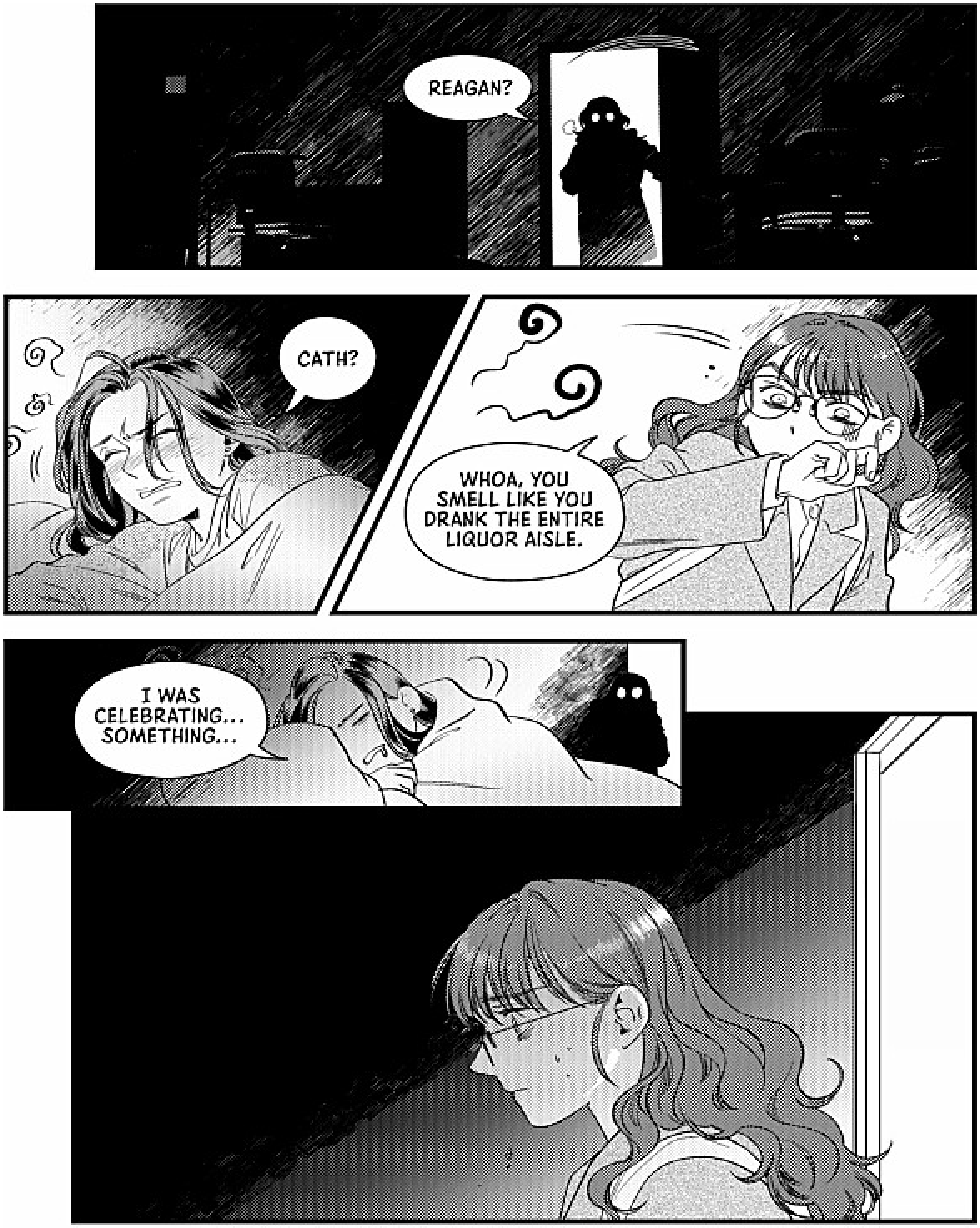

BZZT
BZZT
Dad
INCOMING CALL...
DAD?
CATHER? IT'S KELLY.
KELLY FROM YOUR DAD'S WORK.
KELLY IS DAD'S BOSS.
HE'S THE ONLY REASON DAD STILL HAS A JOB.
SOME OF THE PEOPLE AT WORK THINK DAD IS CRAZY, BUT KELLY SAYS HE'S A GENIUS.
IS MY DAD OKAY?

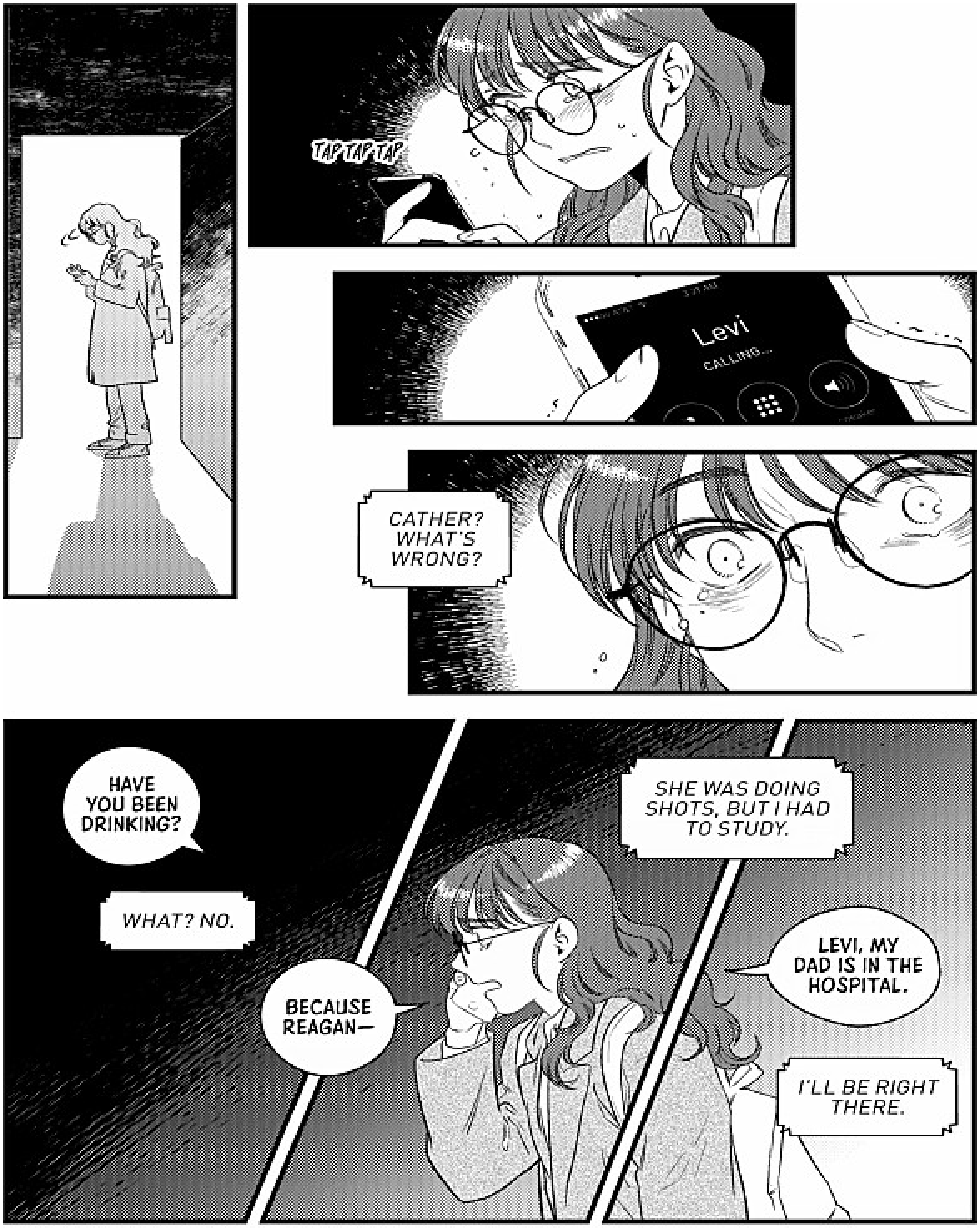

YEAH, HE'S FINE. HE'S—HE'S JUST HAD A TOUGH DAY.
I'M HERE WITH HIM AT ST. RICHARD'S.
TREMBLE
HE'S SPENDING TONIGHT HERE... AND MAYBE THE NEXT DAY OR TWO...
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE'S OKAY.
HE'S JUST BEEN REALLY CAUGHT UP AT WORK...
AND, WELL, HE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HIS OFFICE.
IT HAD BEEN A FEW DAYS SINCE HE'D LEFT HIS OFFICE...

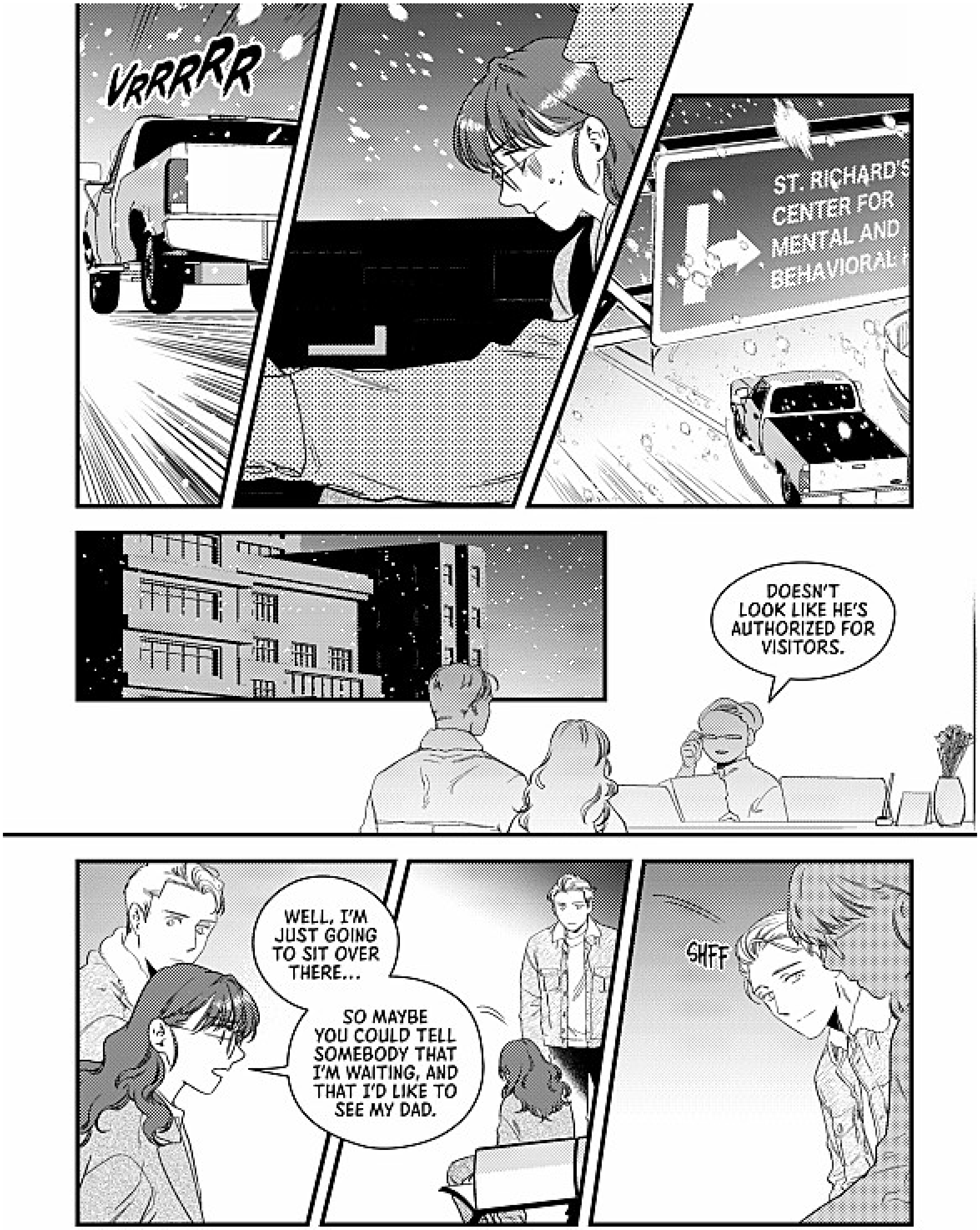

HOW MANY DAYS?
WAS HE EATING?
WAS HE GOING TO THE BATHROOM?
DID HE BARRICADE THE DOOR?
DID THEY HAVE TO CARRY HIM OUT?
YOU'RE ALL SELLOUTS!
EVERY ONE OF YOU. ESPECIALLY YOU, KELLY, YOU BRAINLESS HACK!
THANKS, KELLY.

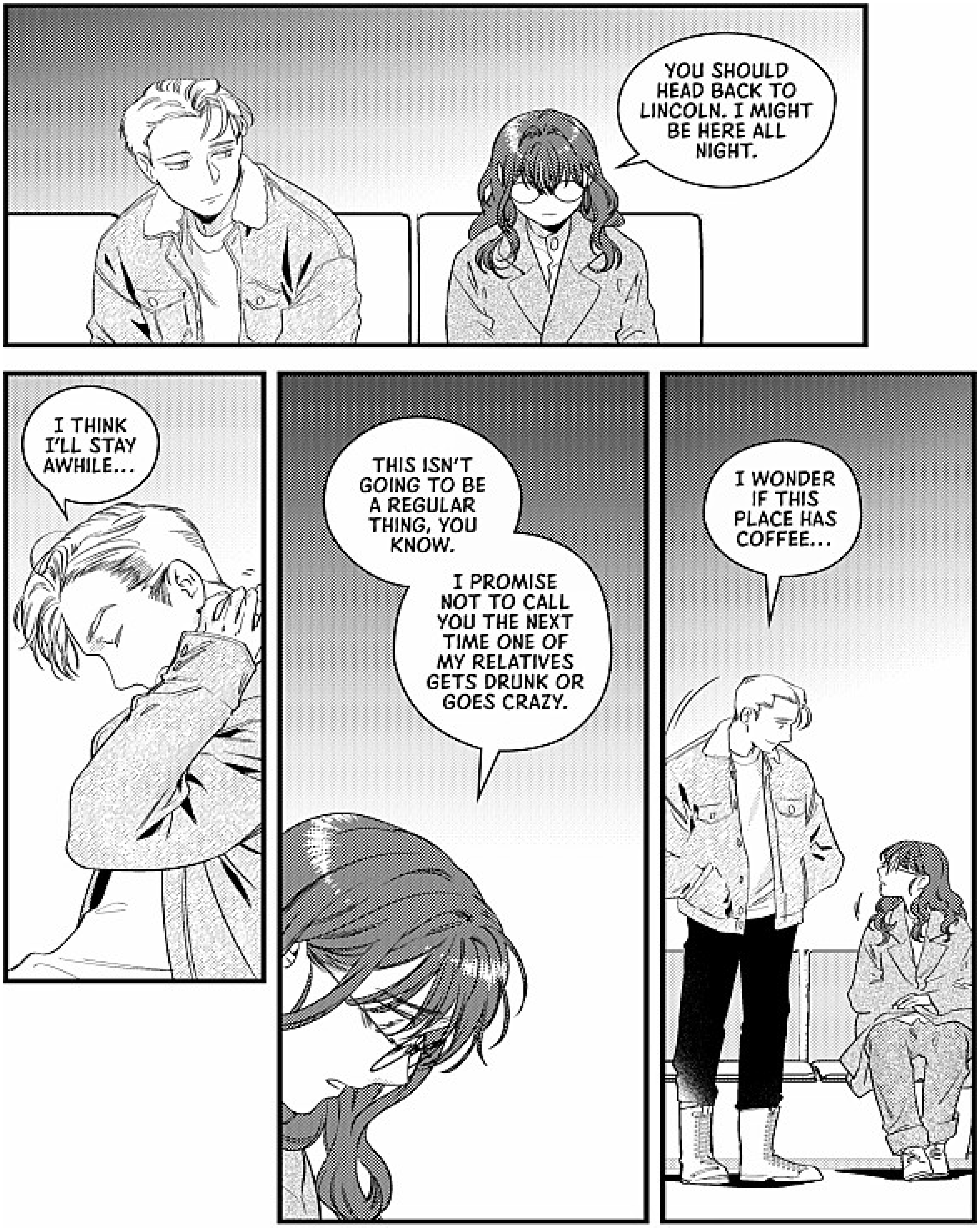

SHAKE
TAP TAP TAP
Wren
CALLING...
CATH?
DAD'S AT ST. RICHARD'S!
WHAT? WHY?
HE LOST IT AT WORK.
IS HE OKAY?
I DON'T KNOW! WE HAVE TO GET TO OMAHA.
SLOW DOWN. LET'S BE RATIONAL.
RATIONAL?!

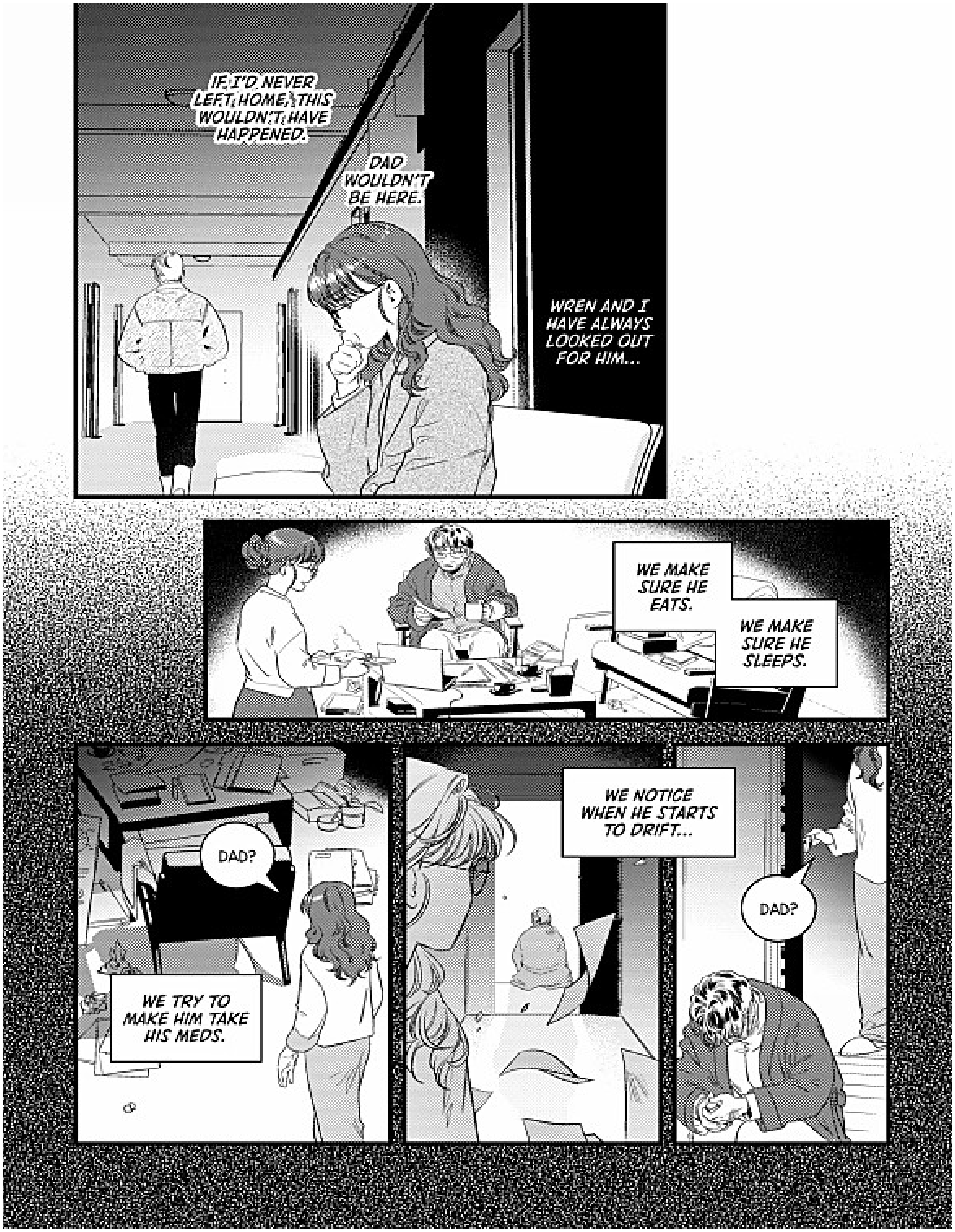

YES, RATIONAL.
I HAVE FINALS TOMORROW, AND I'M SURE YOU DO, TOO.
AND DAD IS PROBABLY TRANQ-ED INTO OBLIVION RIGHT NOW.
WE CAN CALL TOMORROW AND SEE HOW HE'S DOING.
WREN, HE'S IN THE *HOSPITAL*.
ST. RICHARD'S ISN'T EXACTLY A HOSPITAL...
BY THE TIME WE'RE DONE WITH FINALS, DAD WILL JUST BE COMING OUT OF HIS HAZE.
WE CAN BE THERE FOR HIM *THEN*.
WELL, I'M GOING. TONIGHT.
SIGH
CALL ME WHEN YOU GET THERE.

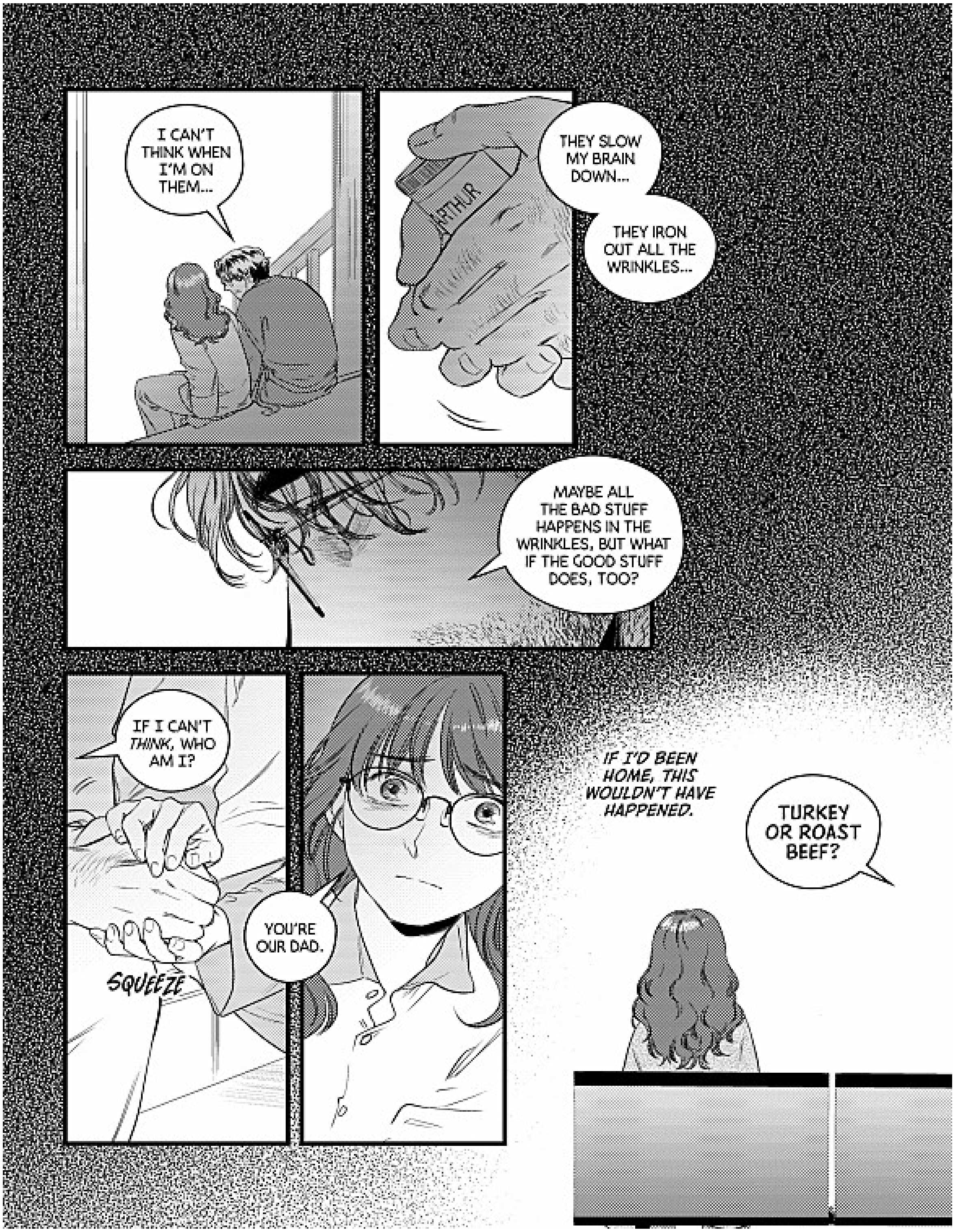

REAGAN?
CATH?
WHOA, YOU SMELL LIKE YOU DRANK THE ENTIRE LIQUOR AISLE.
I WAS CELEBRATING... SOMETHING...

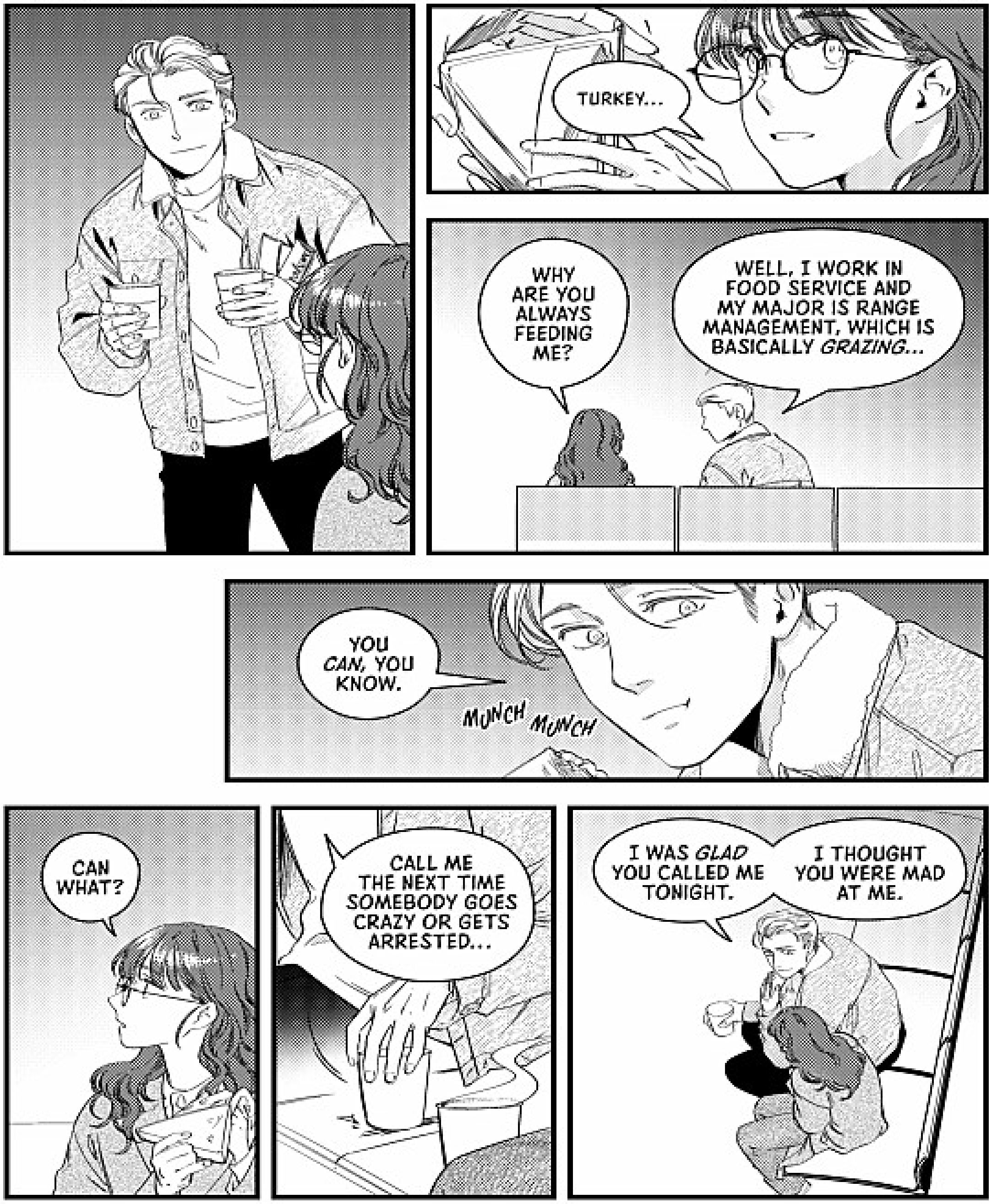

TAP TAP TAP
Levi
CALLING...
CATHER? WHAT'S WRONG?
HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?
WHAT? NO.
BECAUSE REAGAN—
SHE WAS DOING SHOTS, BUT I HAD TO STUDY.
LEVI, MY DAD IS IN THE HOSPITAL.
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

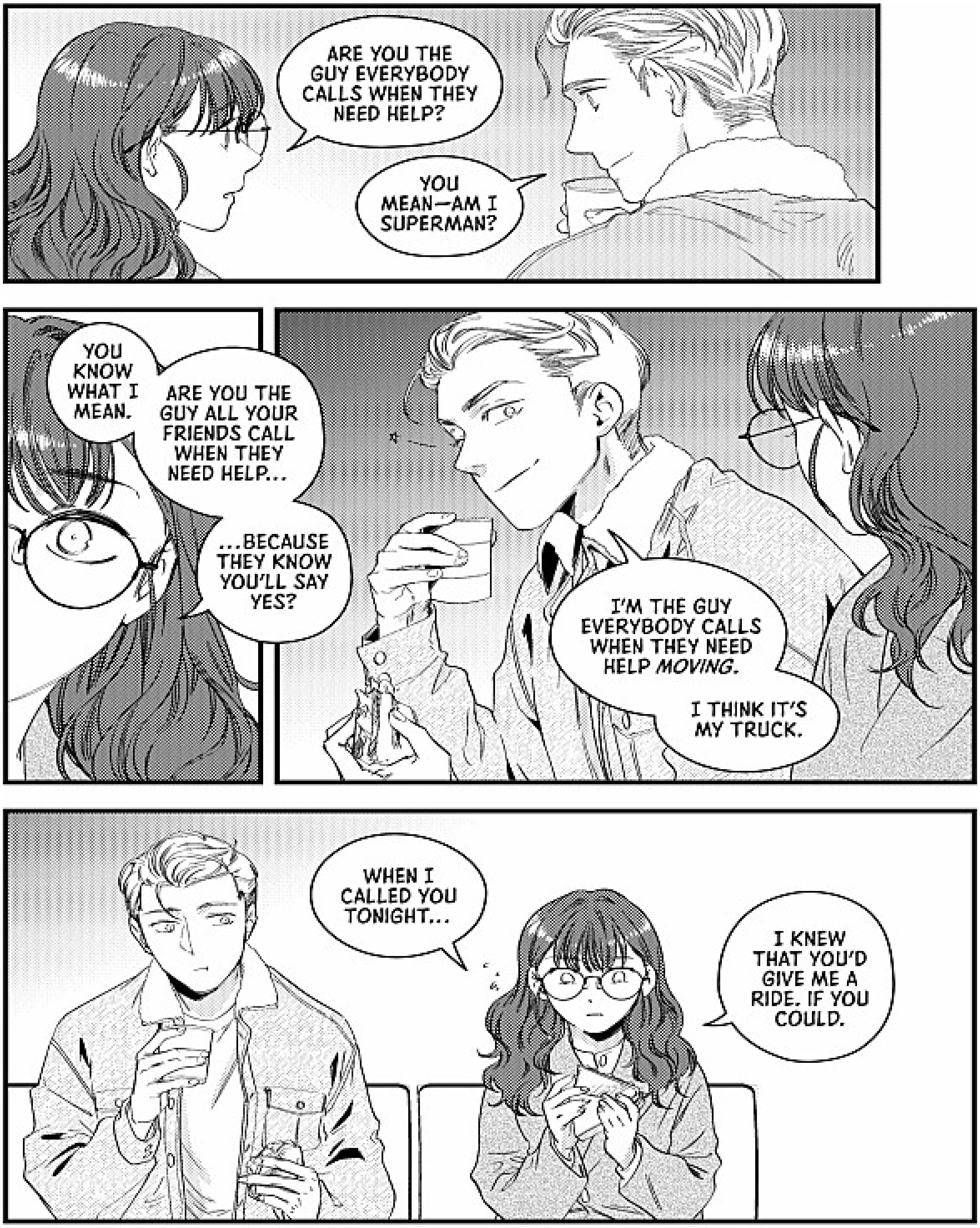

VRRRRR
ST. RICHARD'S CENTER FOR MENTAL AND BEHAVIORAL
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S AUTHORIZED FOR VISITORS.
WELL, I'M JUST GOING TO SIT OVER THERE...
SO MAYBE YOU COULD TELL SOMEBODY THAT I'M WAITING, AND THAT I'D LIKE TO SEE MY DAD.
SHFF

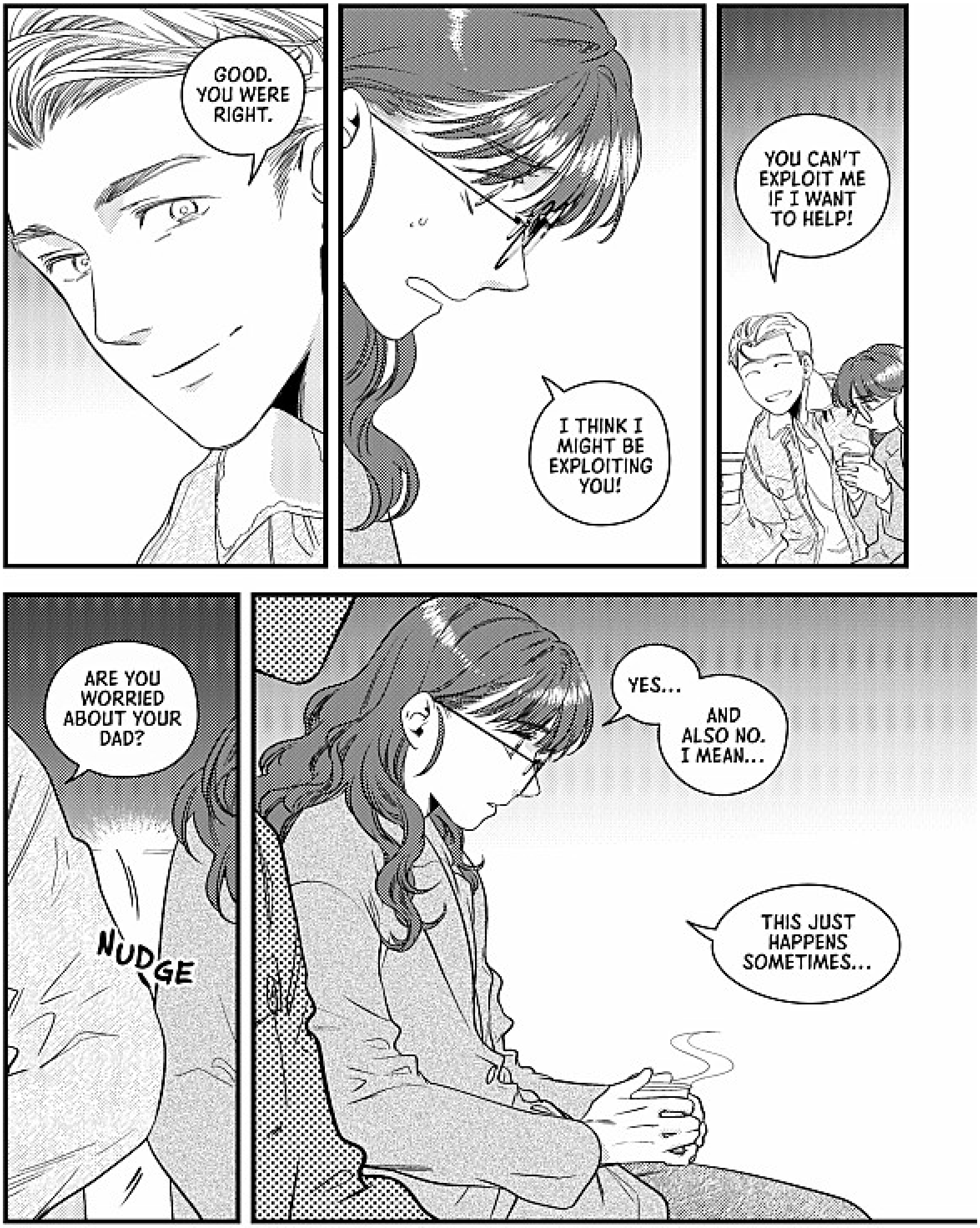

YOU SHOULD HEAD BACK TO LINCOLN. I MIGHT BE HERE ALL NIGHT.
I THINK I'LL STAY AWHILE...
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A REGULAR THING, YOU KNOW.
I PROMISE NOT TO CALL YOU THE NEXT TIME ONE OF MY RELATIVES GETS DRUNK OR GOES CRAZY.
I WONDER IF THIS PLACE HAS COFFEE...

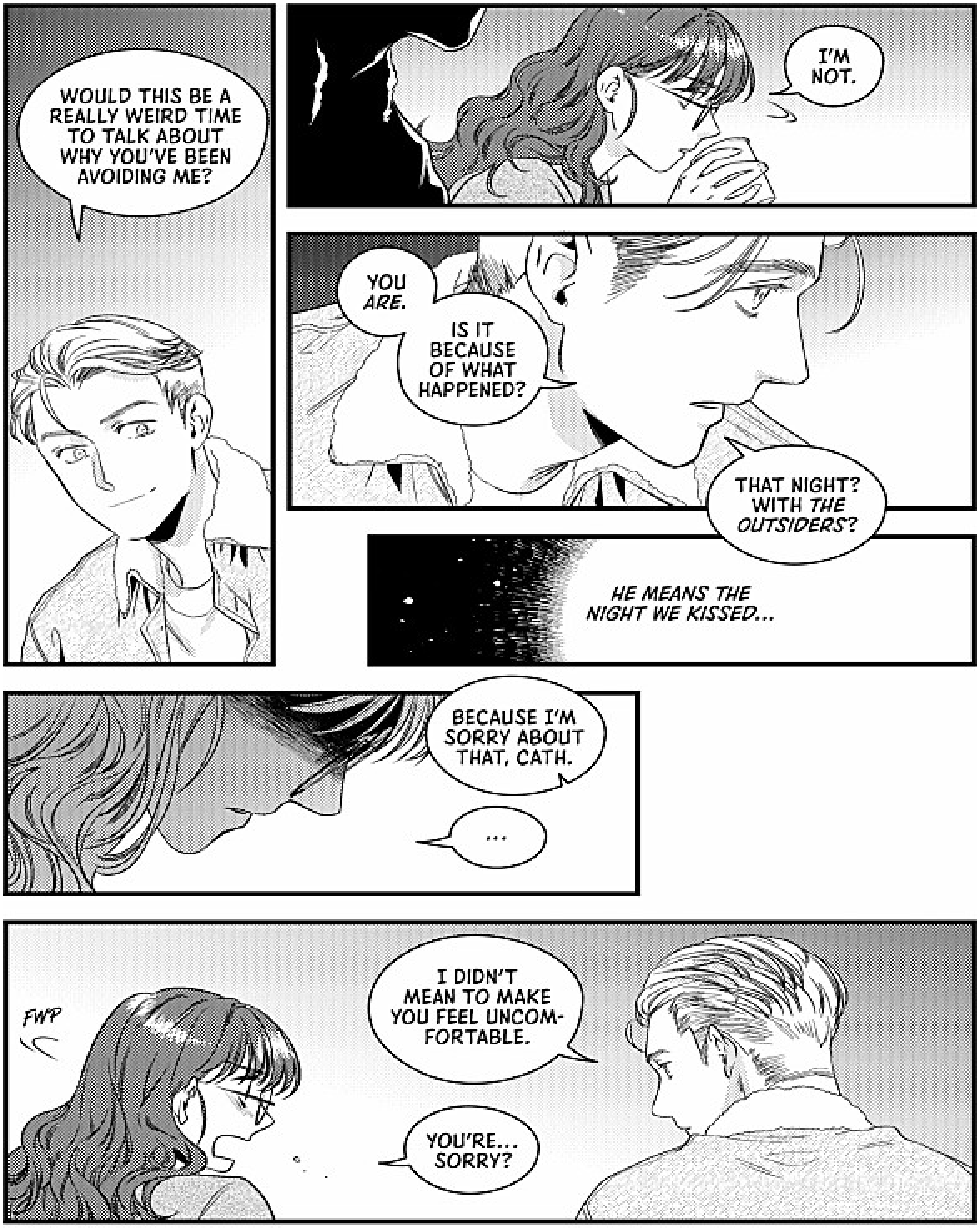

IF I'D NEVER LEFT HOME, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.
DAD WOULDN'T BE HERE.
WREN AND I HAVE ALWAYS LOOKED OUT FOR HIM...
WE MAKE SURE HE EATS.
WE MAKE SURE HE SLEEPS.
DAD?
WE TRY TO MAKE HIM TAKE HIS MEDS.
WE NOTICE WHEN HE STARTS TO DRIFT...
DAD?

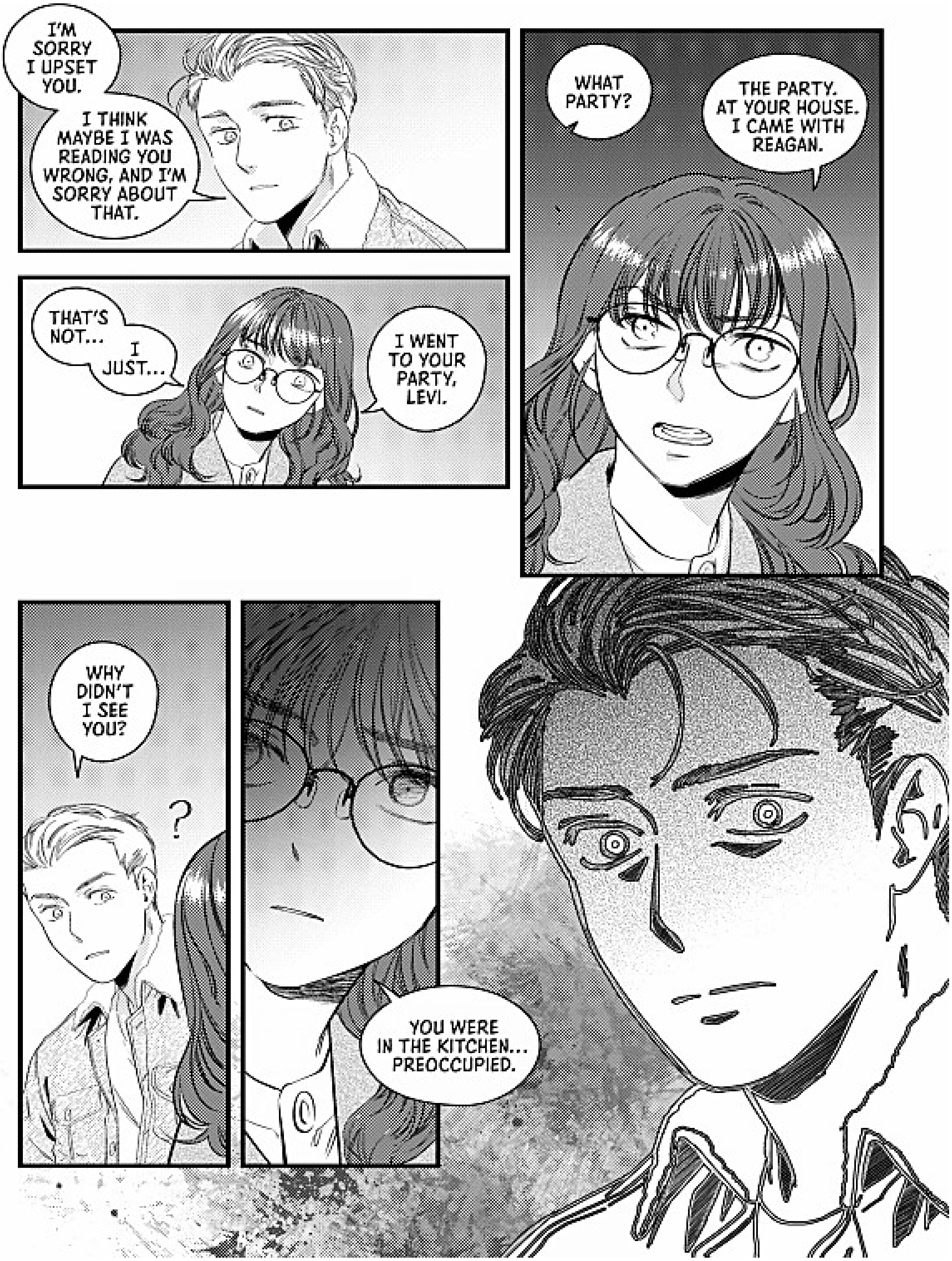

I CAN'T THINK WHEN I'M ON THEM...
ARTHUR
THEY SLOW MY BRAIN DOWN...
THEY IRON OUT ALL THE WRINKLES...
MAYBE ALL THE BAD STUFF HAPPENS IN THE WRINKLES, BUT WHAT IF THE GOOD STUFF DOES, TOO?
IF I CAN'T *THINK*, WHO AM I?
SQUEEZE
YOU'RE OUR DAD.
IF I'D BEEN HOME, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.
TURKEY OR ROAST BEEF?

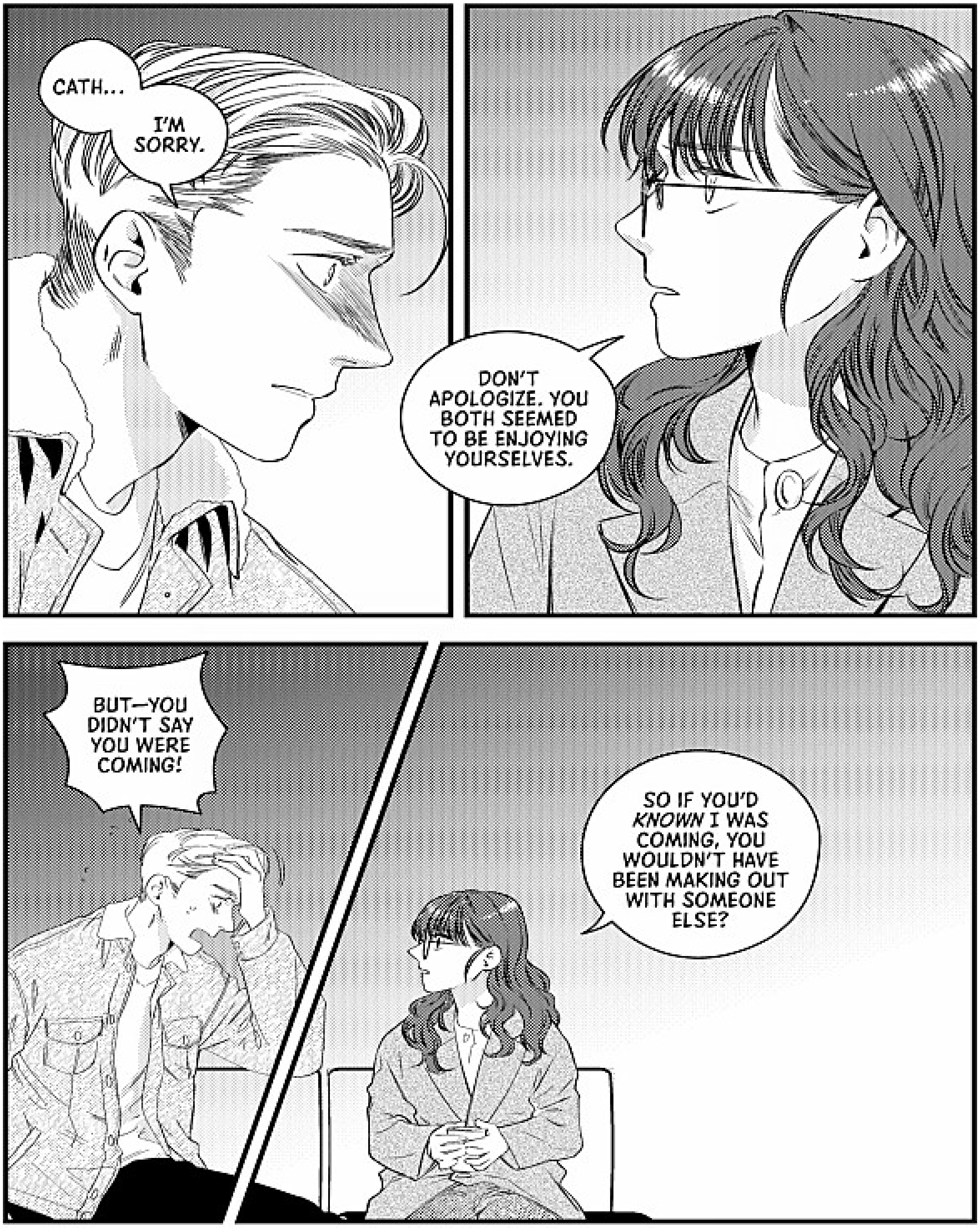

TURKEY...
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS FEEDING ME?
WELL, I WORK IN FOOD SERVICE AND MY MAJOR IS RANGE MANAGEMENT, WHICH IS BASICALLY *GRAZING*...
YOU *CAN*, YOU KNOW.
MUNCH MUNCH
CAN WHAT?
CALL ME THE NEXT TIME *SOMEBODY GOES* CRAZY OR GETS ARRESTED...
I WAS *GLAD* YOU CALLED ME TONIGHT.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME.

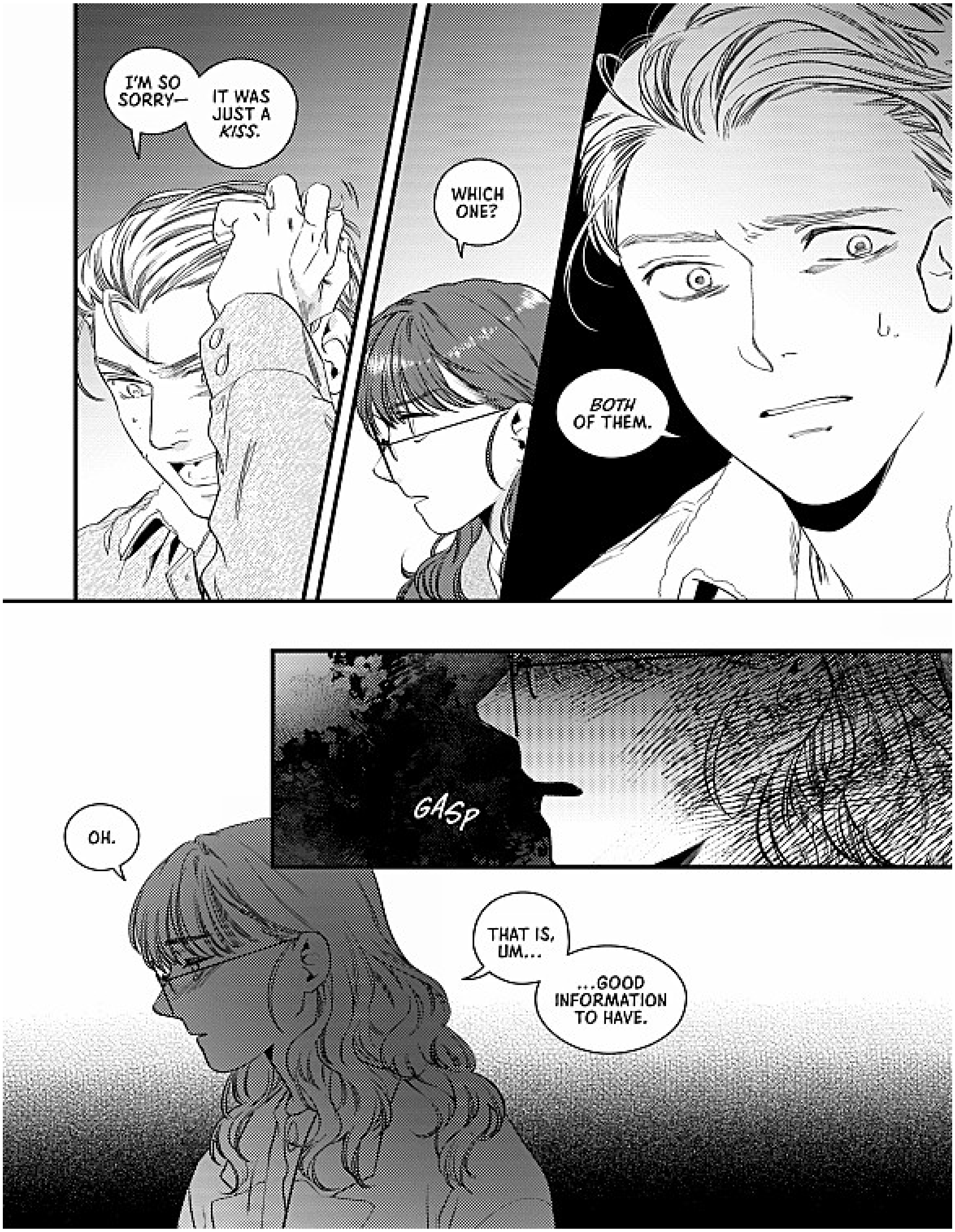

ARE YOU THE GUY EVERYBODY CALLS WHEN THEY NEED HELP?
YOU MEAN—AM I SUPERMAN?
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
ARE YOU THE GUY ALL YOUR FRIENDS CALL WHEN THEY NEED HELP...
...BECAUSE THEY KNOW YOU'LL *SAY* YES?
I'M THE GUY EVERYBODY CALLS WHEN THEY NEED HELP *MOVING*.
I THINK IT'S MY TRUCK.
WHEN I CALLED YOU TONIGHT...
I KNEW THAT YOU'D GIVE ME A RIDE. IF YOU COULD.

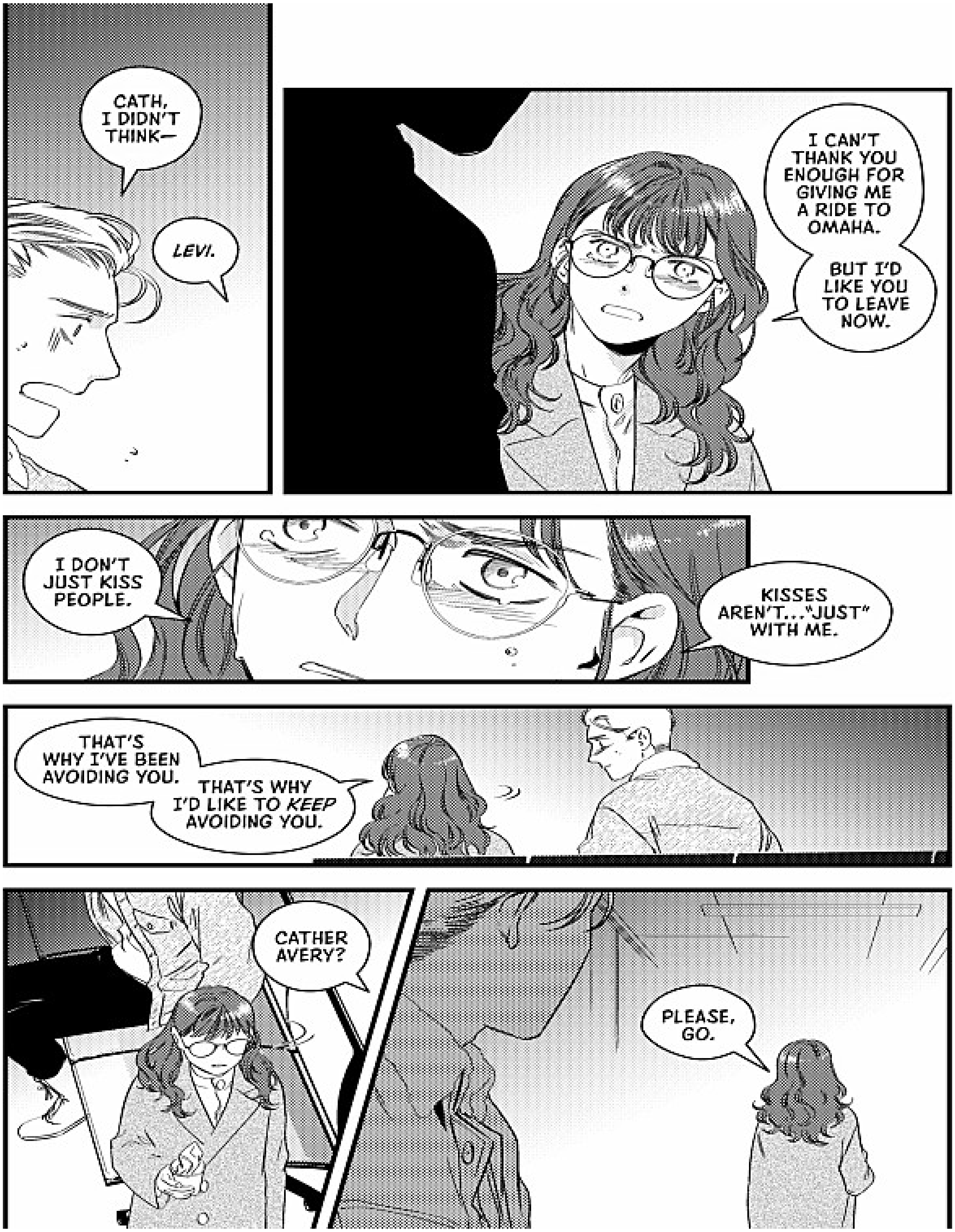

GOOD. YOU WERE RIGHT.
I THINK I MIGHT BE EXPLOITING YOU!
YOU CAN'T EXPLOIT ME IF I WANT TO HELP!
ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR DAD?
NUDGE
YES...
AND ALSO NO. I MEAN...
THIS JUST HAPPENS SOMETIMES...

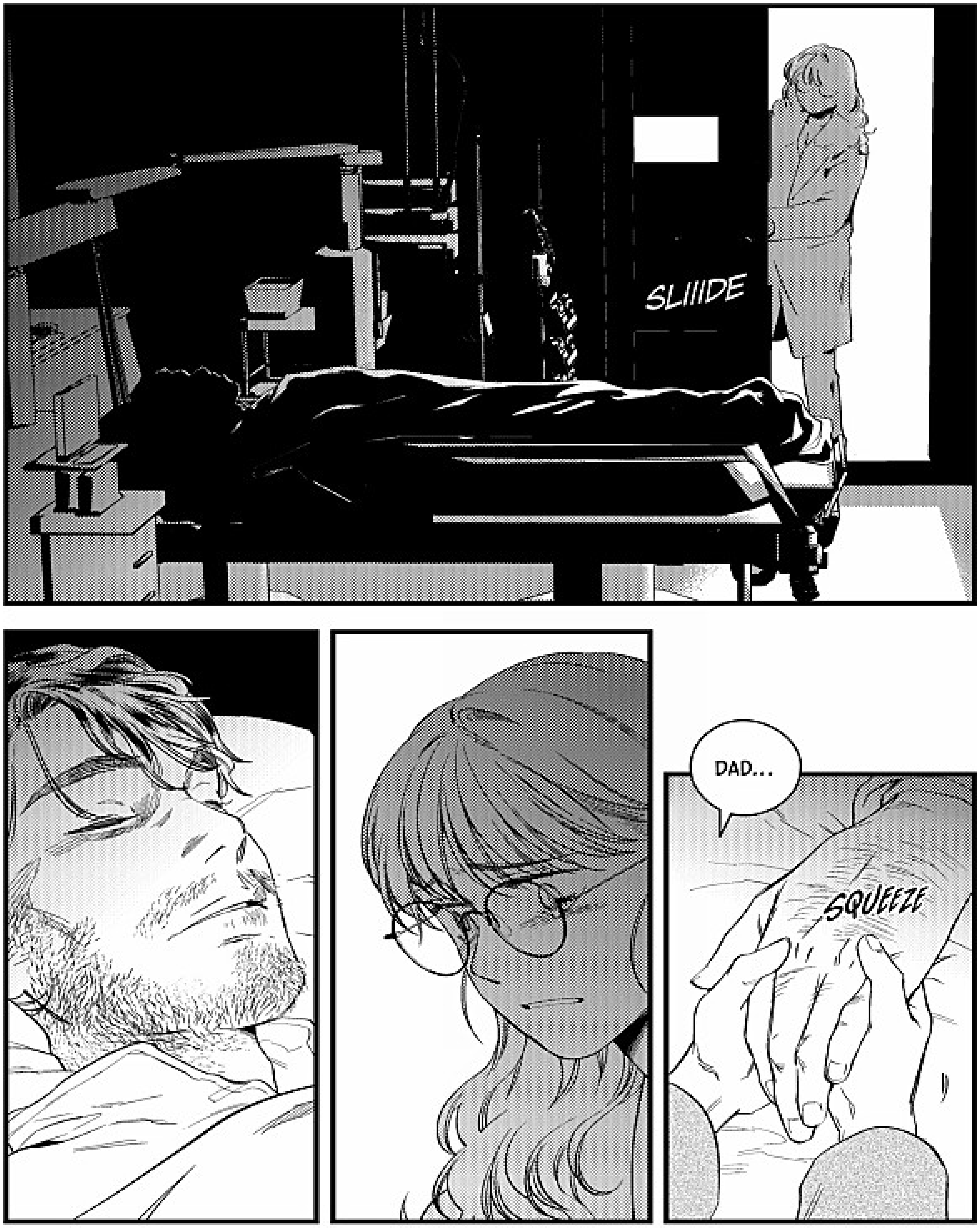

WOULD THIS BE A REALLY WEIRD TIME TO TALK ABOUT WHY YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME?
I'M NOT.
YOU *ARE.*
IS IT BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT NIGHT? WITH *THE OUTSIDERS*?
HE MEANS THE NIGHT WE KISSED...
BECAUSE I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, CATH.
...
FWP
I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE.
YOU'RE... SORRY?


I'M SORRY I UPSET YOU.
I THINK MAYBE I WAS READING YOU WRONG, AND I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT.
THAT'S NOT...
I JUST...
I WENT TO YOUR PARTY, LEVI.
WHAT PARTY?
THE PARTY. AT YOUR HOUSE. I CAME WITH REAGAN.
WHY DIDN'T I SEE YOU?
?
YOU WERE IN THE KITCHEN... PREOCCUPIED.


CATH... I'M SORRY.
DON'T APOLOGIZE. YOU BOTH SEEMED TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELVES.
BUT—YOU DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE COMING!
SO IF YOU'D *KNOWN* I WAS COMING, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN MAKING OUT WITH SOMEONE ELSE?

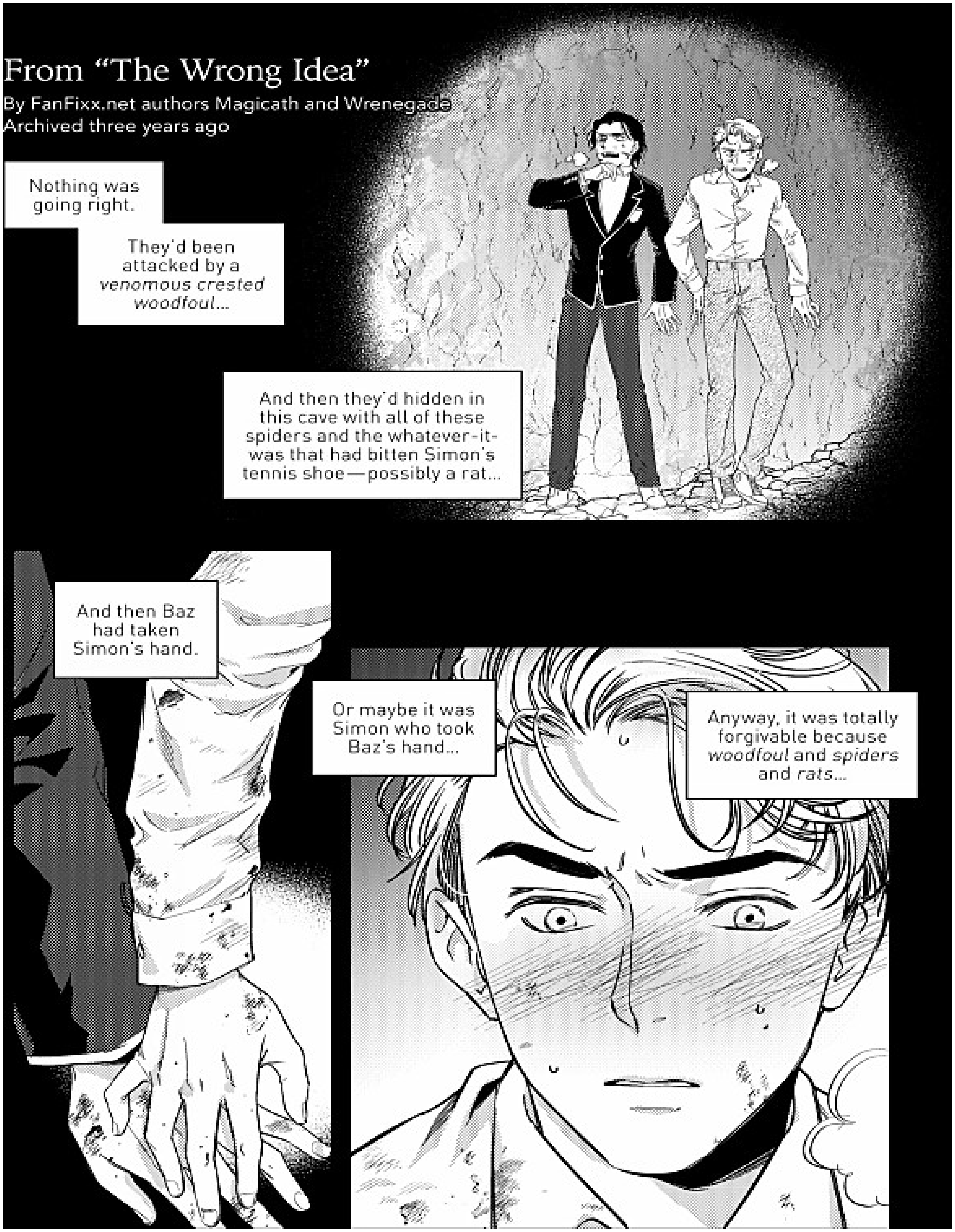

I'M SO SORRY—
IT WAS JUST A *KISS.*
WHICH ONE?
BOTH OF THEM.
GASP
OH.
THAT IS, UM...
...GOOD INFORMATION TO HAVE.

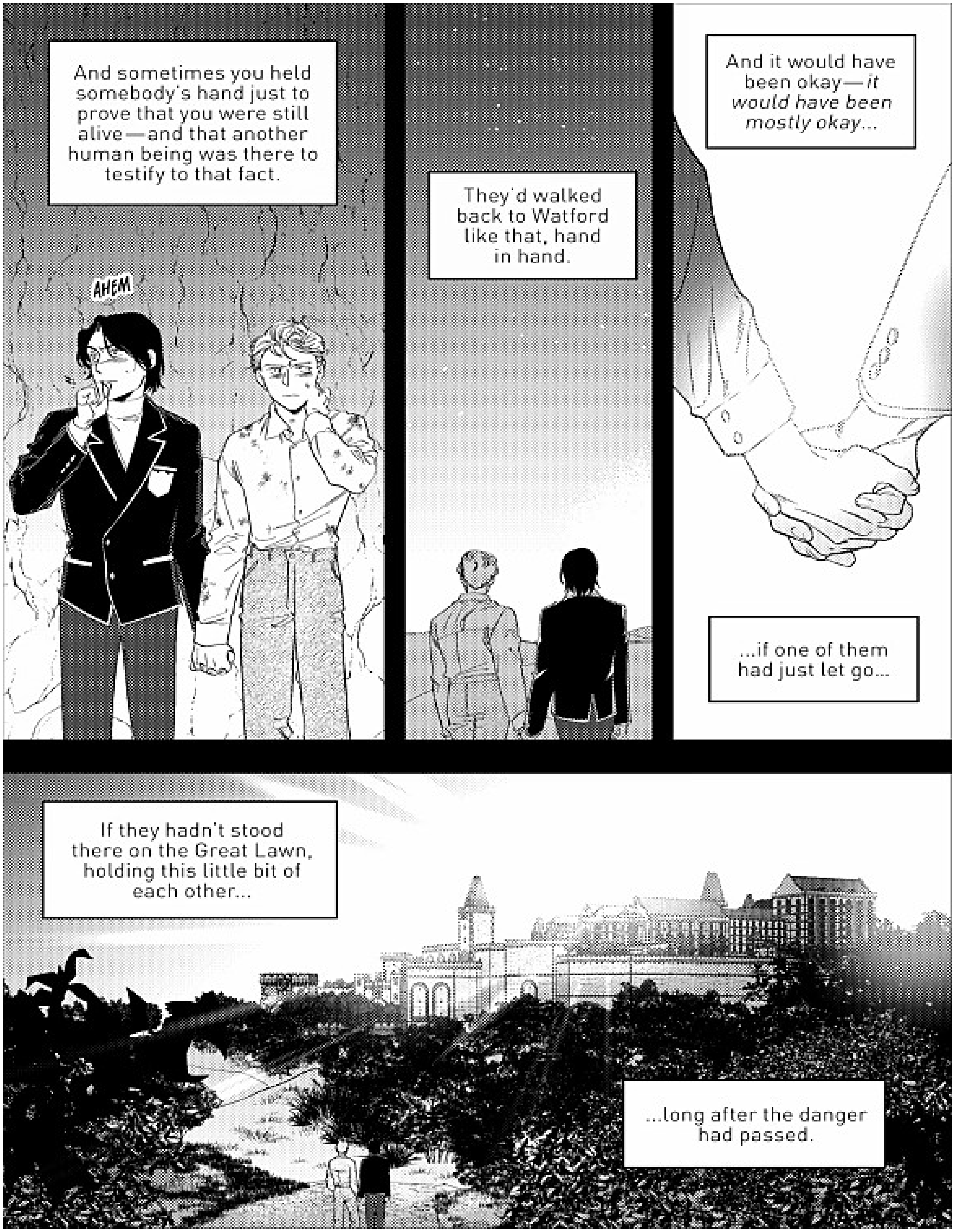

CATH, I DIDN'T THINK—
LEVI.
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR GIVING ME A RIDE TO OMAHA.
BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO LEAVE NOW.
I DON'T JUST KISS PEOPLE.
KISSES AREN'T..."JUST" WITH ME.
THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN AVOIDING YOU.
THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO *KEEP* AVOIDING YOU.
CATHER AVERY?
PLEASE, GO.

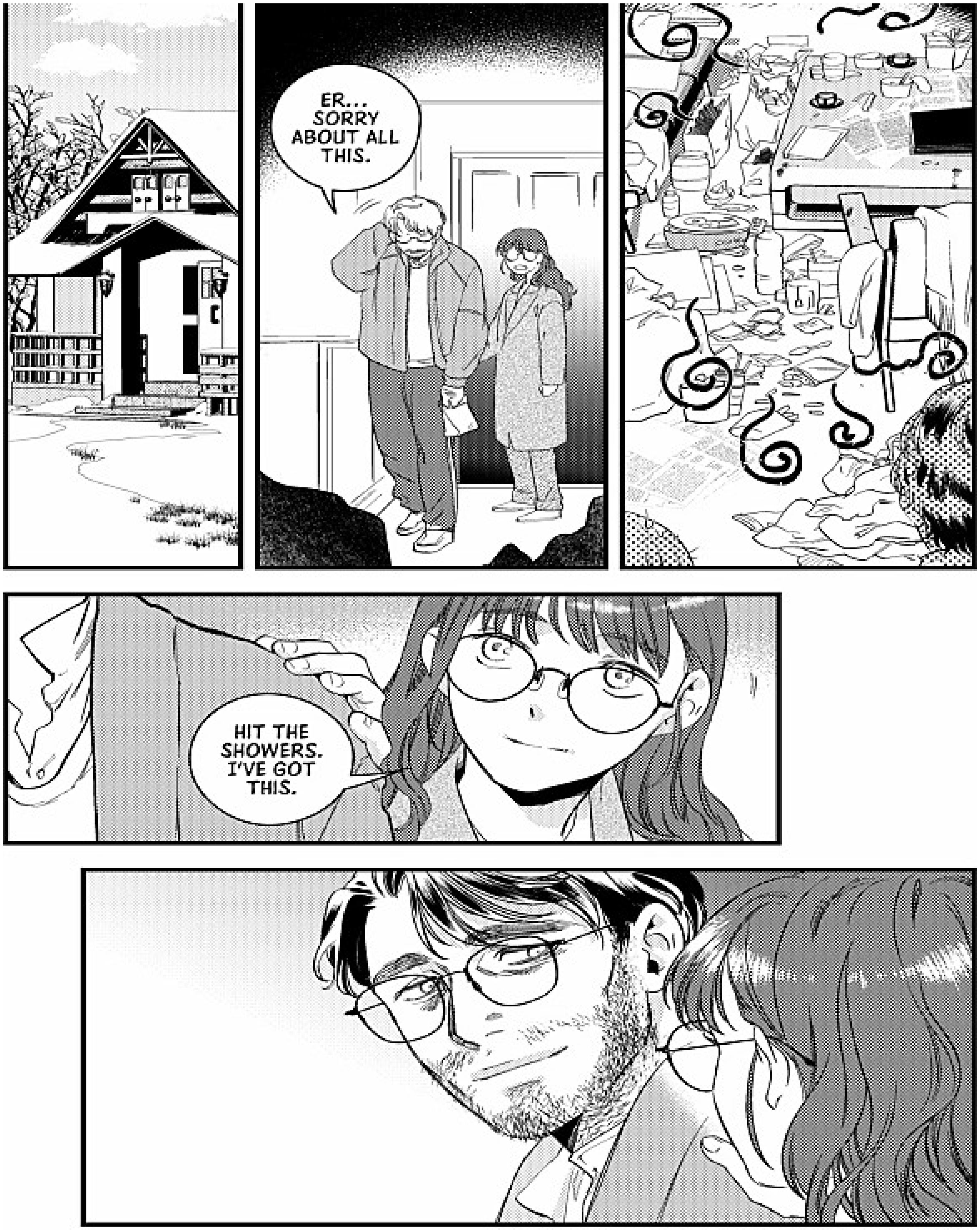

SLIIIDE
DAD...
SQUEEZE

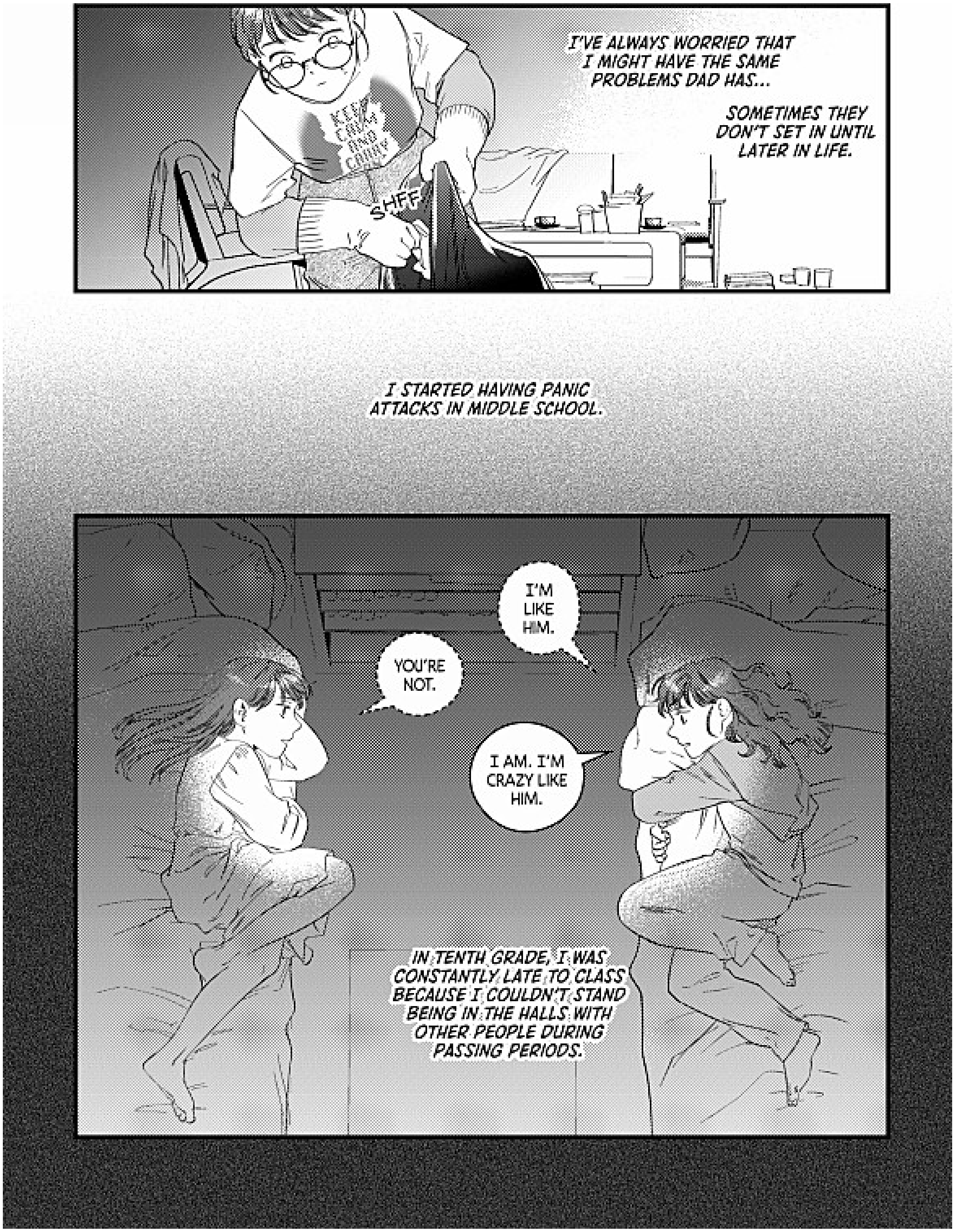
From “The Wrong Idea”

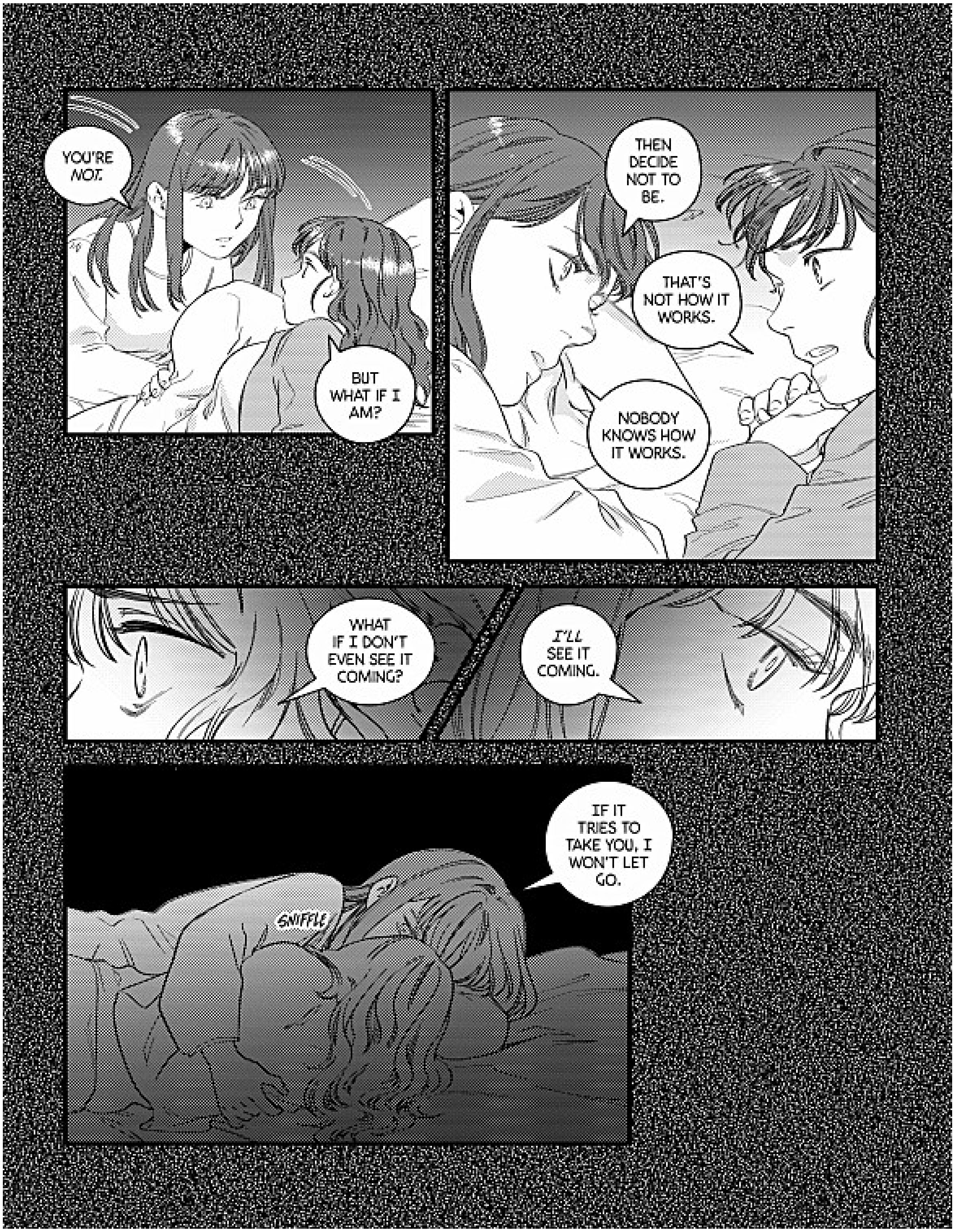
By FanFixx.net authors Magicath and Wrenegade
Archived three years ago

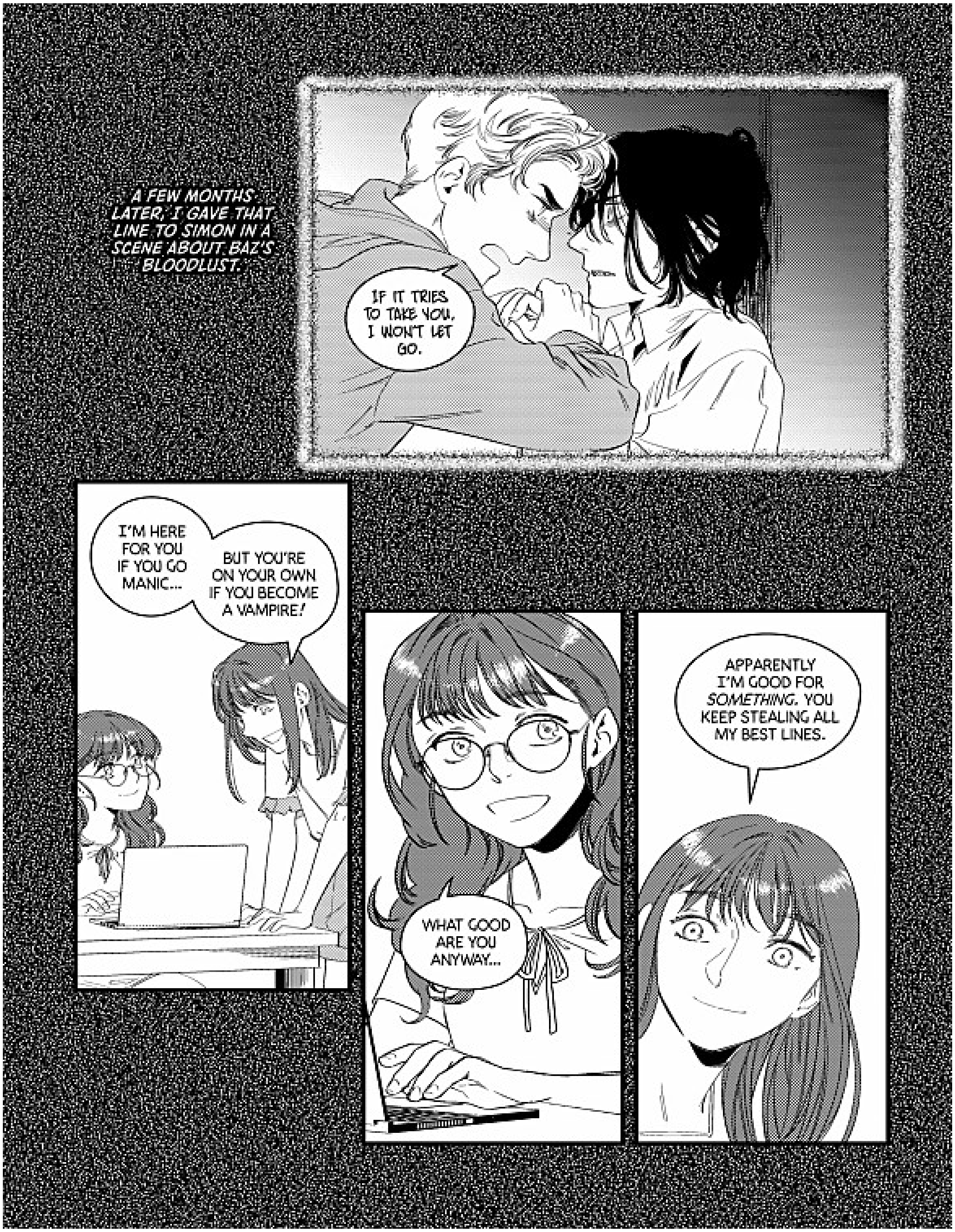

Nothing was going right.
They’d been attacked by a *venomous crested woodfoul*...
And then they’d hidden in this cave with all of these spiders and the whatever-it-was that had bitten Simon’s tennis shoe—possibly a rat...
And then Baz had taken Simon’s hand.
Or maybe it was Simon who took Baz’s hand...
Anyway, it was totally forgivable because *woodfoul* and *spiders* and *rats*...

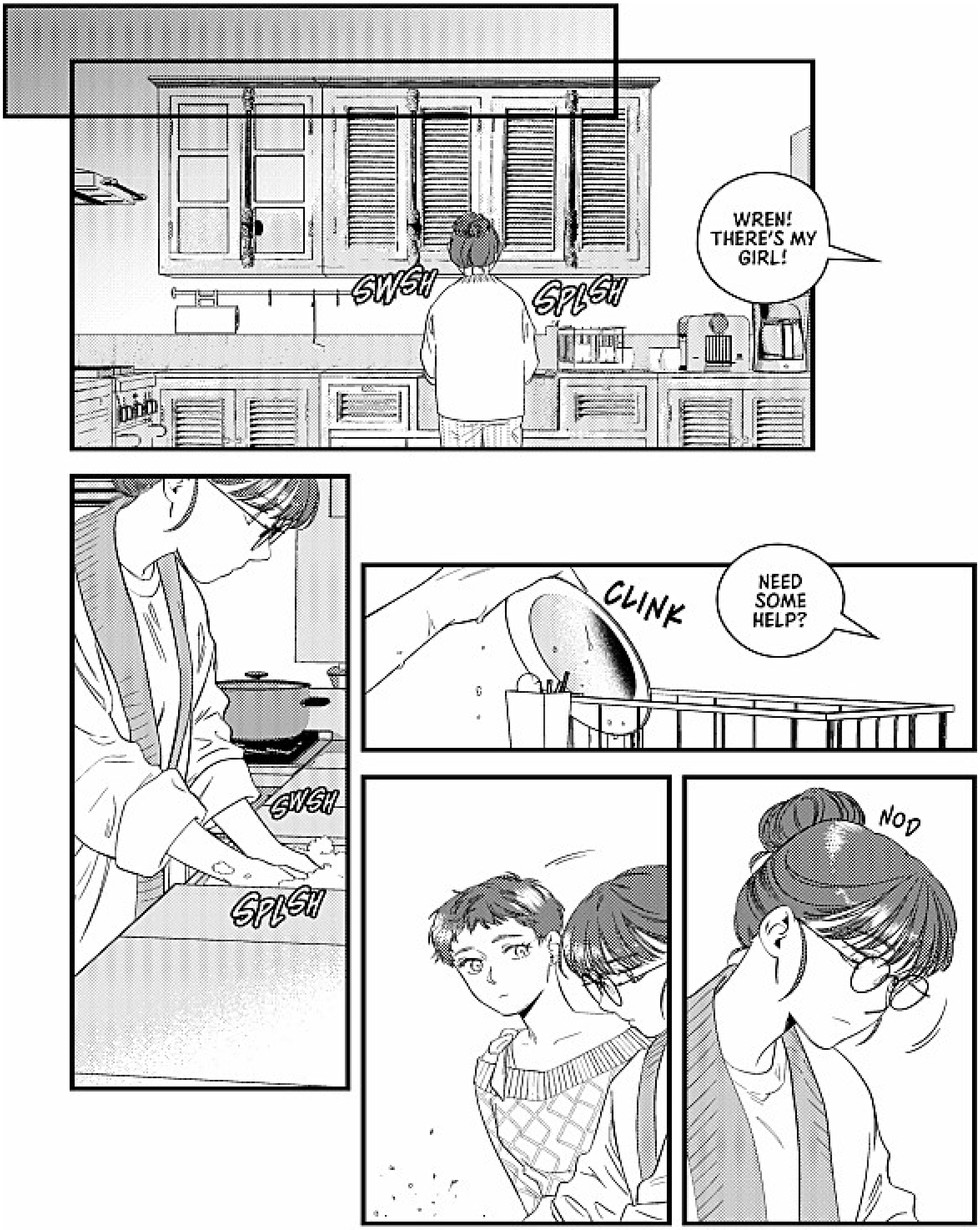

And sometimes you held somebody's hand just to prove that you were still alive—and that another human being was there to testify to that fact.
AHEM
They'd walked back to Watford like that, hand in hand.
And it would have been okay—*it would have been mostly okay*...
...if one of them had just let go...
If they hadn't stood there on the Great Lawn, holding this little bit of each other...
...long after the danger had passed.

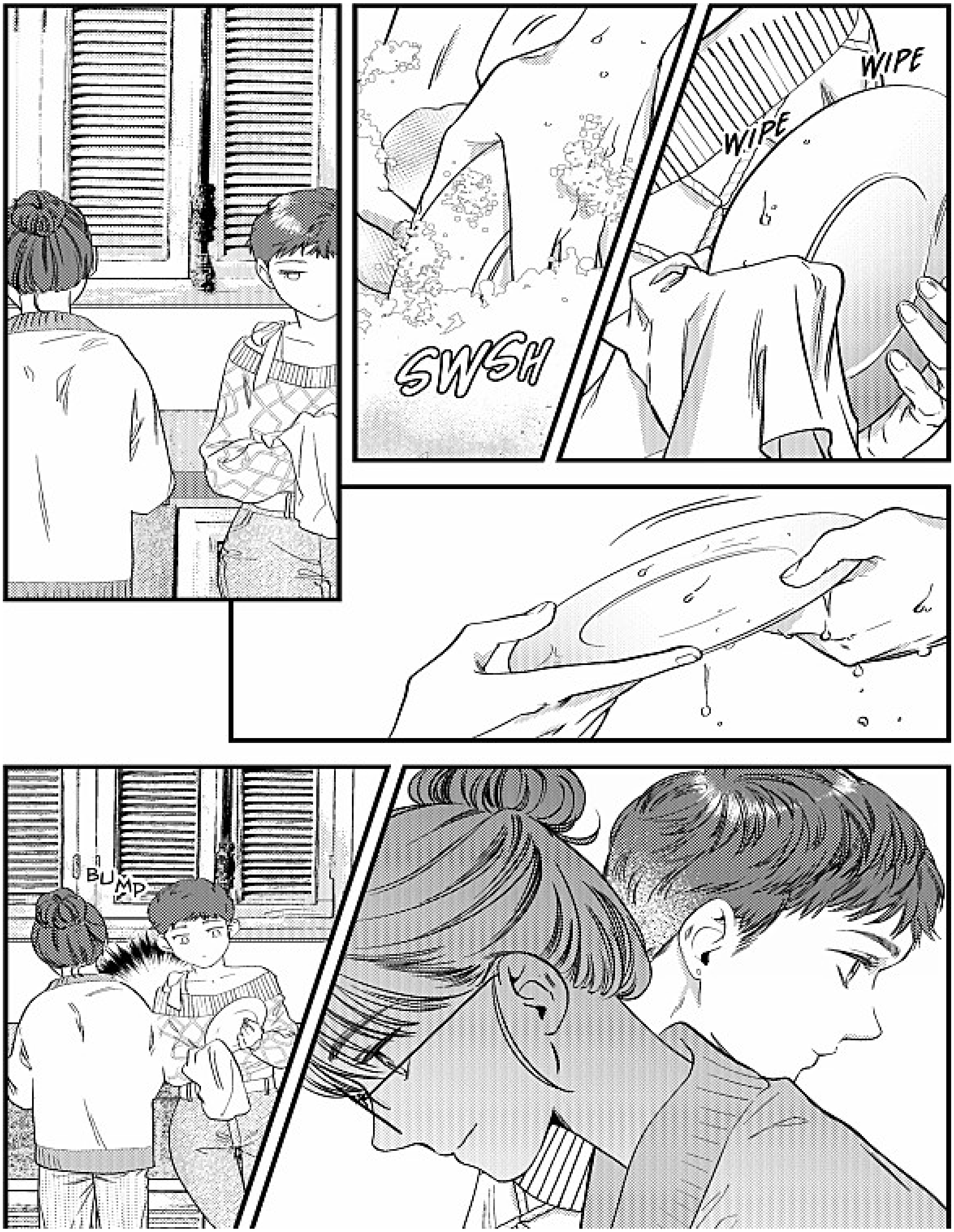

ER... SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS.
HIT THE SHOWERS. I'VE GOT THIS.

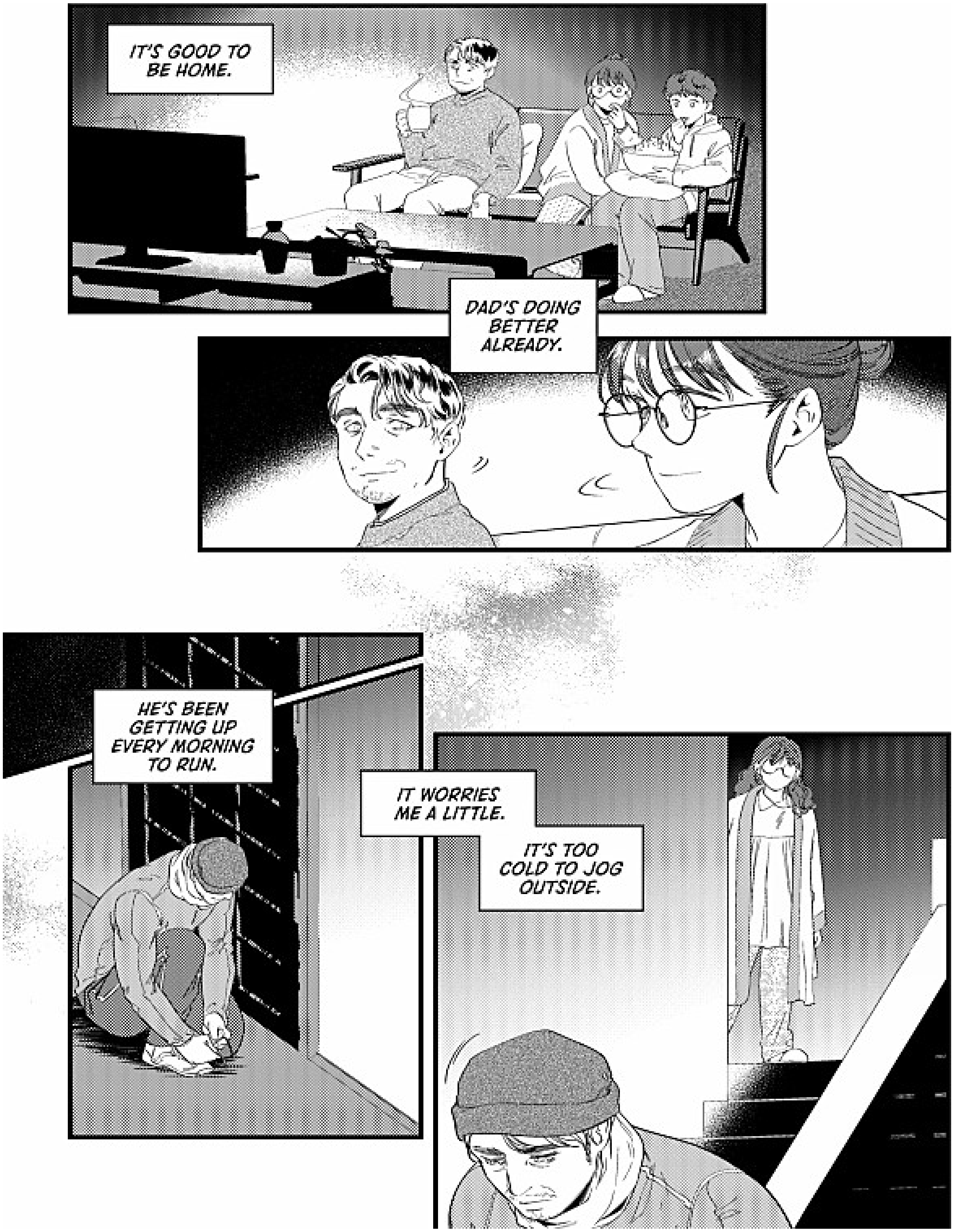

I'VE ALWAYS WORRIED THAT I MIGHT HAVE THE SAME PROBLEMS DAD HAS...
SOMETIMES THEY DON'T SET IN UNTIL LATER IN LIFE.
SHFF
I STARTED HAVING PANIC ATTACKS IN MIDDLE SCHOOL.
I'M LIKE HIM.
YOU'RE NOT.
I AM. I'M CRAZY LIKE HIM.
IN TENTH GRADE, I WAS CONSTANTLY LATE TO CLASS BECAUSE I COULDN'T STAND BEING IN THE HALLS WITH OTHER PEOPLE DURING PASSING PERIODS.

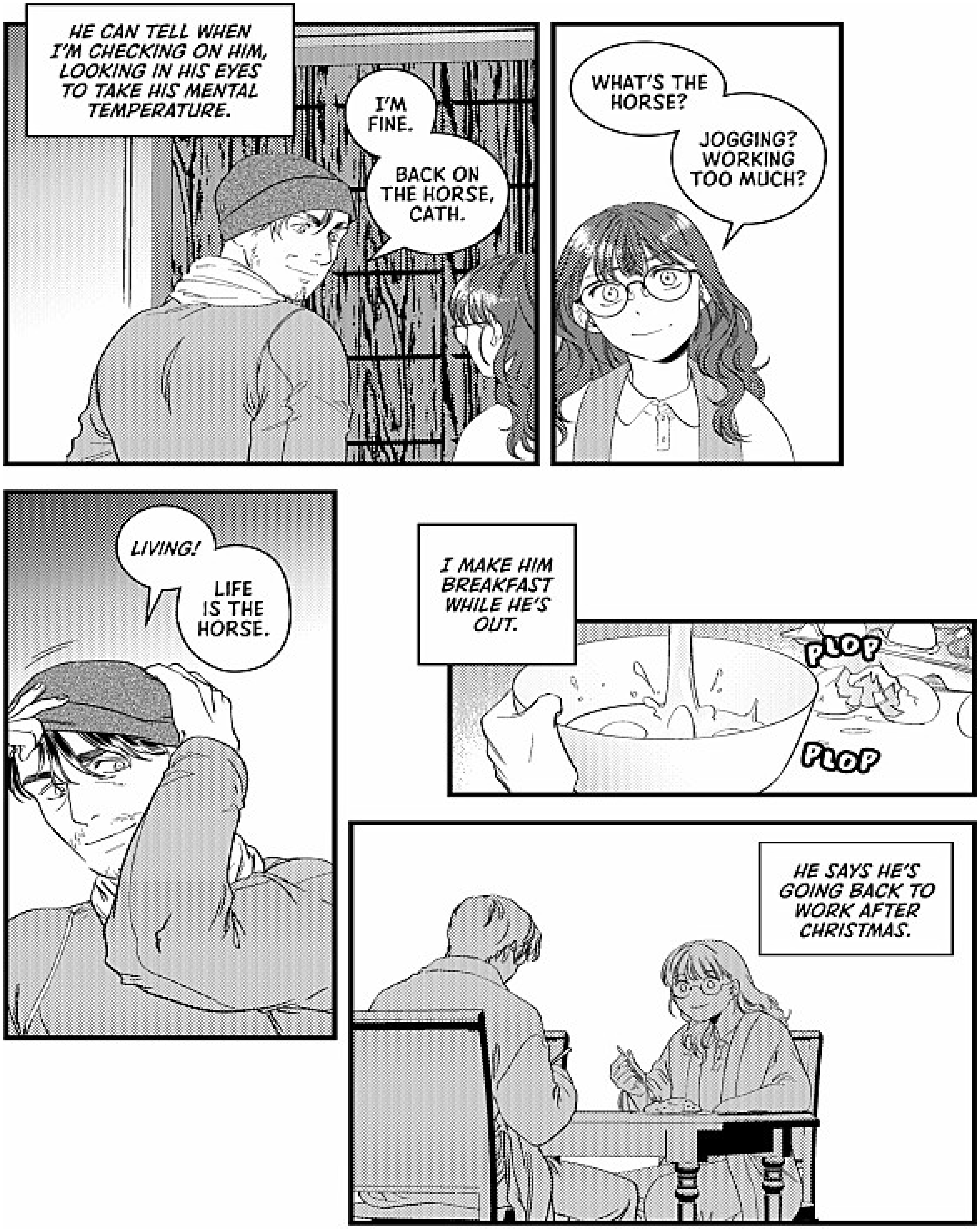

YOU'RE *NOT.*
BUT WHAT IF I AM?
THEN DECIDE NOT TO BE.
THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS.
NOBODY KNOWS HOW IT WORKS.
WHAT IF I DON'T EVEN SEE IT COMING?
I'LL SEE IT COMING.
IF IT TRIES TO TAKE YOU, I WON'T LET GO.
SNIFFLE

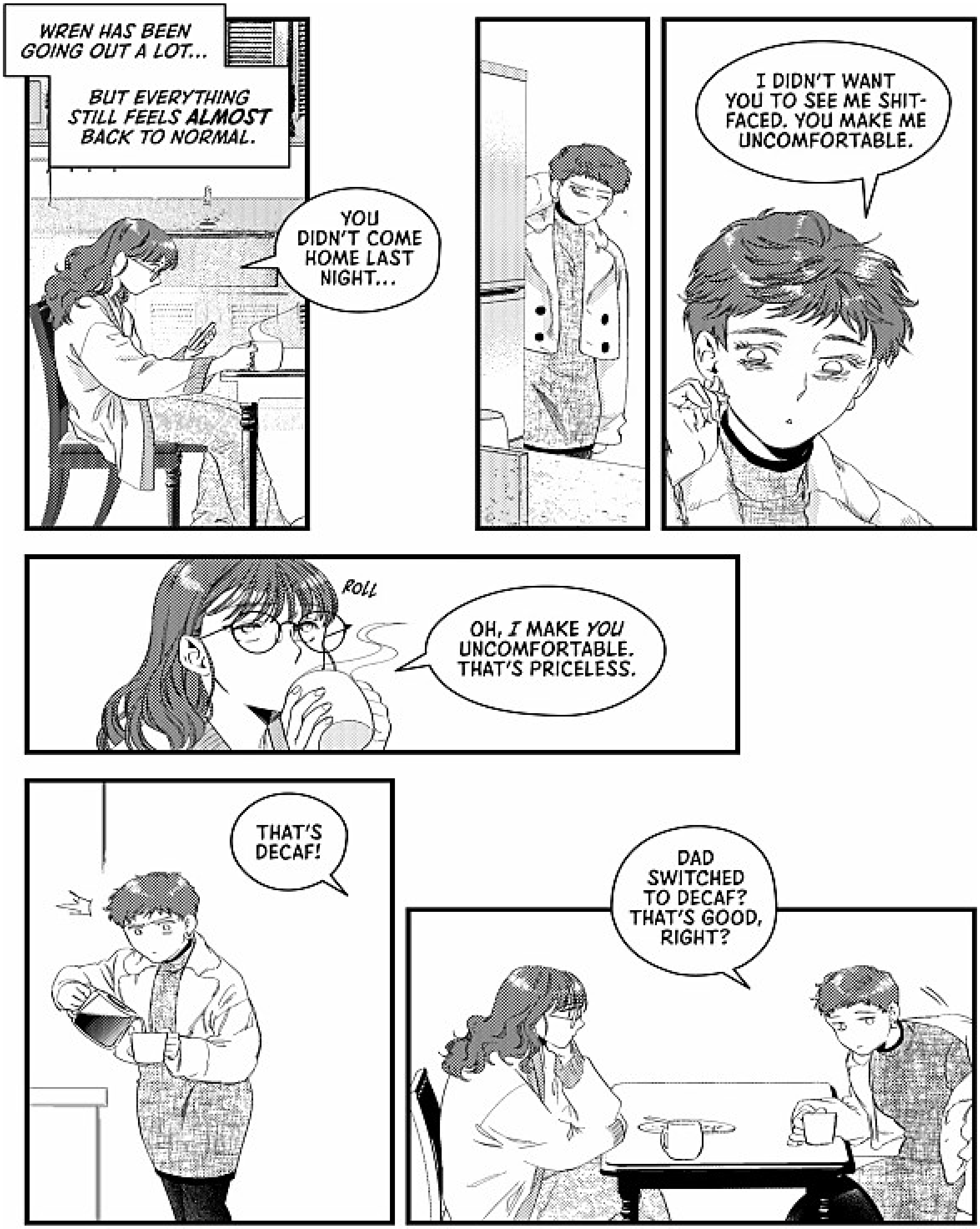

...A FEW MONTHS LATER, I GAVE THAT LINE TO SIMON IN A SCENE ABOUT BAZ'S BLOODLUST.
IF IT TRIES TO TAKE YOU, I WON'T LET GO.
I'M HERE FOR YOU IF YOU GO MANIC...
BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN IF YOU BECOME A VAMPIRE!
WHAT GOOD ARE YOU ANYWAY...
APPARENTLY I'M GOOD FOR *SOMETHING*. YOU KEEP STEALING ALL MY BEST LINES.

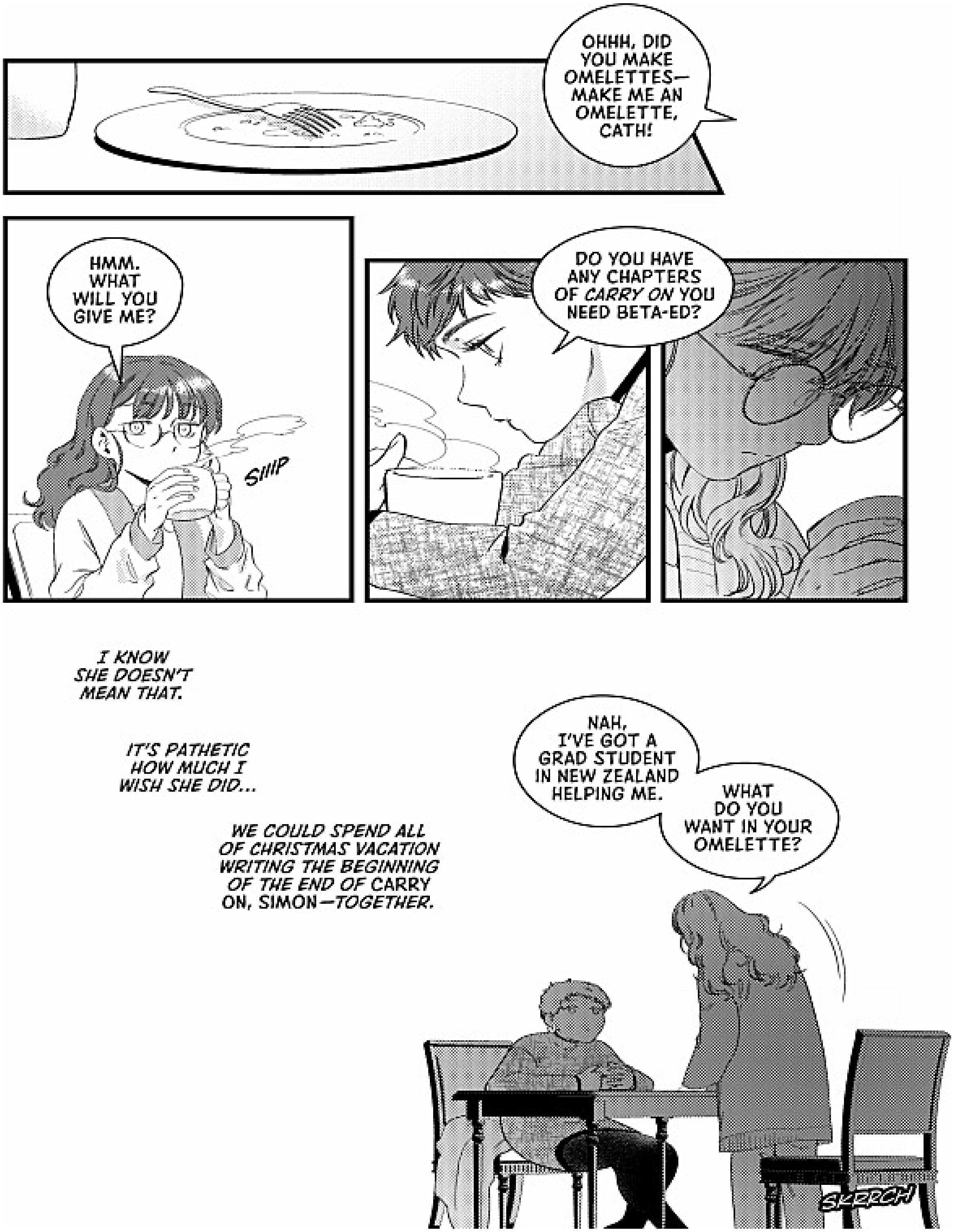

SWSH
SPLSH
WREN! THERE'S MY GIRL!
SWSH
SPLSH
CLINK
NEED SOME HELP?
NOD

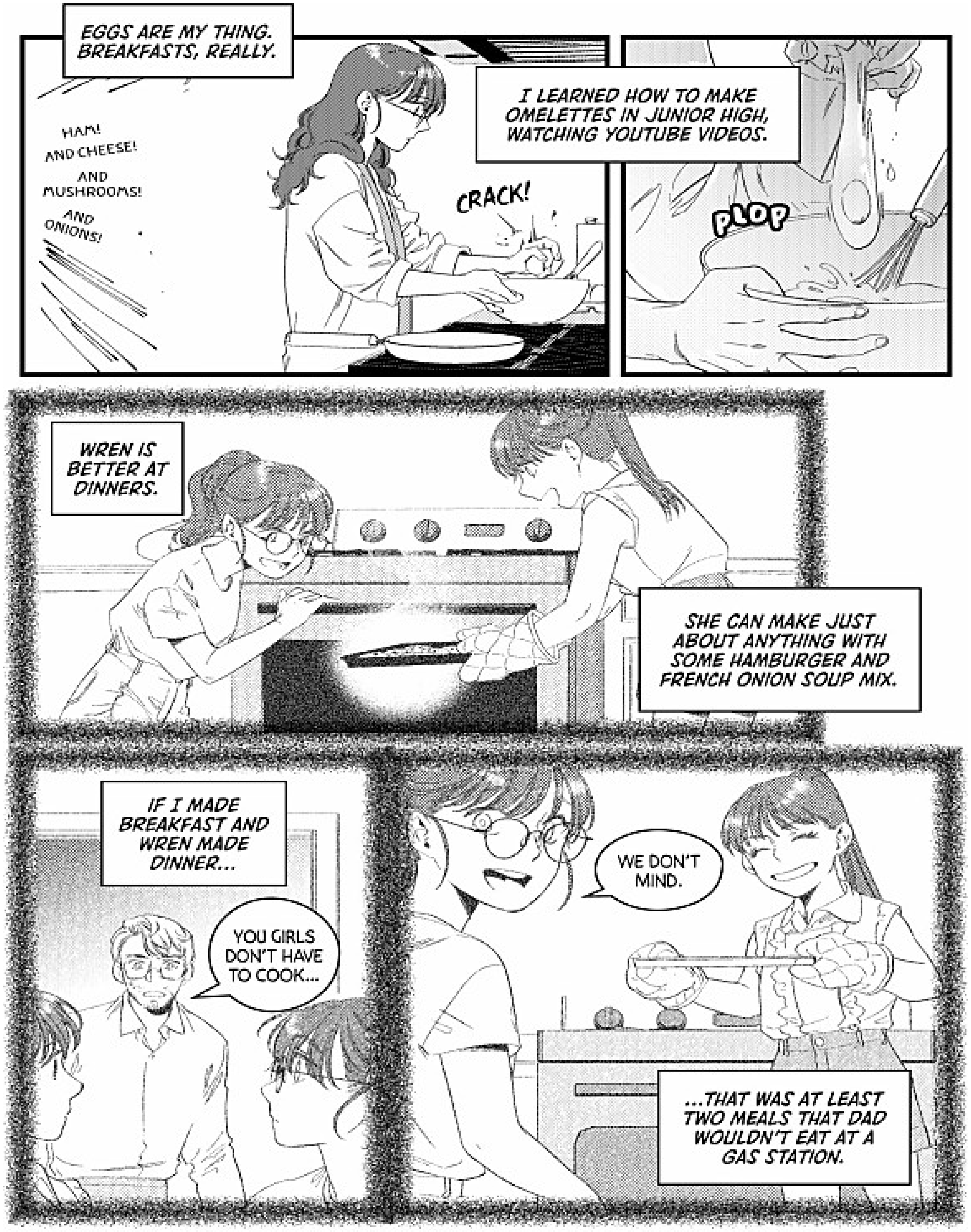

SWSH
WIPE
WIPE
BUMP

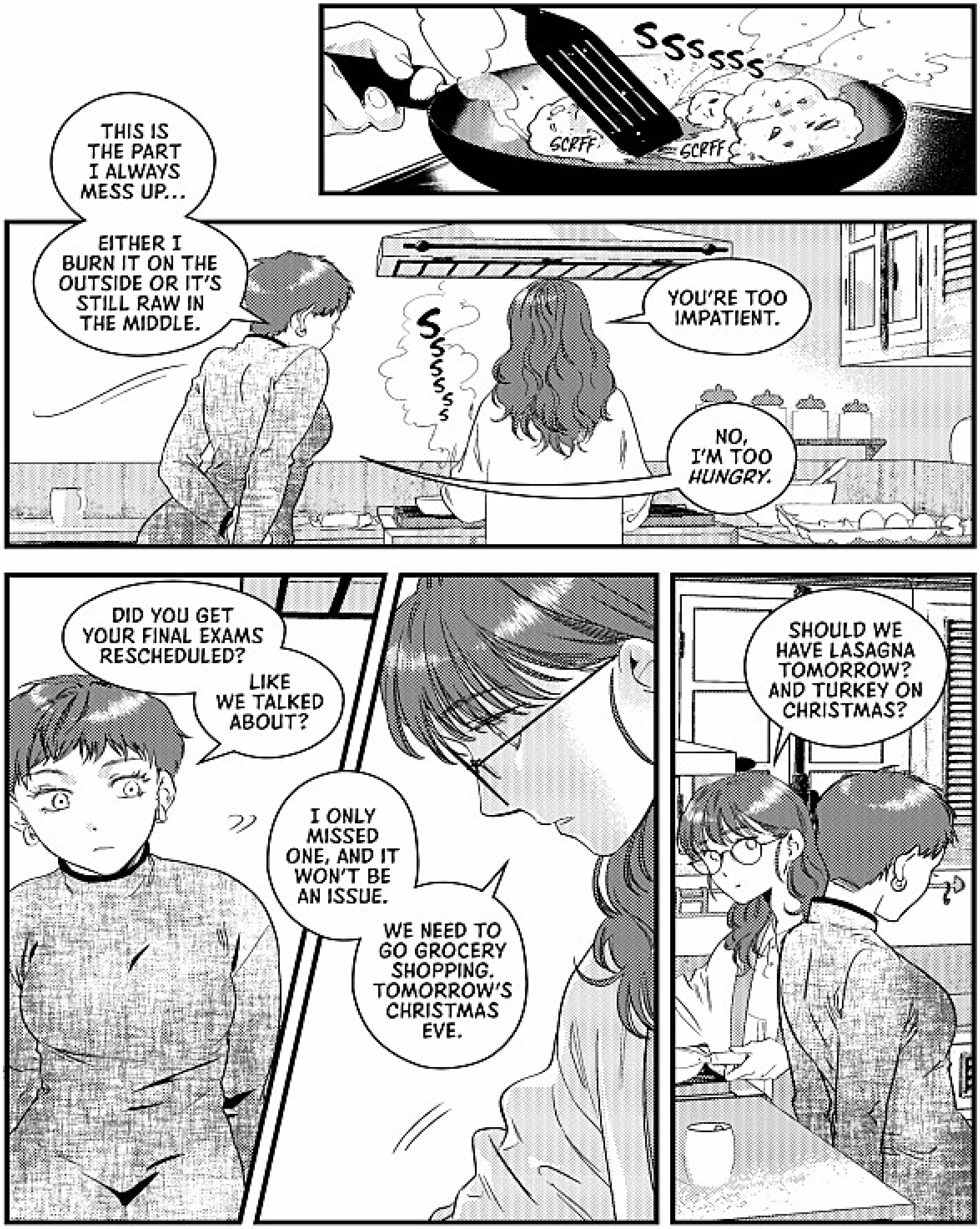

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.
DAD'S DOING BETTER ALREADY.
HE'S BEEN GETTING UP EVERY MORNING TO RUN.
IT WORRIES ME A LITTLE.
IT'S TOO COLD TO JOG OUTSIDE.

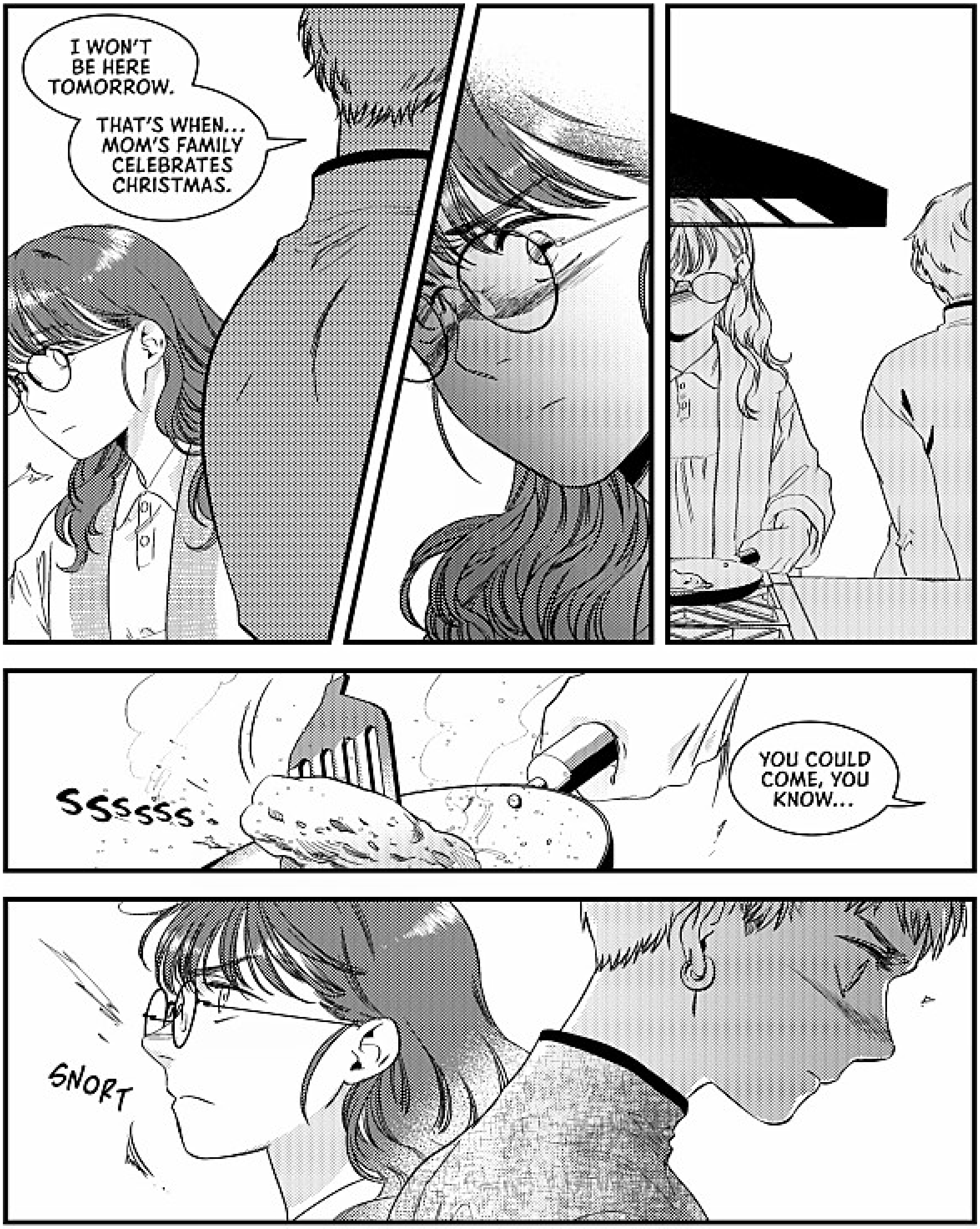

HE CAN TELL WHEN I'M CHECKING ON HIM, LOOKING IN HIS EYES TO TAKE HIS MENTAL TEMPERATURE.
I'M FINE.
BACK ON THE HORSE, CATH.
WHAT'S THE HORSE?
JOGGING? WORKING TOO MUCH?
LIVING!
LIFE IS THE HORSE.
I MAKE HIM BREAKFAST WHILE HE'S OUT.
PLOP
PLOP
HE SAYS HE'S GOING BACK TO WORK AFTER CHRISTMAS.

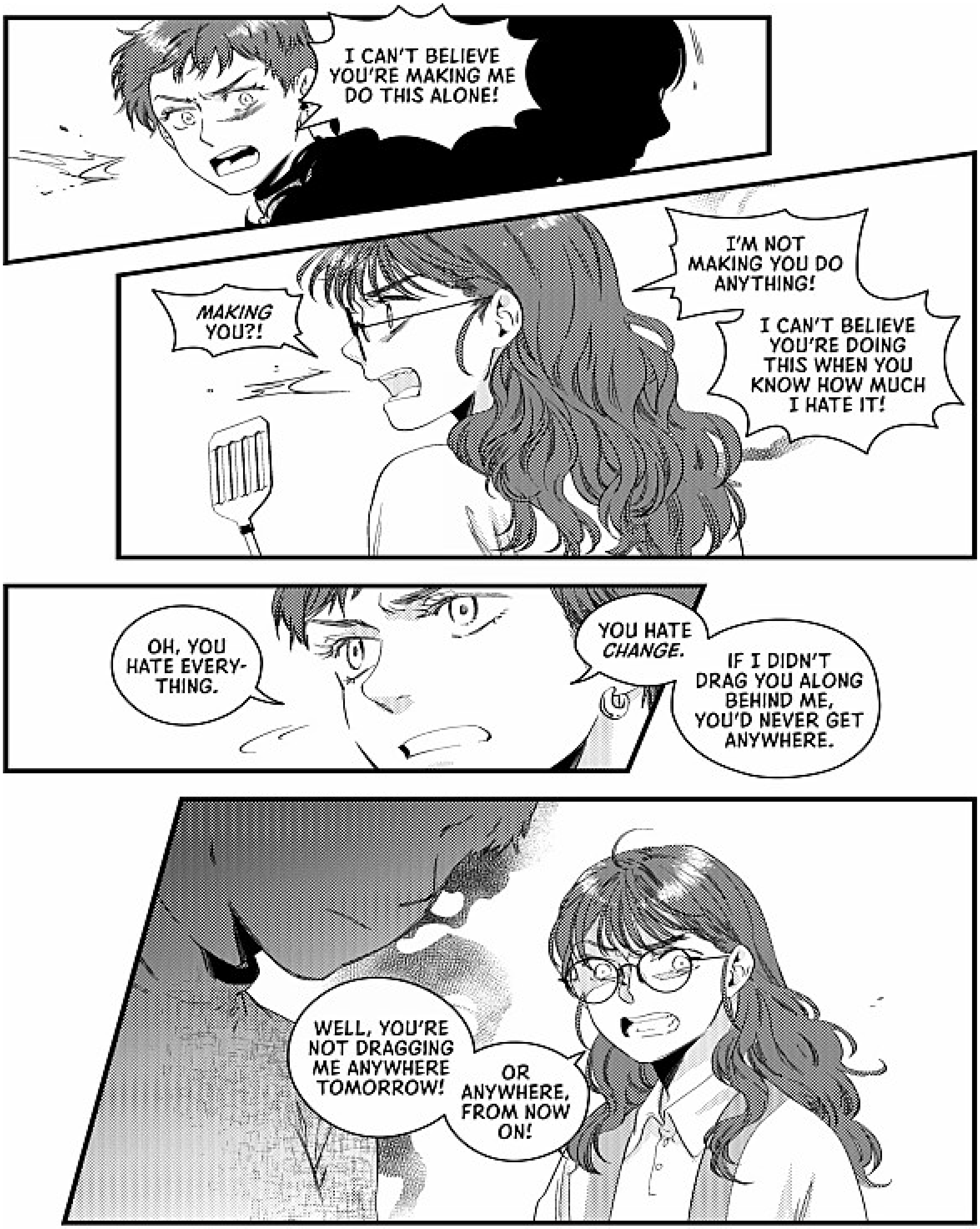

WREN HAS BEEN GOING OUT A LOT...
BUT EVERYTHING STILL FEELS **ALMOST** BACK TO NORMAL.
YOU DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT...
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME SHIT-FACED. YOU MAKE ME UNCOMFORTABLE.
ROLL
OH, *I* MAKE *YOU* UNCOMFORTABLE. THAT'S PRICELESS.
THAT'S DECAF!
DAD SWITCHED TO DECAF? THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT?

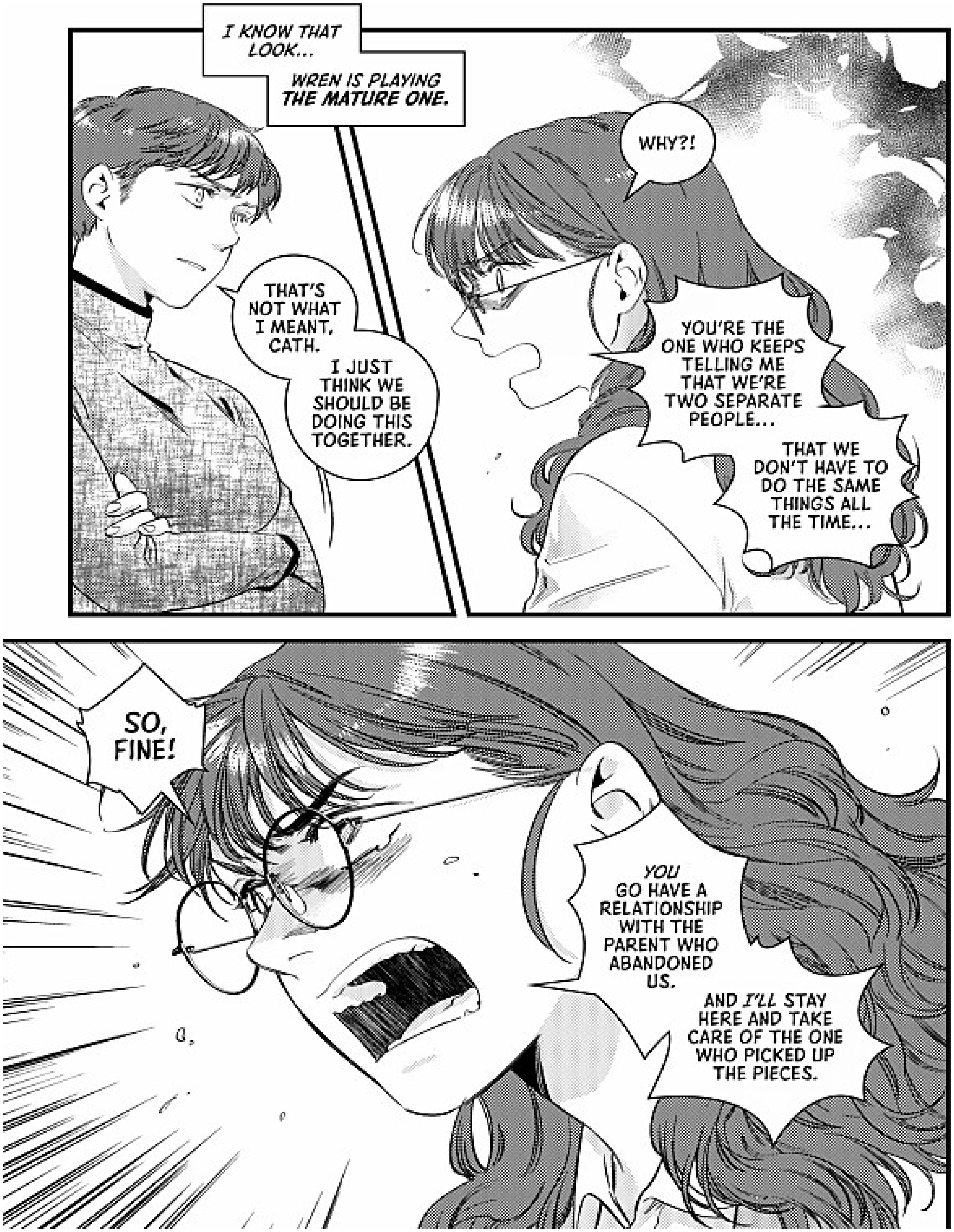

OHHH, DID YOU MAKE OMELETTES— MAKE ME AN OMELETTE, CATH!
HMM. WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME?
SIIIP
DO YOU HAVE ANY CHAPTERS OF *CARRY ON* YOU NEED BETA-ED?
I KNOW SHE DOESN'T MEAN THAT.
IT'S PATHETIC HOW MUCH I WISH SHE DID…
WE COULD SPEND ALL OF CHRISTMAS VACATION WRITING THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF CARRY ON, SIMON—*TOGETHER.*
NAH, I'VE GOT A GRAD STUDENT IN NEW ZEALAND HELPING ME.
WHAT DO YOU WANT IN YOUR OMELETTE?
SKRRCH

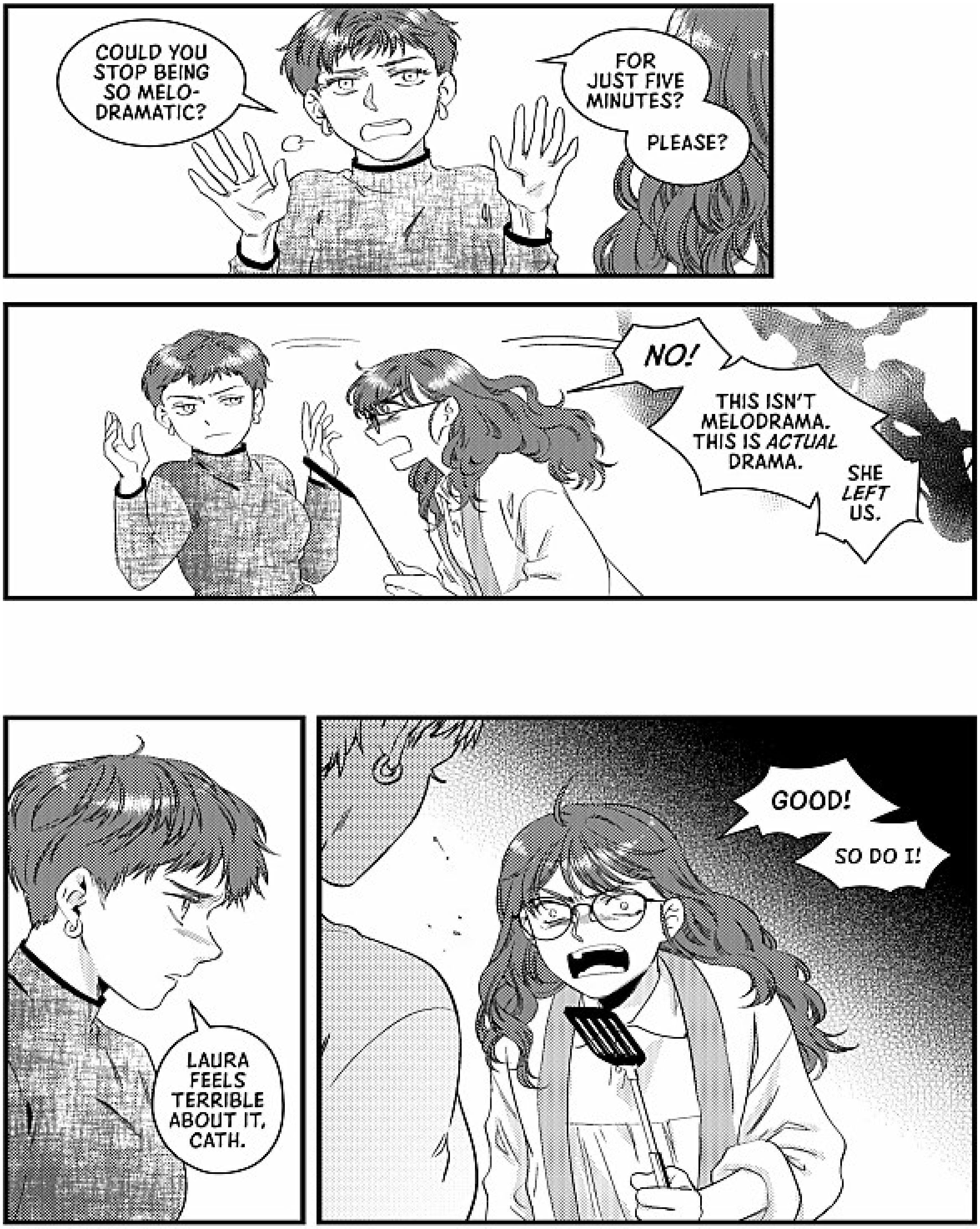

EGGS ARE MY THING. BREAKFASTS, REALLY.
HAM!
AND CHEESE!
AND MUSHROOMS!
AND ONIONS!
CRACK!
I LEARNED HOW TO MAKE OMELETTES IN JUNIOR HIGH, WATCHING YOUTUBE VIDEOS.
PLOP
WREN IS BETTER AT DINNERS.
SHE CAN MAKE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING WITH SOME HAMBURGER AND FRENCH ONION SOUP MIX.
IF I MADE BREAKFAST AND WREN MADE DINNER...
YOU GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO COOK...
WE DON'T MIND.
...THAT WAS AT LEAST TWO MEALS THAT DAD WOULDN'T EAT AT A GAS STATION.

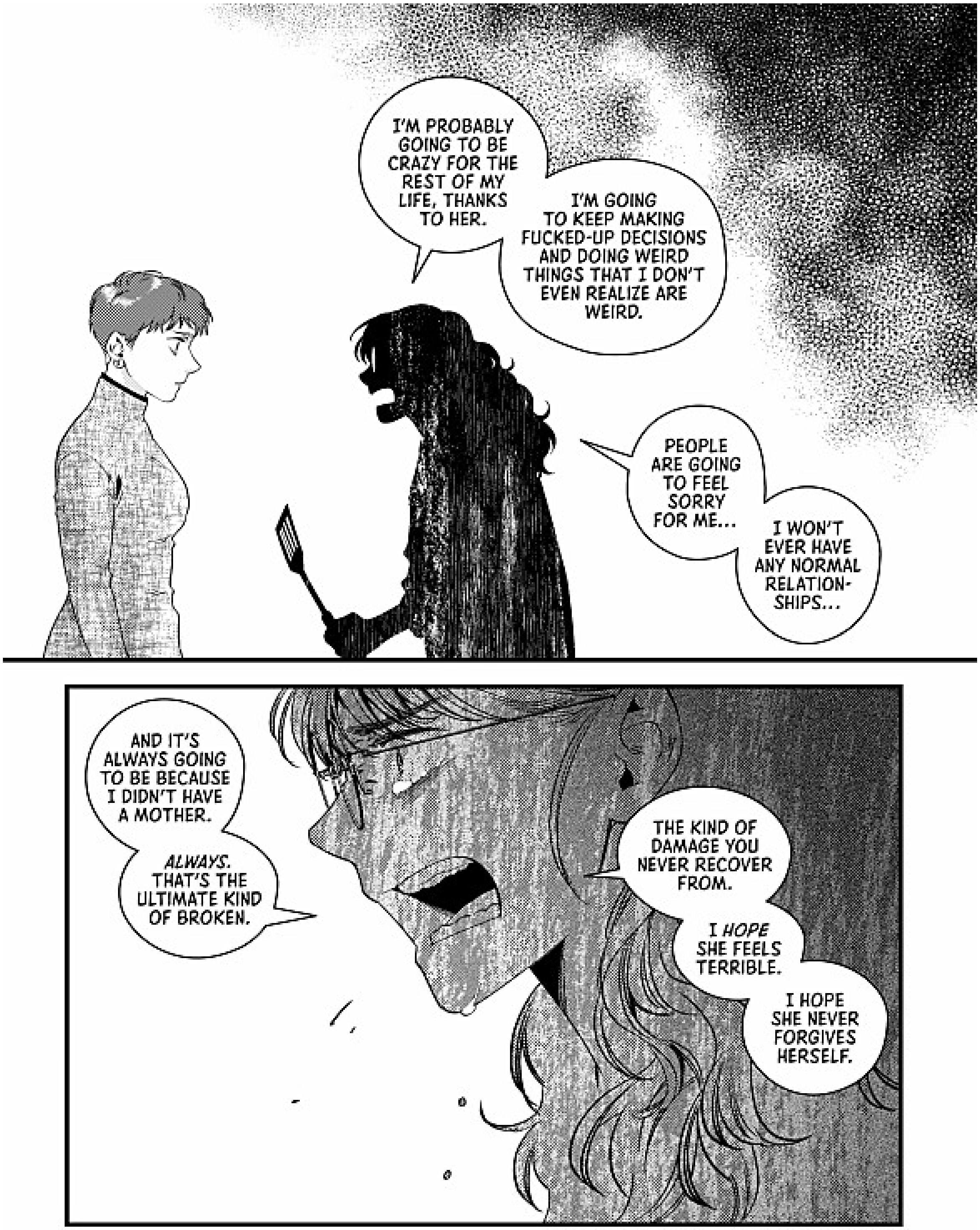

SSSSSS
SCRFF
SCRFF
THIS IS THE PART I ALWAYS MESS UP...
EITHER I BURN IT ON THE OUTSIDE OR IT'S STILL RAW IN THE MIDDLE.
SSSSSSS
YOU'RE TOO IMPATIENT.
NO, I'M TOO *HUNGRY.*
DID YOU GET YOUR FINAL EXAMS RESCHEDULED?
LIKE WE TALKED ABOUT?
I ONLY MISSED ONE, AND IT WON'T BE AN ISSUE.
WE NEED TO GO GROCERY SHOPPING. TOMORROW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.
SHOULD WE HAVE LASAGNA TOMORROW? AND TURKEY ON CHRISTMAS?

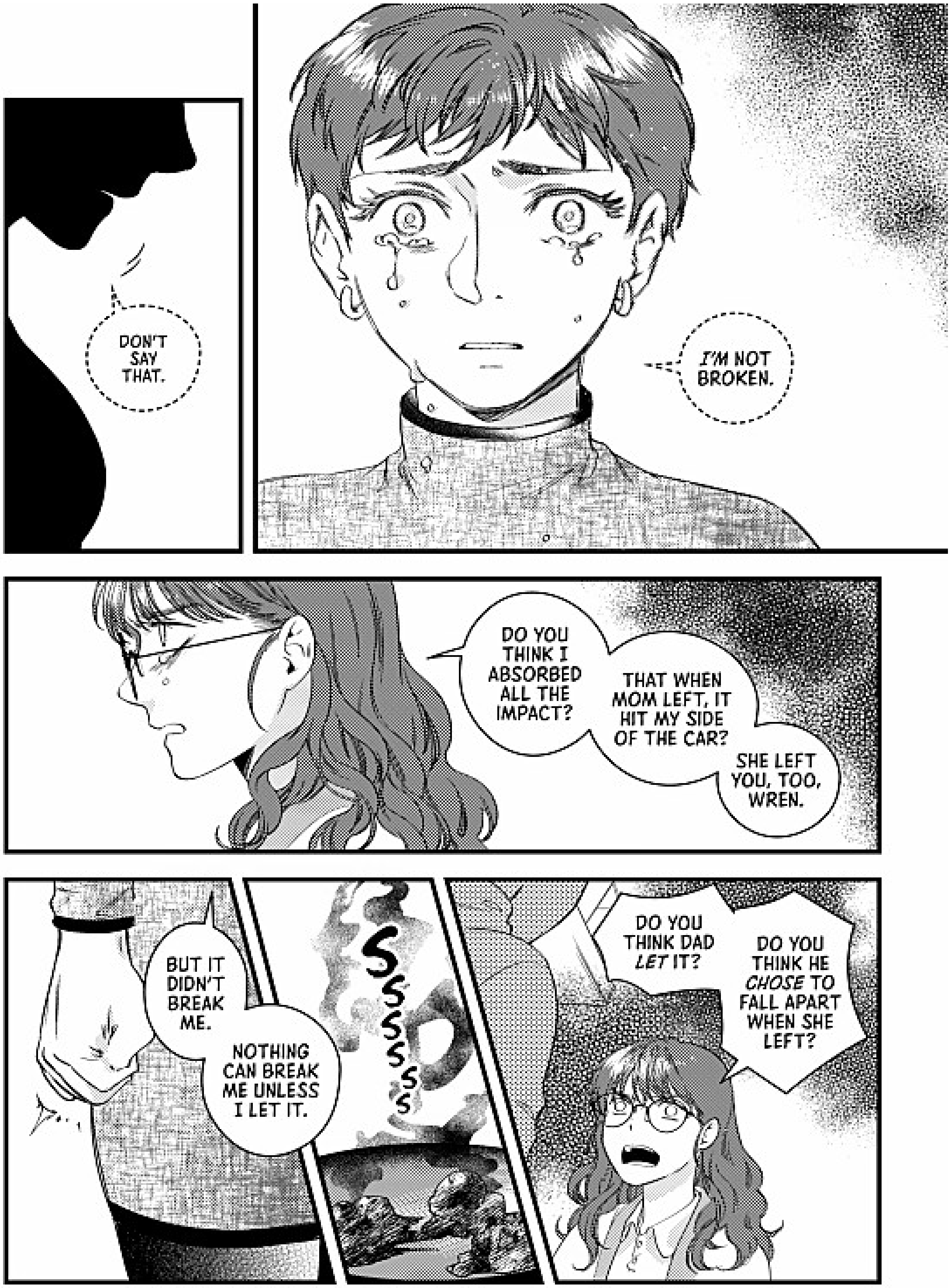

I WON'T BE HERE TOMORROW.
THAT'S WHEN... MOM'S FAMILY CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS.
SSSSSS
YOU COULD COME, YOU KNOW...
SNORT

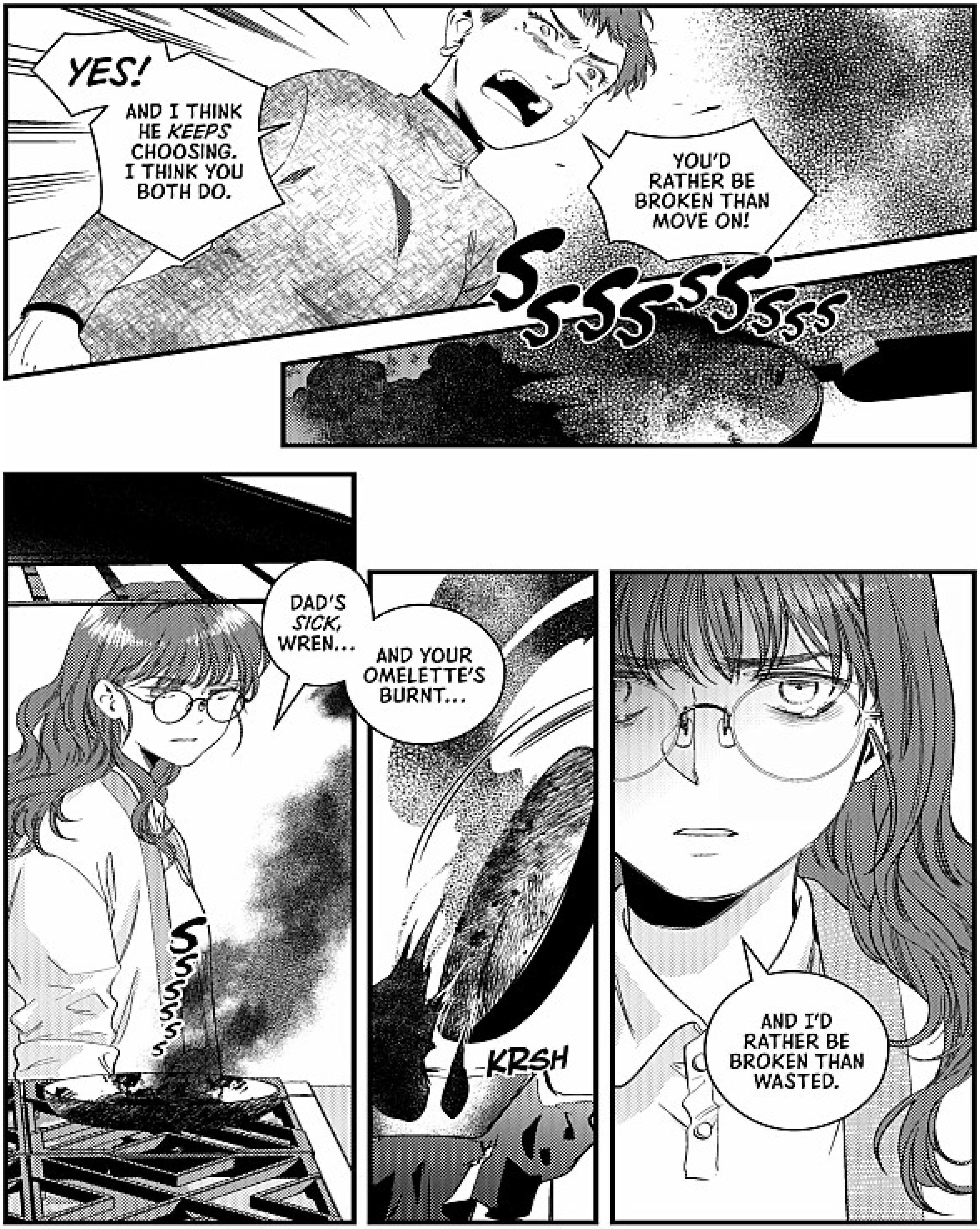

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE MAKING ME DO THIS ALONE!
MAKING YOU?!
I'M NOT MAKING YOU DO ANYTHING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THIS WHEN YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE IT!
OH, YOU HATE EVERYTHING.
YOU HATE *CHANGE.*
IF I DIDN'T DRAG YOU ALONG BEHIND ME, YOU'D NEVER GET ANYWHERE.
WELL, YOU'RE NOT DRAGGING ME ANYWHERE TOMORROW!
OR ANYWHERE, FROM NOW ON!

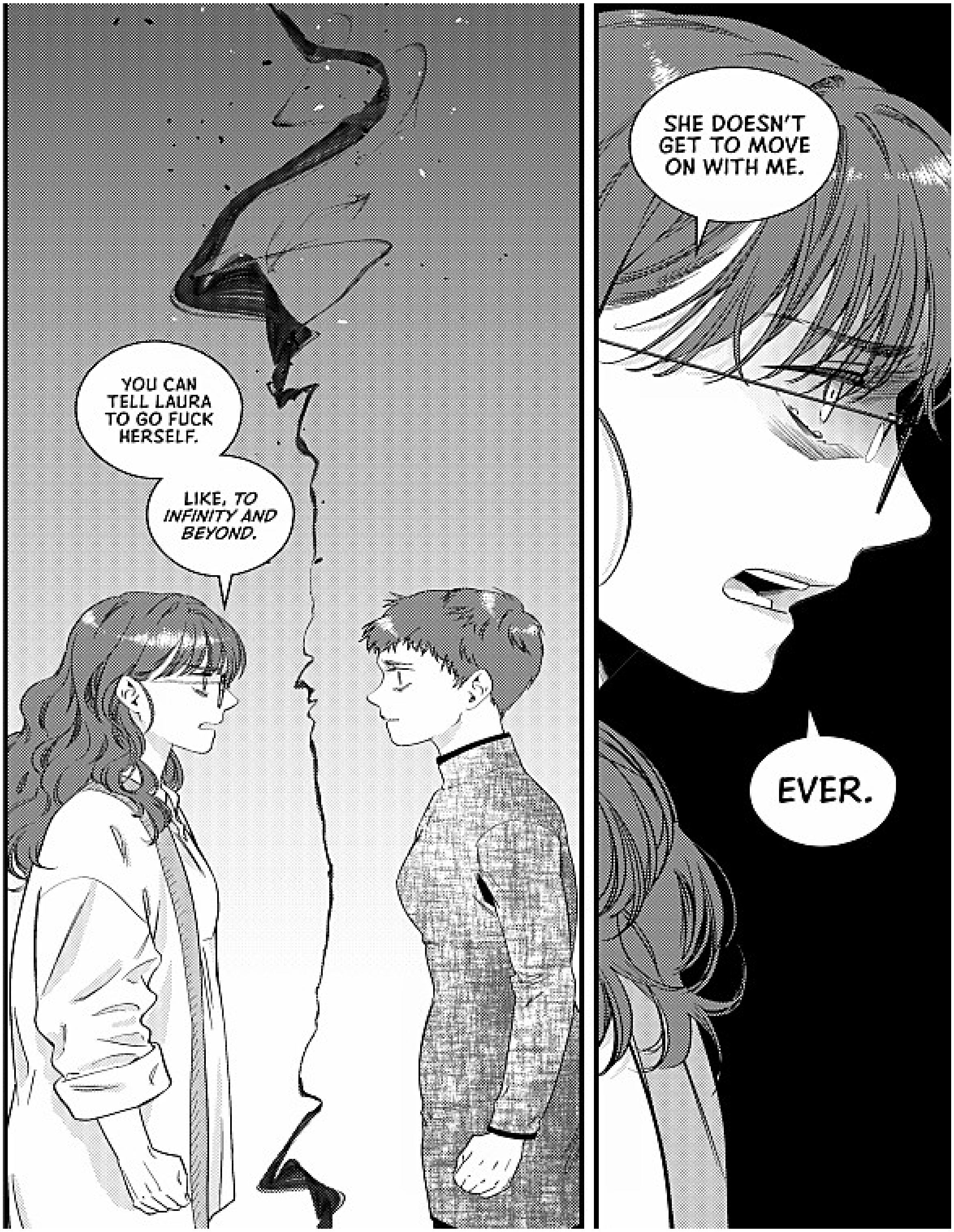

I KNOW THAT LOOK...
WREN IS PLAYING **THE MATURE ONE.**
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT, CATH.
I JUST THINK WE *SHOULD* BE DOING THIS TOGETHER.
WHY?!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KEEPS TELLING ME THAT WE'RE TWO SEPARATE PEOPLE...
THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THE SAME THINGS ALL THE TIME...
SO, FINE!
YOU GO HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE PARENT WHO ABANDONED US.
AND *I'LL* STAY HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THE ONE WHO PICKED UP THE PIECES.

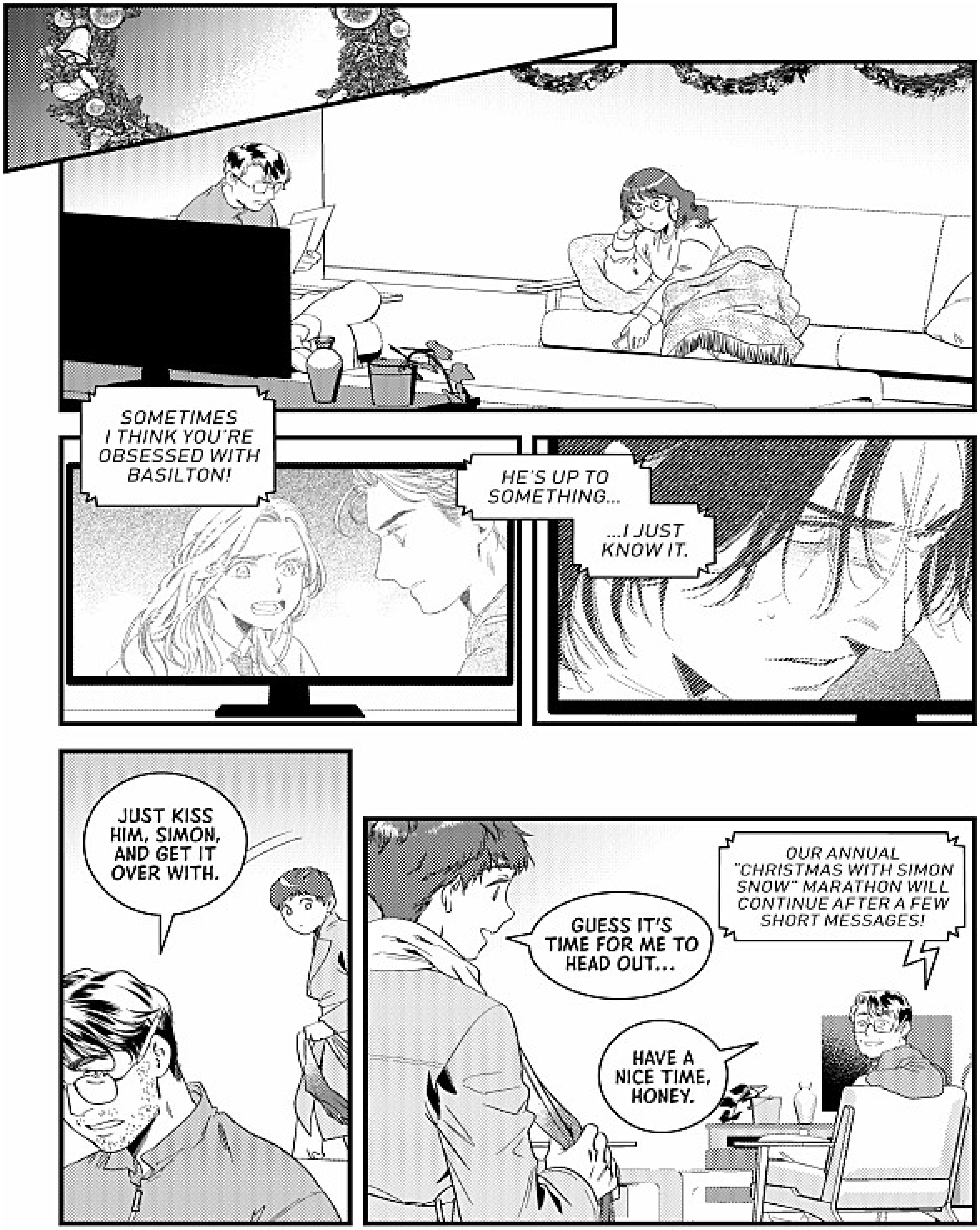

COULD YOU STOP BEING SO MELO-DRAMATIC?
FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES?
PLEASE?
NO!
THIS ISN'T MELODRAMA. THIS IS *ACTUAL* DRAMA.
SHE *LEFT* US.
LAURA FEELS TERRIBLE ABOUT IT, CATH.
GOOD!
SO DO I!

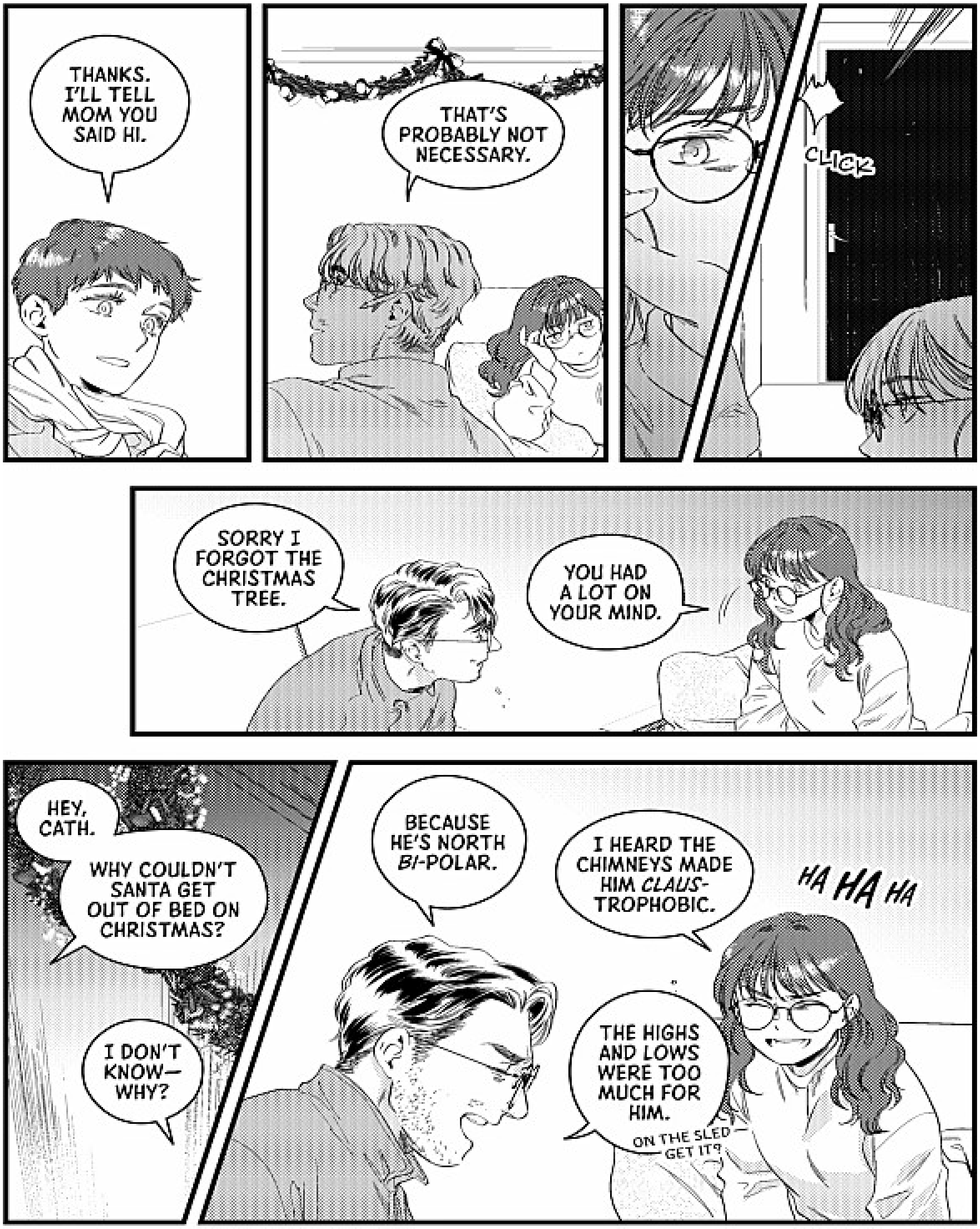

I'M PROBABLY GOING TO BE CRAZY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, THANKS TO HER.
I'M GOING TO KEEP MAKING FUCKED-UP DECISIONS AND DOING WEIRD THINGS THAT I DON'T EVEN REALIZE ARE WEIRD.
PEOPLE ARE GOING TO FEEL *SORRY* FOR ME...
I WON'T EVER HAVE ANY NORMAL RELATIONSHIPS...
AND IT'S ALWAYS GOING TO BE BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE A MOTHER.
ALWAYS. THAT'S THE ULTIMATE KIND OF BROKEN.
THE KIND OF DAMAGE YOU NEVER RECOVER FROM.
I *HOPE* SHE FEELS TERRIBLE.
I HOPE SHE NEVER FORGIVES HERSELF.

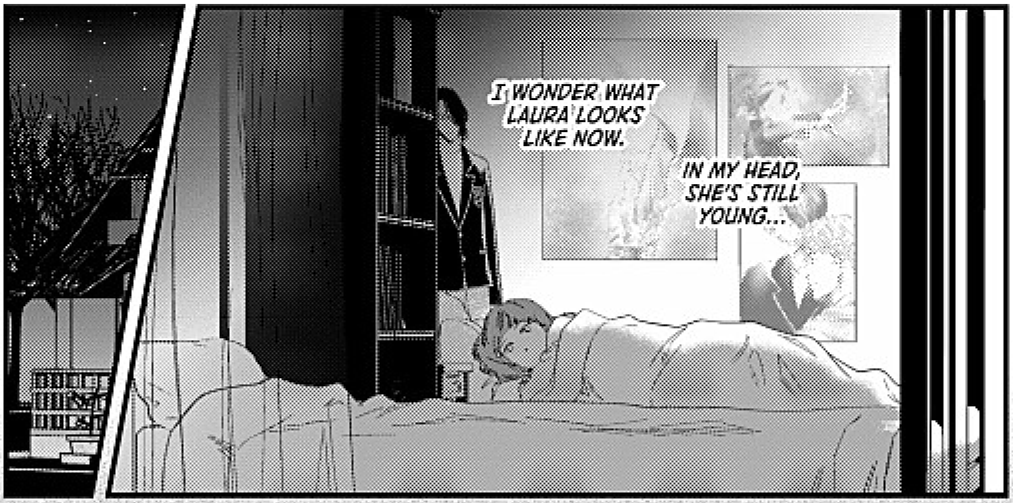

DON'T SAY THAT.
I'M NOT BROKEN.
DO YOU THINK I ABSORBED ALL THE IMPACT?
THAT WHEN MOM LEFT, IT HIT MY SIDE OF THE CAR?
SHE LEFT YOU, TOO, WREN.
BUT IT DIDN'T BREAK ME.
NOTHING CAN BREAK ME UNLESS I LET IT.
SSSSSSS
DO YOU THINK DAD *LET* IT?
DO YOU THINK HE *CHOSE* TO FALL APART WHEN SHE LEFT?

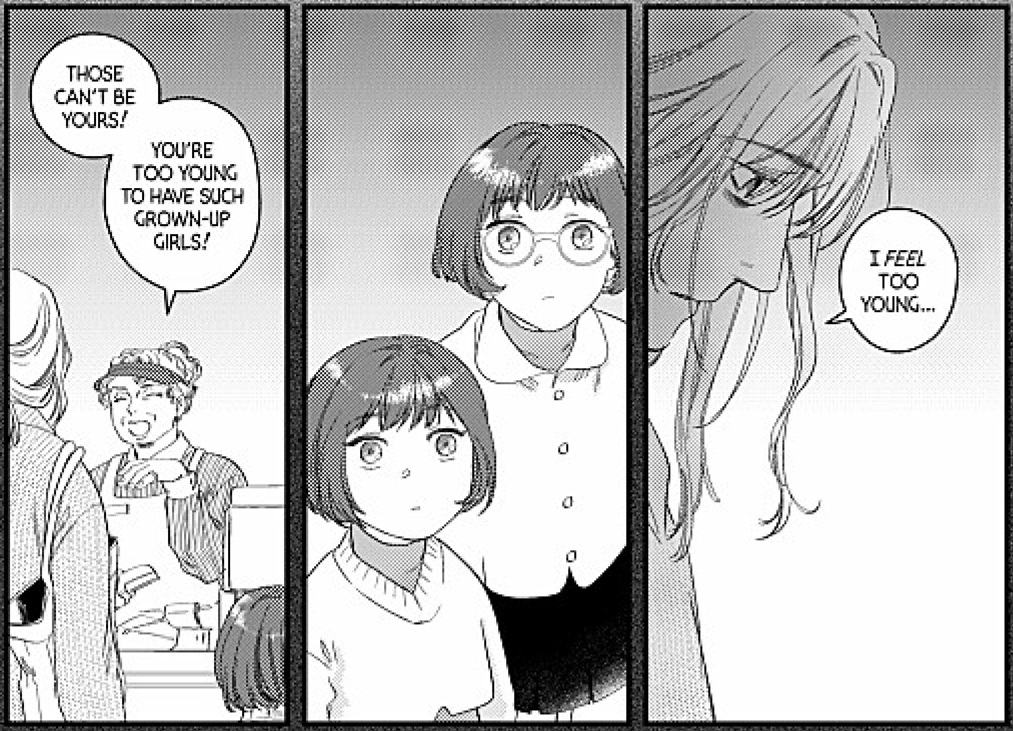

YES!
AND I THINK HE *KEEPS* CHOOSING. I THINK YOU BOTH DO.
YOU'D RATHER BE BROKEN THAN MOVE ON!
SSSSSSsss
DAD'S *SICK,* WREN...
SSSSSSS
AND YOUR OMELETTE'S BURNT...
KRSH
AND I'D RATHER BE BROKEN THAN WASTED.

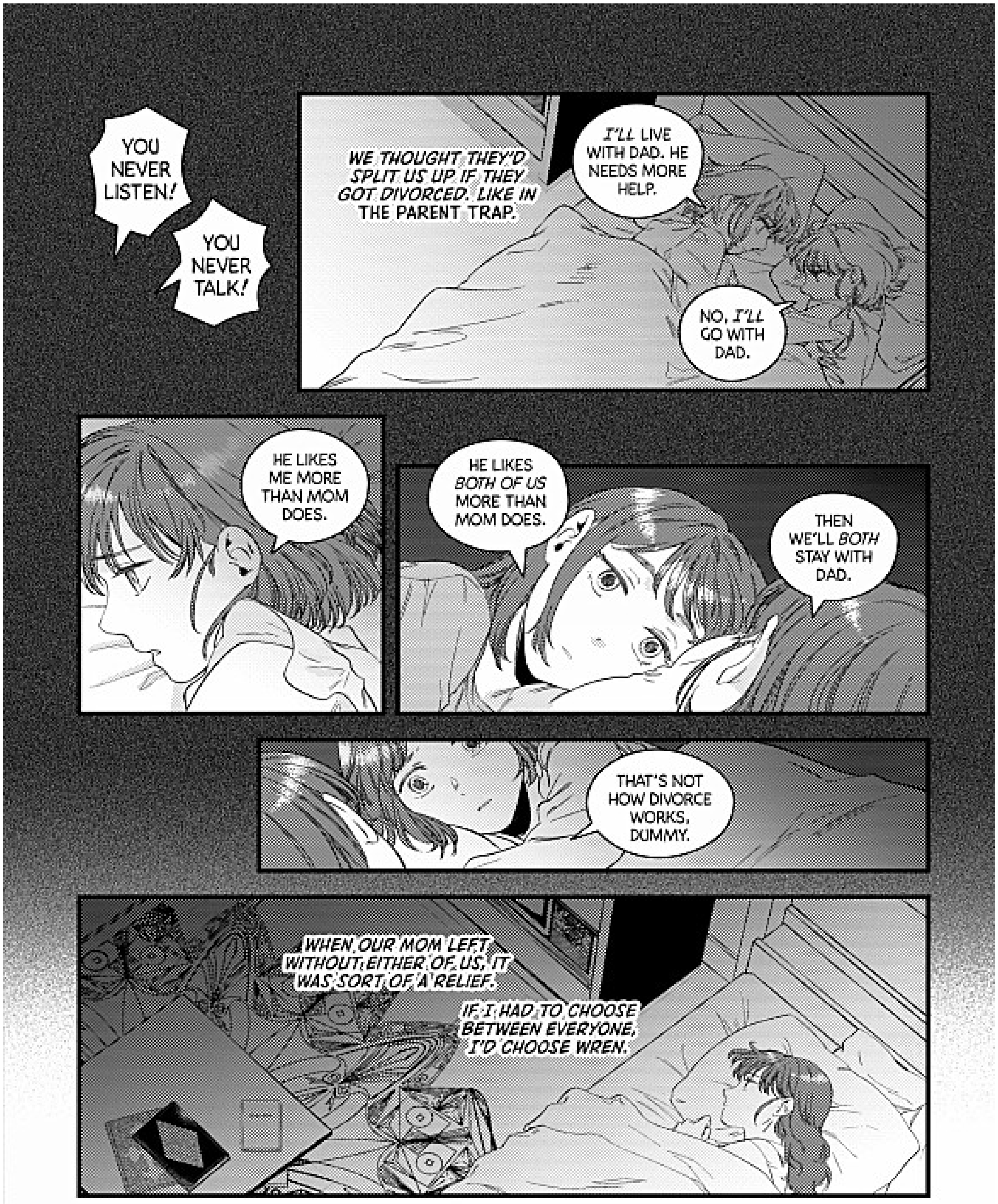

YOU CAN TELL LAURA TO GO FUCK HERSELF.
LIKE, *TO INFINITY AND BEYOND.*
SHE DOESN'T GET TO MOVE ON WITH ME.
EVER.


SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE OBSESSED WITH BASILTON!
HE'S UP TO SOMETHING...
...I JUST KNOW IT.
JUST KISS HIM, SIMON, AND GET IT OVER WITH.
OUR ANNUAL "CHRISTMAS WITH SIMON SNOW" MARATHON WILL CONTINUE AFTER A FEW SHORT MESSAGES!
GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO HEAD OUT...
HAVE A NICE TIME, HONEY.


THANKS. I'LL TELL MOM YOU SAID HI.
THAT'S PROBABLY NOT NECESSARY.
CLICK
SORRY I FORGOT THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
YOU HAD A LOT ON YOUR MIND.
HEY, CATH.
WHY COULDN'T SANTA GET OUT OF BED ON CHRISTMAS?
I DON'T KNOW— WHY?
BECAUSE HE'S NORTH *BI*-POLAR.
I HEARD THE CHIMNEYS MADE HIM *CLAUS*-TROPHOBIC.
HA HA HA
THE HIGHS AND LOWS WERE TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
ON THE SLED GET IT?


I WONDER WHAT LAURA LOOKS LIKE NOW.
IN MY HEAD, SHE'S STILL YOUNG...


THOSE CAN'T BE YOURS!
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO HAVE SUCH GROWN-UP GIRLS!
I *FEEL* TOO YOUNG...


YOU NEVER LISTEN!
YOU NEVER TALK!
WE THOUGHT THEY'D SPLIT US UP IF THEY GOT DIVORCED. LIKE IN THE PARENT TRAP.
I'LL LIVE WITH DAD. HE NEEDS MORE HELP.
NO, *I'LL* GO WITH DAD.
HE LIKES ME MORE THAN MOM DOES.
HE LIKES *BOTH OF US* MORE THAN MOM DOES.
THEN WE'LL *BOTH* STAY WITH DAD.
THAT'S NOT HOW DIVORCE WORKS, DUMMY.
WHEN OUR MOM LEFT WITHOUT EITHER OF US, IT WAS SORT OF A RELIEF.
IF I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN EVERYONE, I'D CHOOSE WREN.

From *Simon Snow and the Seventh Oak*
Chapter 23

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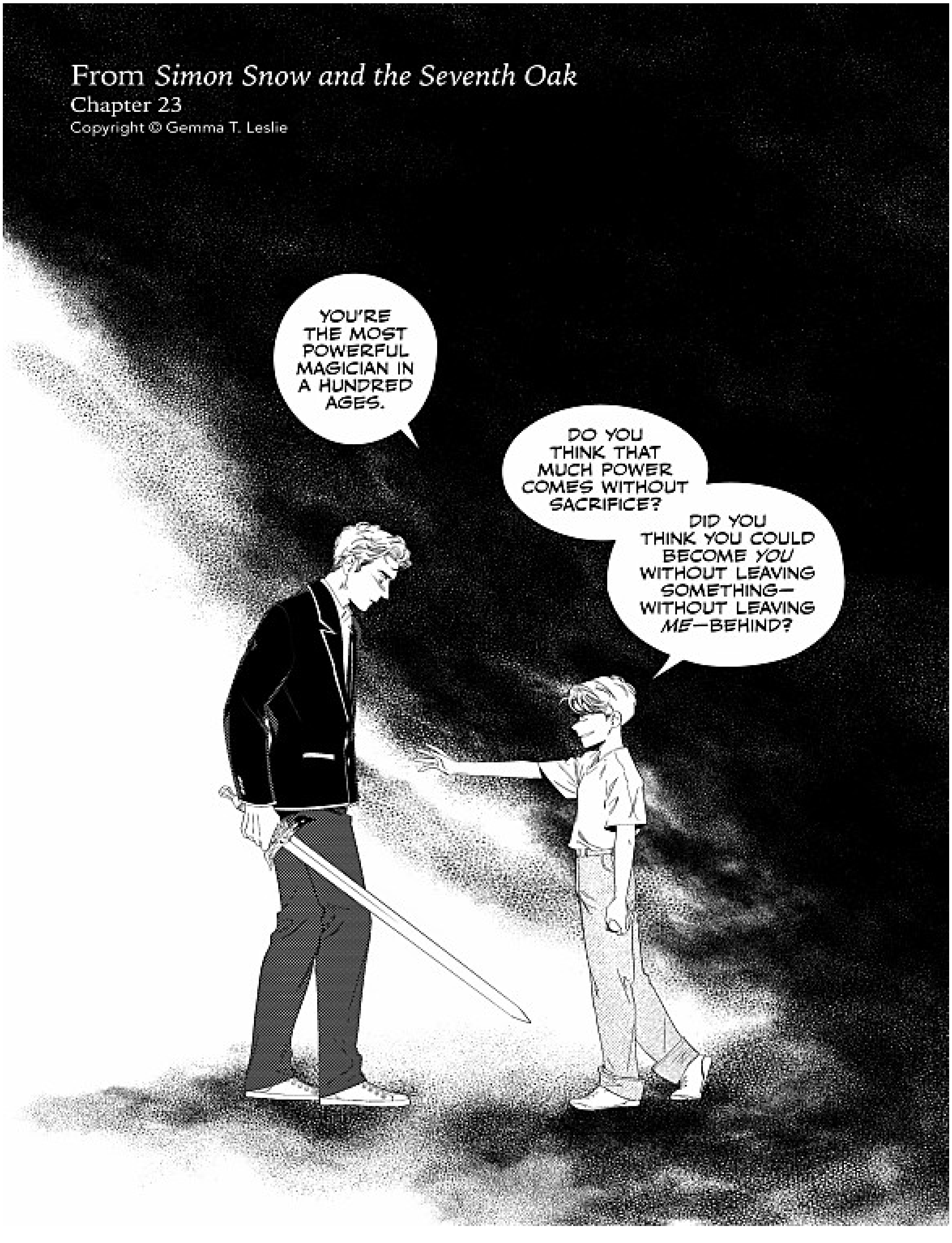
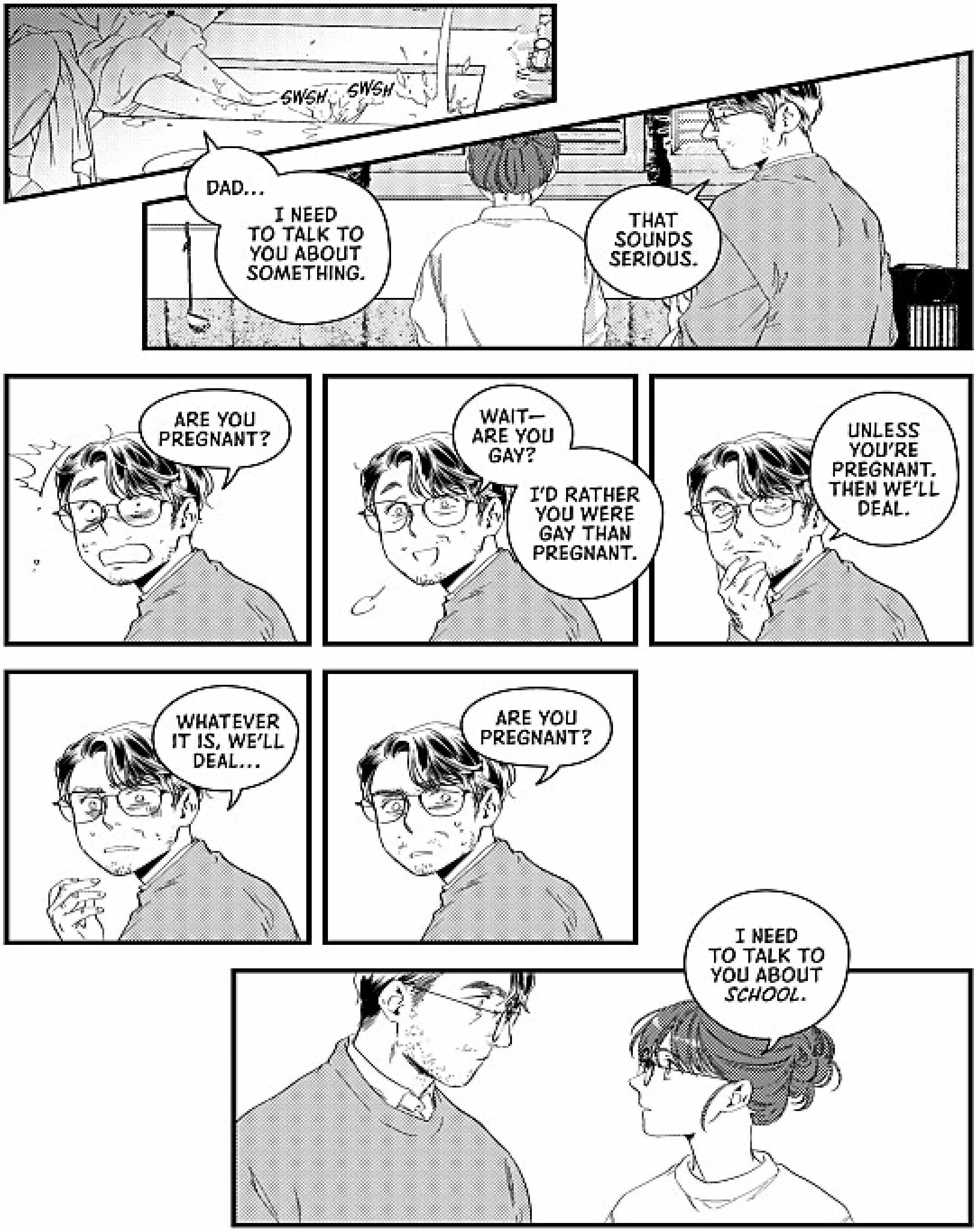
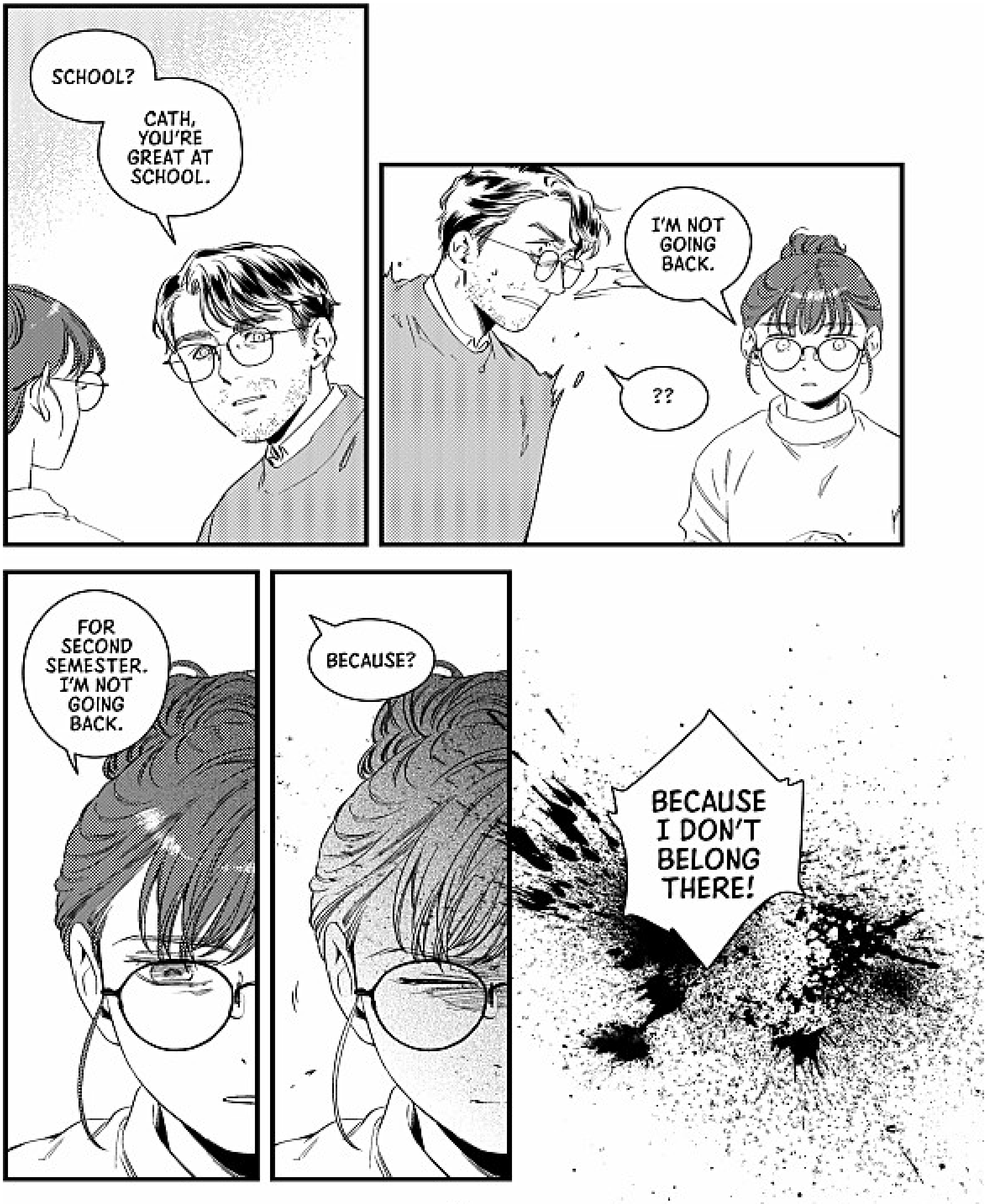
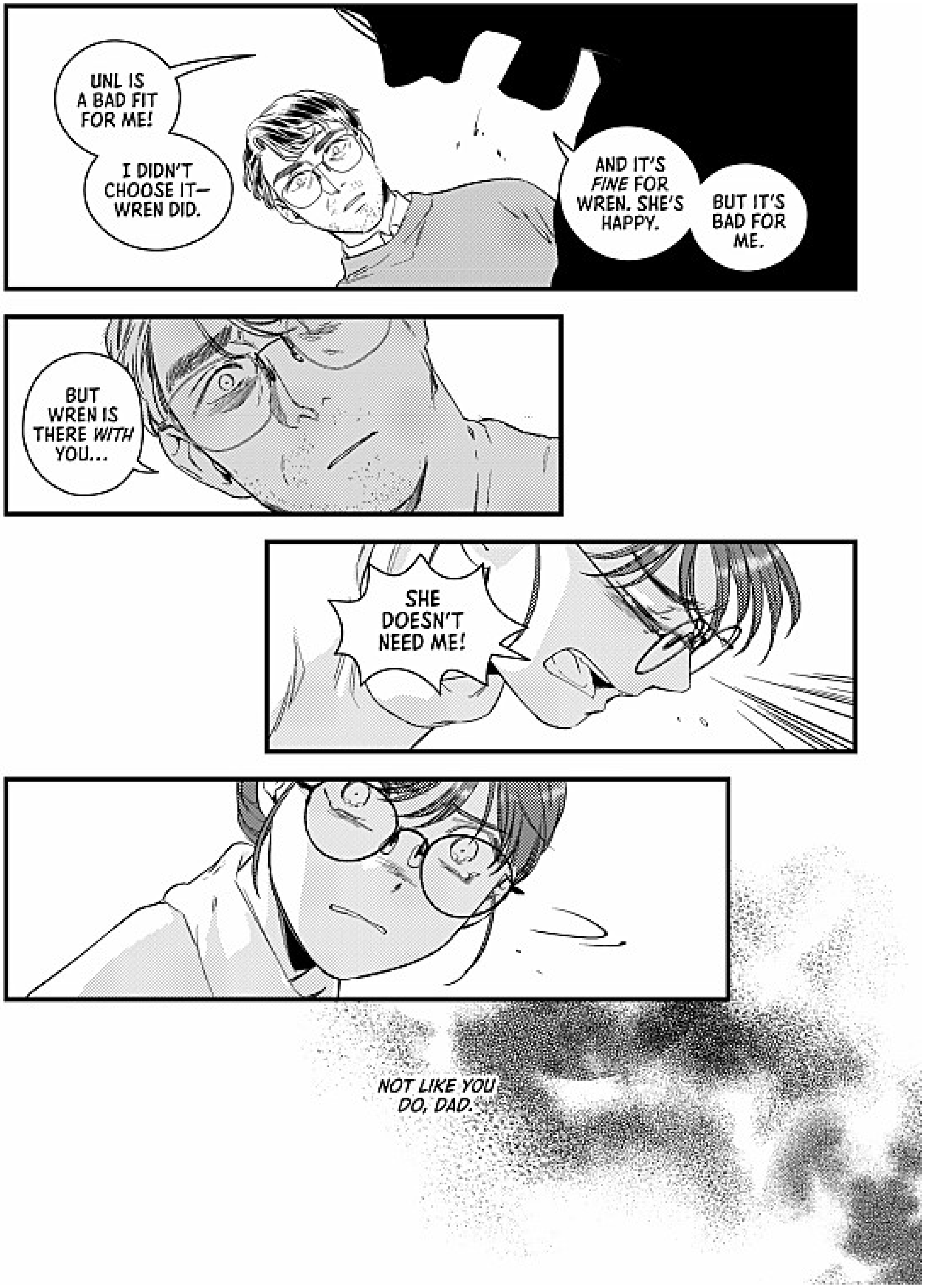
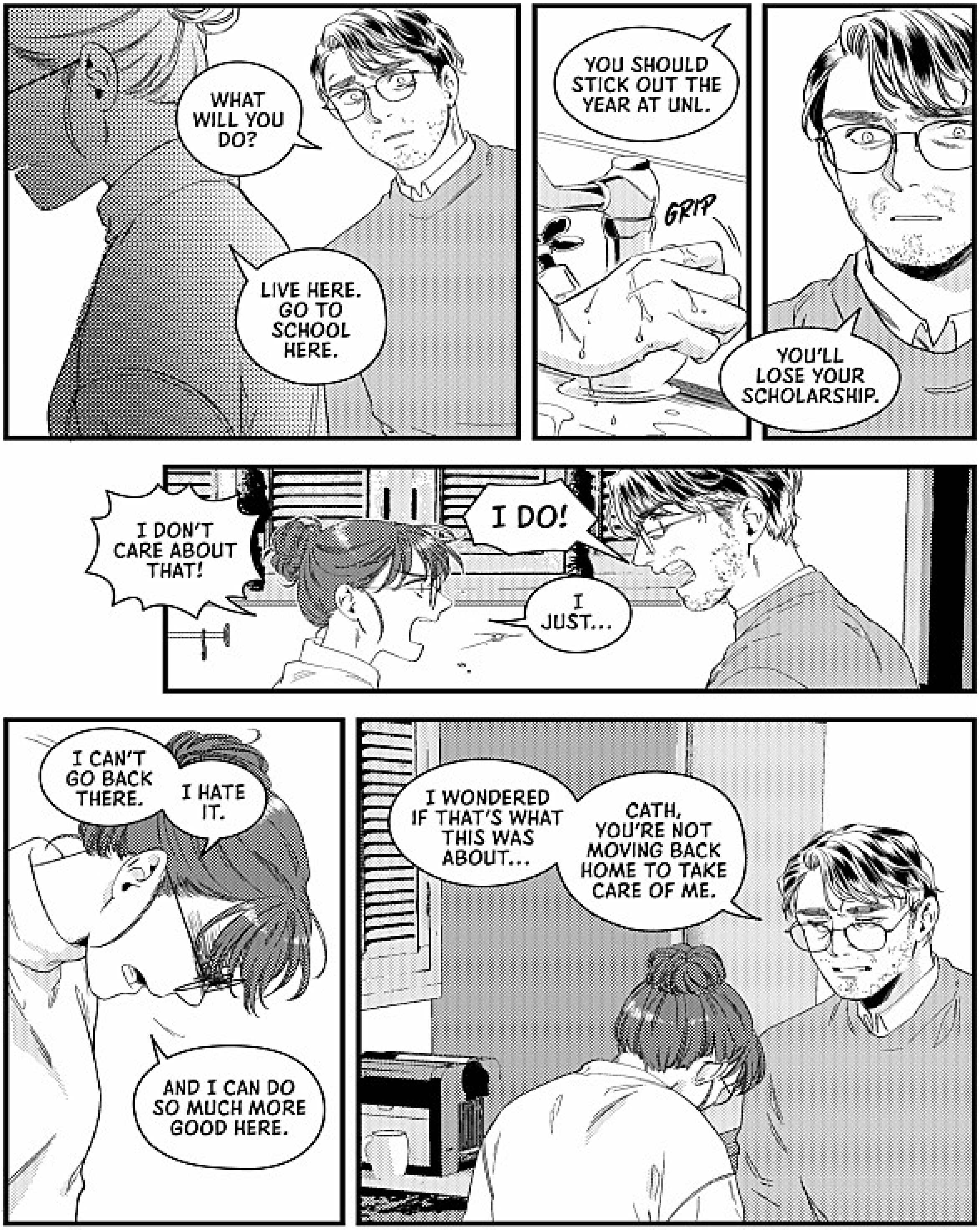
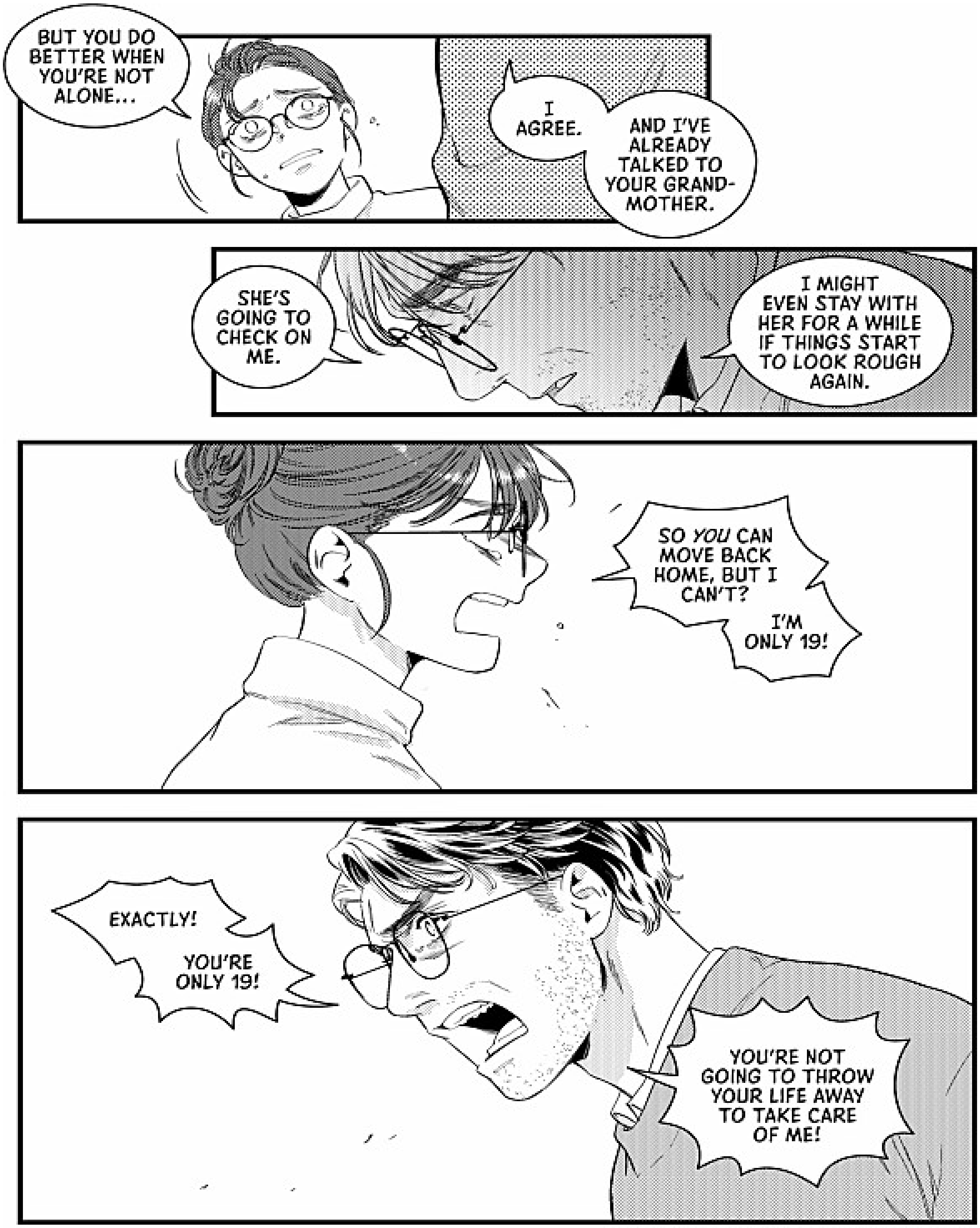

YOU'RE THE MOST POWERFUL MAGICIAN IN A HUNDRED AGES.
DO YOU THINK THAT MUCH POWER COMES WITHOUT SACRIFICE?
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD BECOME *YOU* WITHOUT LEAVING SOMETHING—WITHOUT LEAVING *ME*—BEHIND?

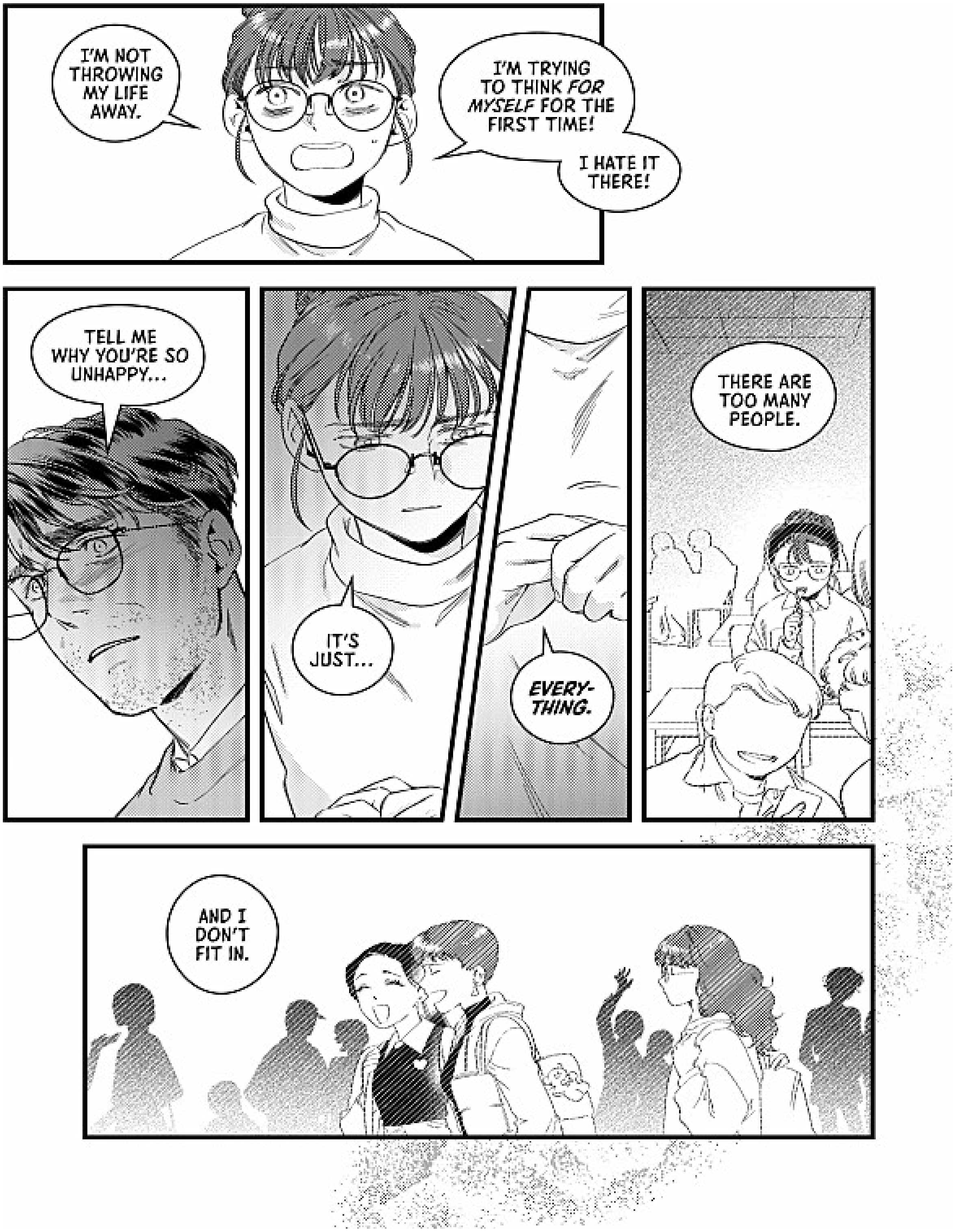

SWSH SWSH
DAD... I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT *SOMETHING.*
THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS.
ARE YOU PREGNANT?
WAIT— ARE YOU GAY?
I'D RATHER YOU WERE GAY THAN PREGNANT.
UNLESS YOU'RE PREGNANT. THEN WE'LL DEAL.
WHATEVER IT IS, WE'LL DEAL...
ARE YOU PREGNANT?
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT *SCHOOL.*

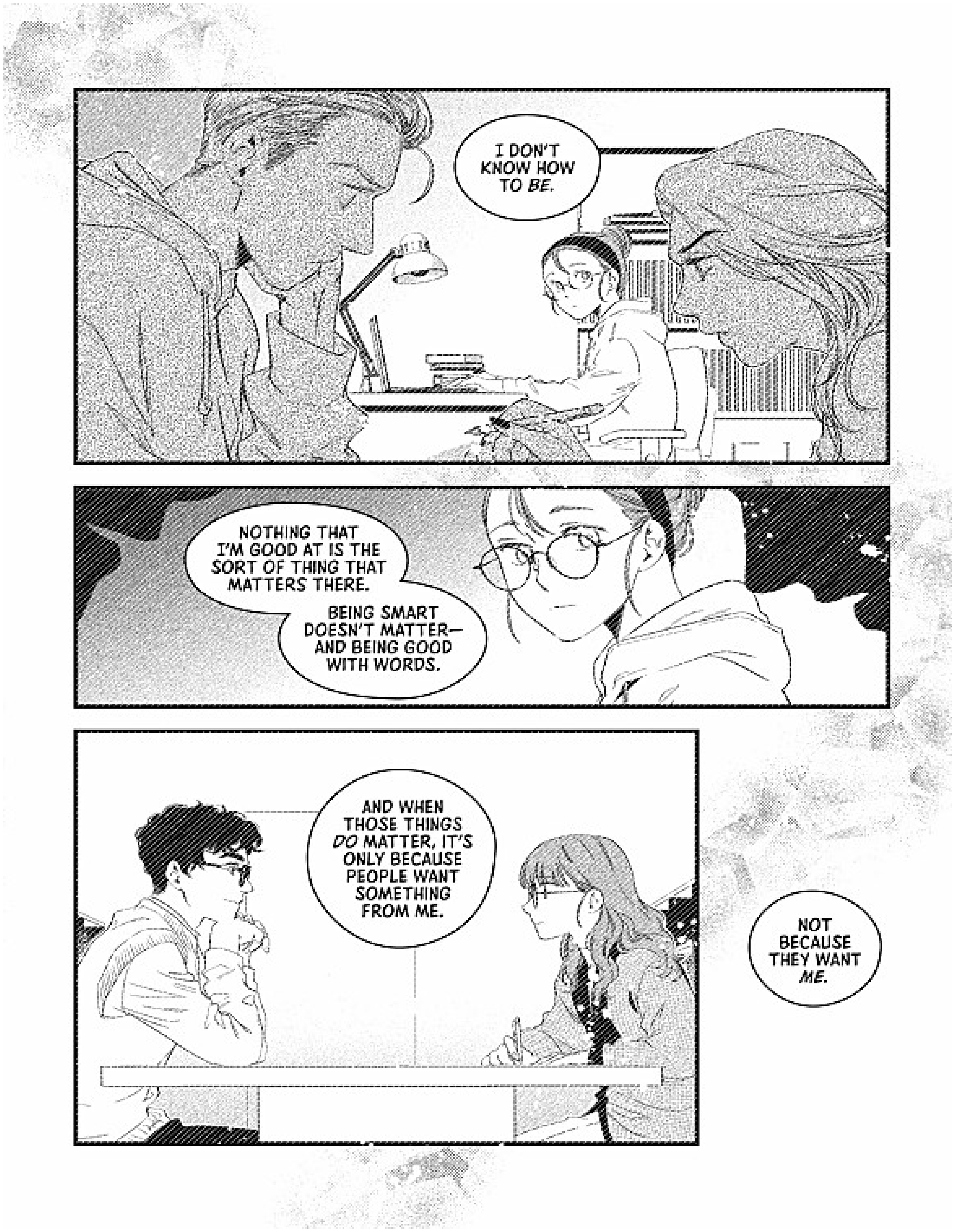

SCHOOL?
CATH, YOU'RE GREAT AT SCHOOL.
I'M NOT GOING BACK.
??
FOR SECOND SEMESTER. I'M NOT GOING BACK.
BECAUSE?
BECAUSE I DON'T BELONG THERE!

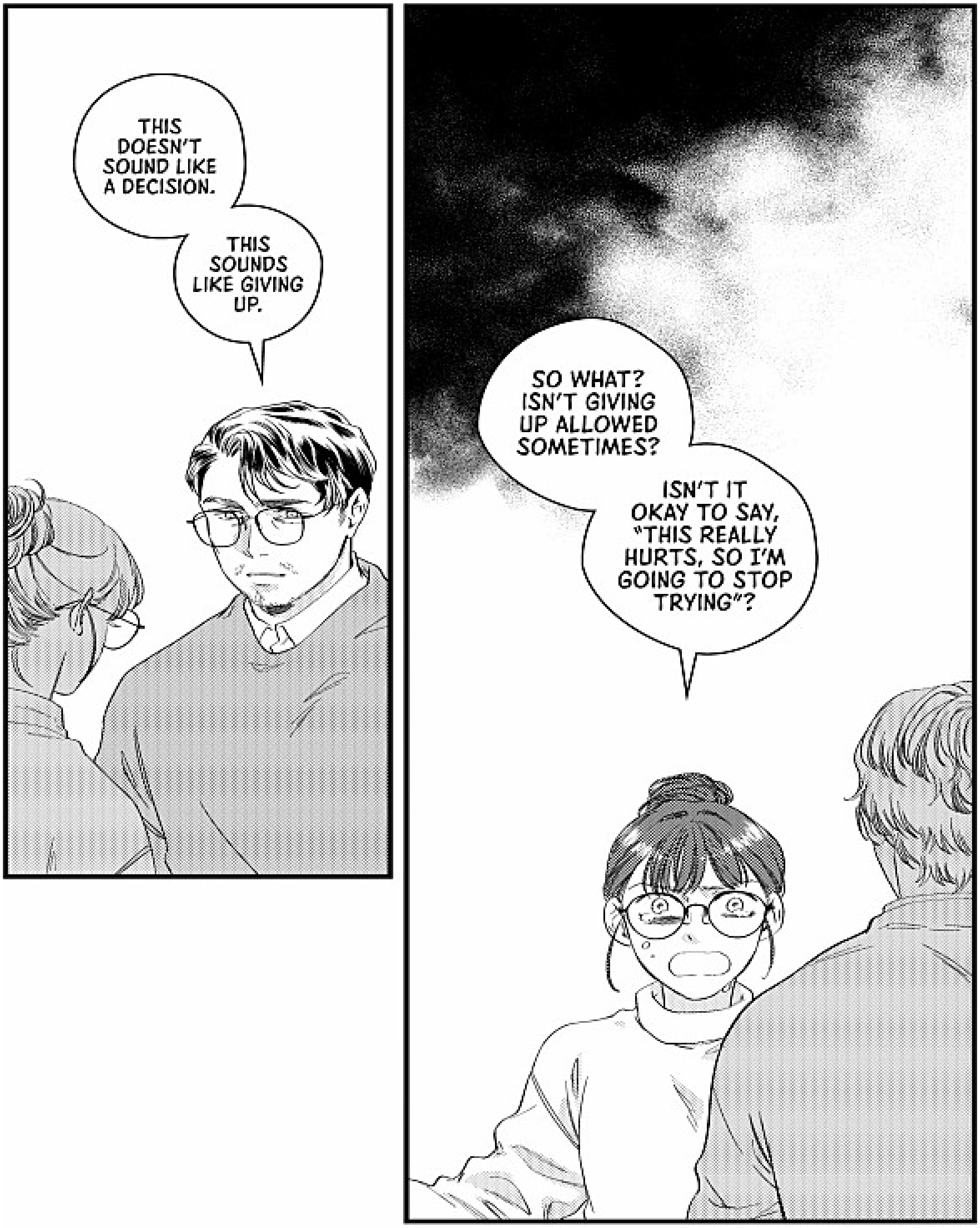

UNL IS A BAD FIT FOR ME!
I DIDN'T CHOOSE IT— WREN DID.
AND IT'S *FINE* FOR WREN. SHE'S HAPPY.
BUT IT'S BAD FOR ME.
BUT WREN IS THERE *WITH* YOU...
SHE DOESN'T NEED ME!
NOT LIKE YOU DO, DAD.

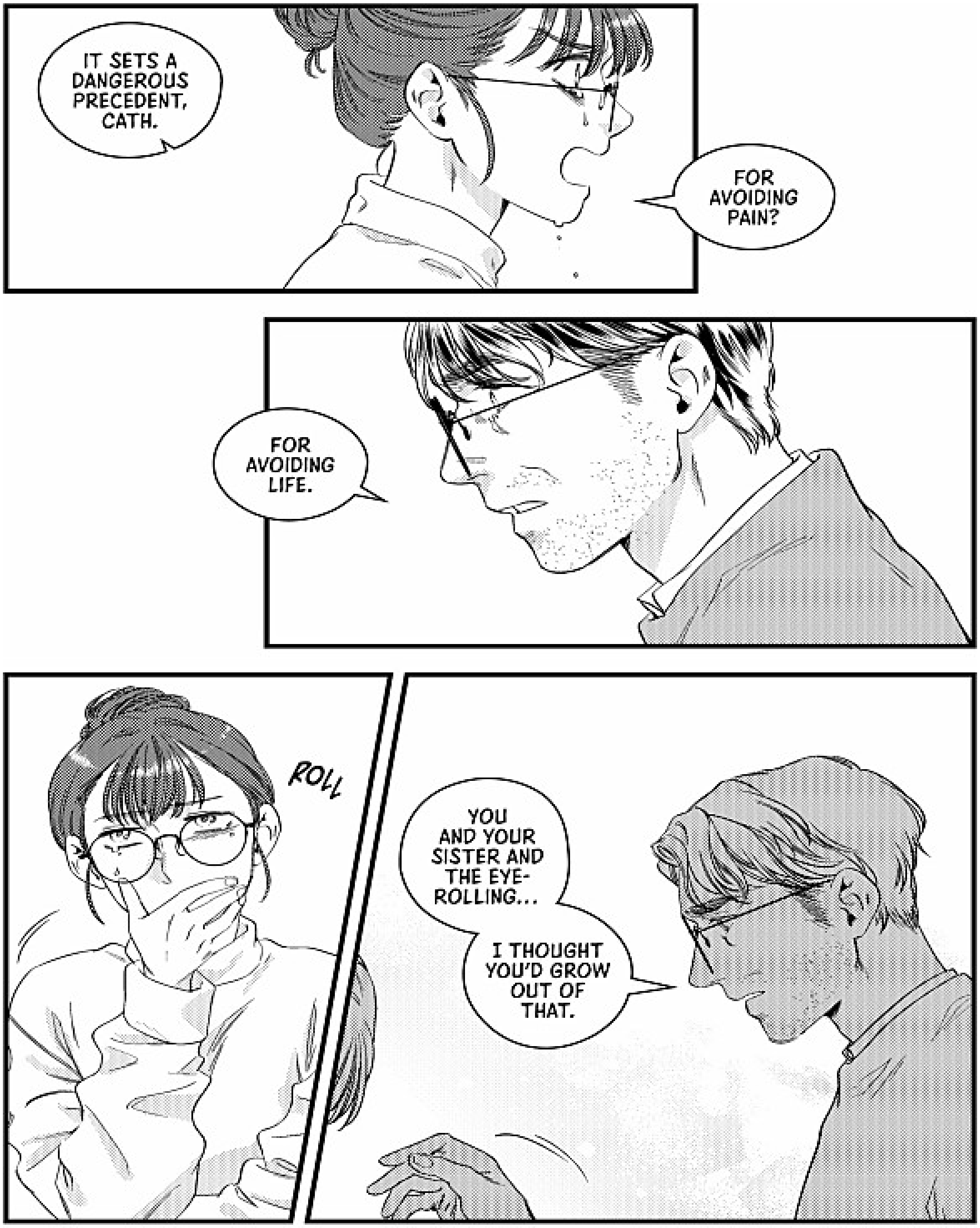

WHAT WILL YOU DO?
LIVE HERE. GO TO SCHOOL HERE.
YOU SHOULD STICK OUT THE YEAR AT UNL.
GRIP
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR SCHOLARSHIP.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT!
I DO!
I JUST...
I CAN'T GO BACK THERE.
I HATE IT.
AND I CAN DO SO MUCH MORE GOOD HERE.
I WONDERED IF THAT'S WHAT THIS WAS ABOUT...
CATH, YOU'RE NOT MOVING BACK HOME TO TAKE CARE OF ME.

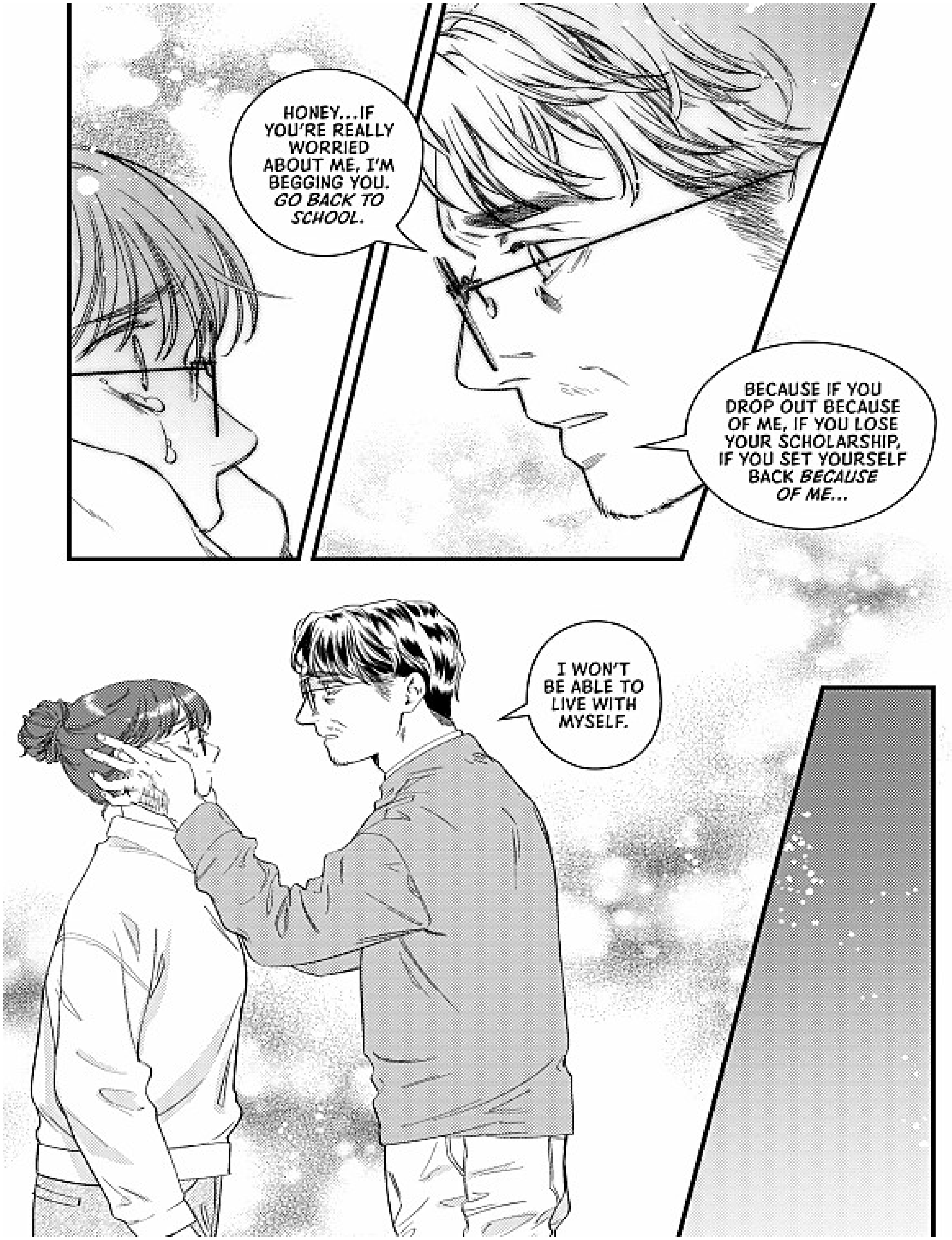

BUT YOU DO BETTER WHEN YOU'RE NOT ALONE...
I AGREE.
AND I'VE ALREADY TALKED TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER.
SHE'S GOING TO CHECK ON ME.
I MIGHT EVEN STAY WITH HER FOR A WHILE IF THINGS START TO LOOK ROUGH AGAIN.
SO *YOU* CAN MOVE BACK HOME, BUT I CAN'T?
I'M ONLY 19!
EXACTLY!
YOU'RE ONLY 19!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY TO TAKE CARE OF ME!

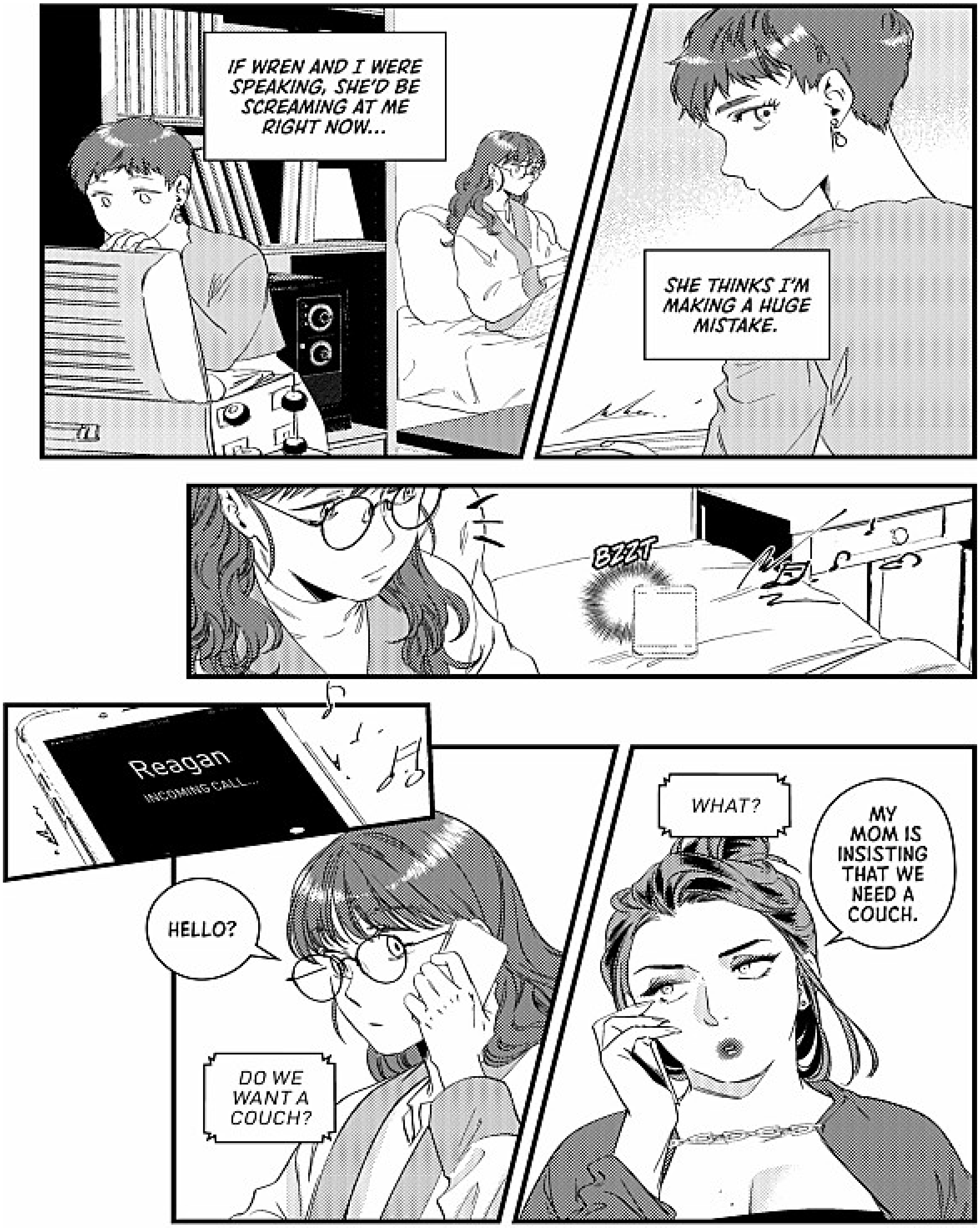

I'M NOT THROWING MY LIFE AWAY.
I'M TRYING TO THINK *FOR MYSELF* FOR THE FIRST TIME!
I HATE IT THERE!
TELL ME WHY YOU'RE SO UNHAPPY...
IT'S JUST...
EVERY-THING.
THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE.
AND I DON'T FIT IN.

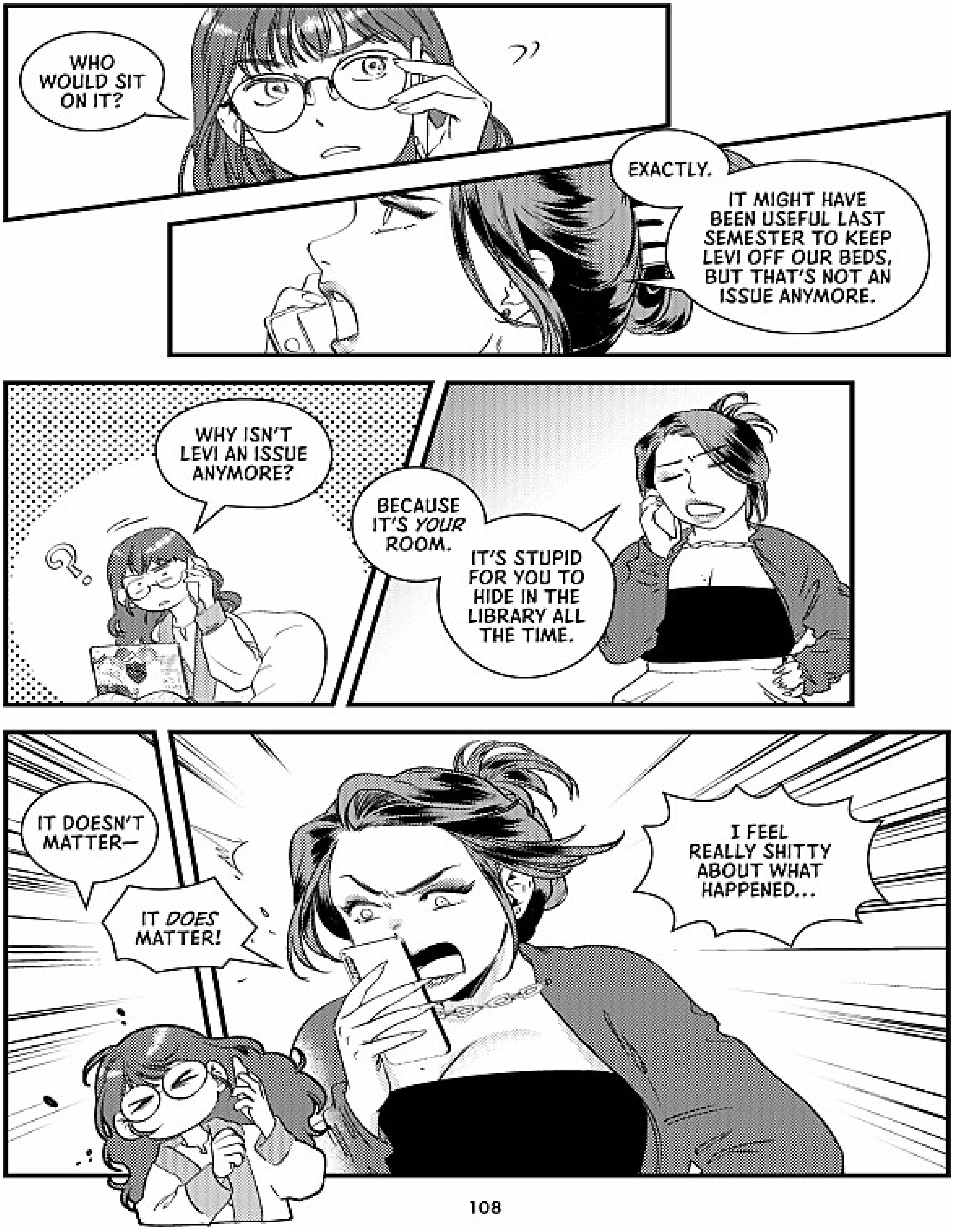

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO *BE*.
NOTHING THAT *I'M GOOD* AT IS THE *SORT* OF THING THAT MATTERS THERE.
BEING SMART DOESN'T MATTER— AND BEING GOOD WITH WORDS.
AND WHEN THOSE THINGS *DO* MATTER, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE PEOPLE WANT SOMETHING FROM ME.
NOT BECAUSE THEY WANT *ME*.

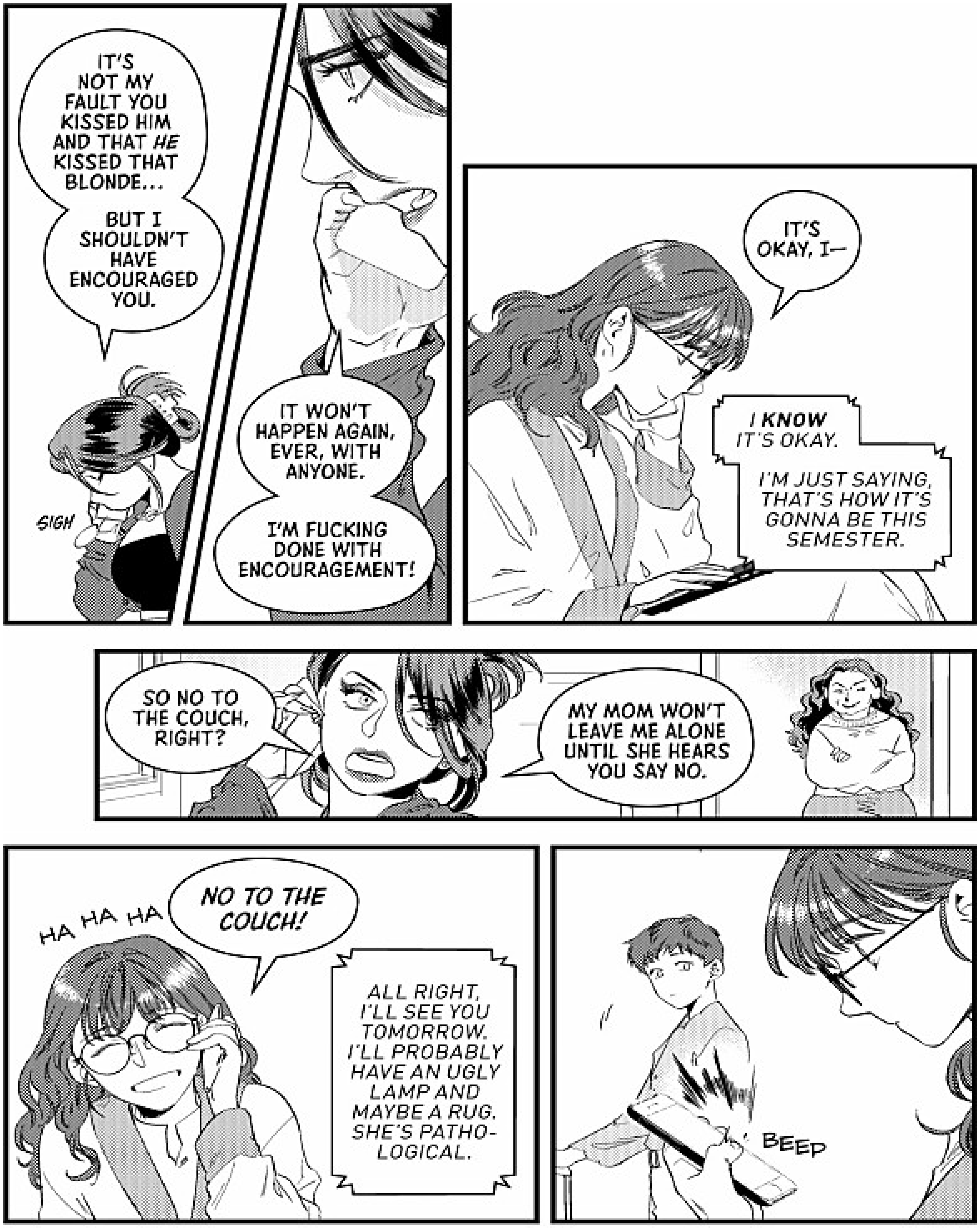

THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A DECISION.
THIS SOUNDS LIKE GIVING UP.
SO WHAT? ISN'T GIVING UP ALLOWED SOMETIMES?
ISN'T IT OKAY TO SAY, "THIS REALLY HURTS, SO I'M GOING TO STOP TRYING"?

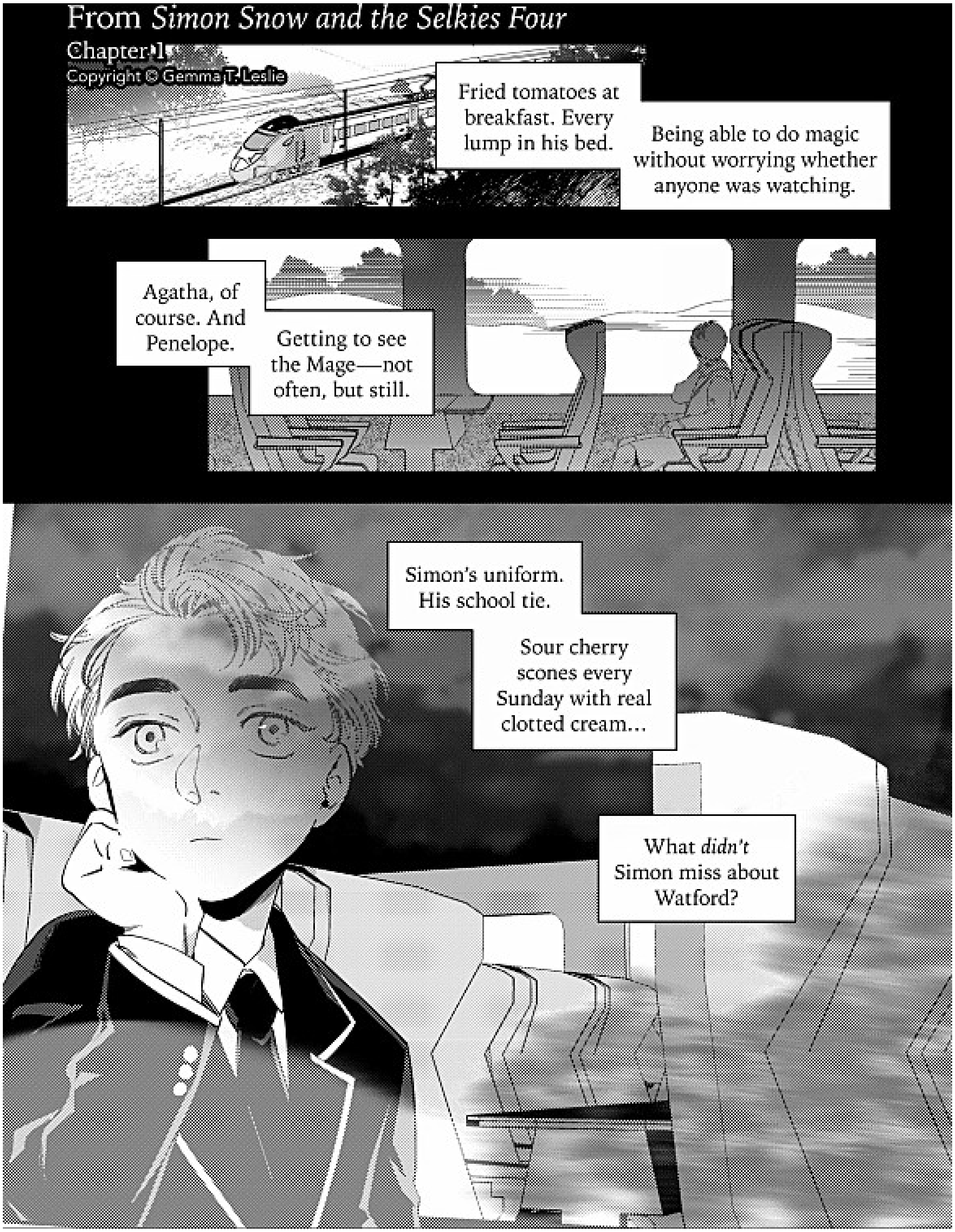

IT SETS A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT, CATH.
FOR AVOIDING PAIN?
FOR AVOIDING LIFE.
ROLL
YOU AND YOUR SISTER AND THE EYE-ROLLING...
I THOUGHT YOU'D GROW OUT OF THAT.


HONEY...IF YOU'RE REALLY WORRIED ABOUT ME, I'M BEGGING YOU. *GO BACK TO SCHOOL.*
BECAUSE IF YOU DROP OUT BECAUSE OF ME, IF YOU LOSE YOUR SCHOLARSHIP, IF YOU SET YOURSELF BACK *BECAUSE OF ME...*
I WON'T BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH MYSELF.


IF WREN AND I WERE SPEAKING, SHE'D BE SCREAMING AT ME RIGHT NOW...
SHE THINKS I'M MAKING A HUGE MISTAKE.
BZZT
Reagan
INCOMING CALL...
HELLO?
DO WE WANT A COUCH?
WHAT?
MY MOM IS INSISTING THAT WE NEED A COUCH.


WHO WOULD SIT ON IT?
EXACTLY.
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN USEFUL LAST SEMESTER TO KEEP LEVI OFF OUR BEDS, BUT THAT'S NOT AN ISSUE ANYMORE.
WHY ISN'T LEVI AN ISSUE ANYMORE?
?
BECAUSE IT'S *YOUR* ROOM.
IT'S STUPID FOR YOU TO HIDE IN THE LIBRARY ALL THE TIME.
IT DOESN'T MATTER—
IT *DOES* MATTER!
I FEEL REALLY SHITTY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED...


IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU KISSED HIM AND THAT *HE* KISSED THAT BLONDE...
BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE ENCOURAGED YOU.
SIGH
IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, EVER, WITH ANYONE.
I'M FUCKING DONE WITH ENCOURAGEMENT!
IT'S OKAY, I—
*I **KNOW** IT'S OKAY.*
I'M JUST SAYING, THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA BE THIS SEMESTER.
SO NO TO THE COUCH, RIGHT?
MY MOM WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE UNTIL SHE HEARS YOU SAY NO.
HA HA HA
NO TO THE COUCH!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW. I'LL PROBABLY HAVE AN UGLY LAMP AND MAYBE A RUG. SHE'S PATHO-LOGICAL.
BEEP



From *Simon Snow and the Selkies Four*

Chapter 1

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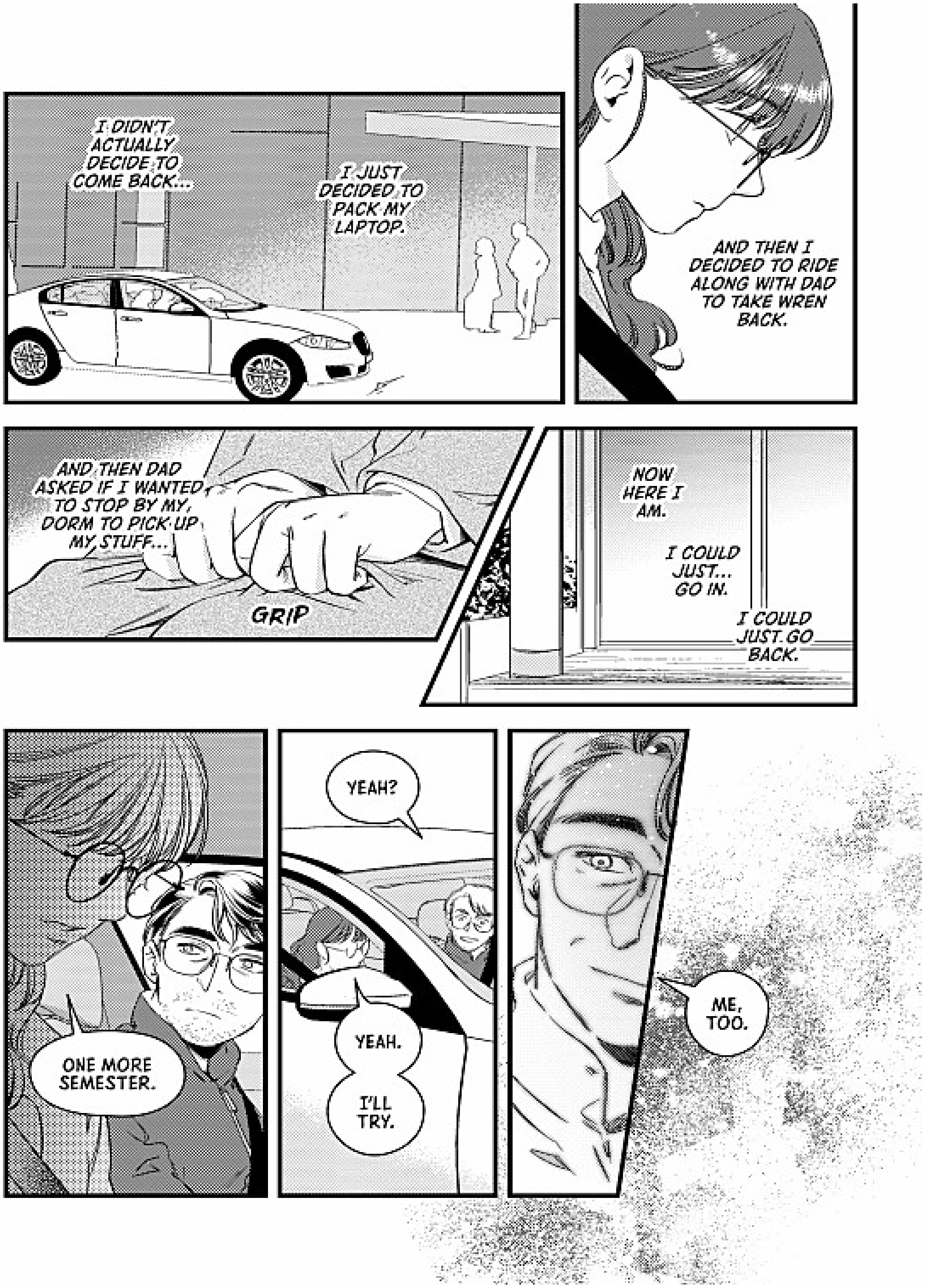
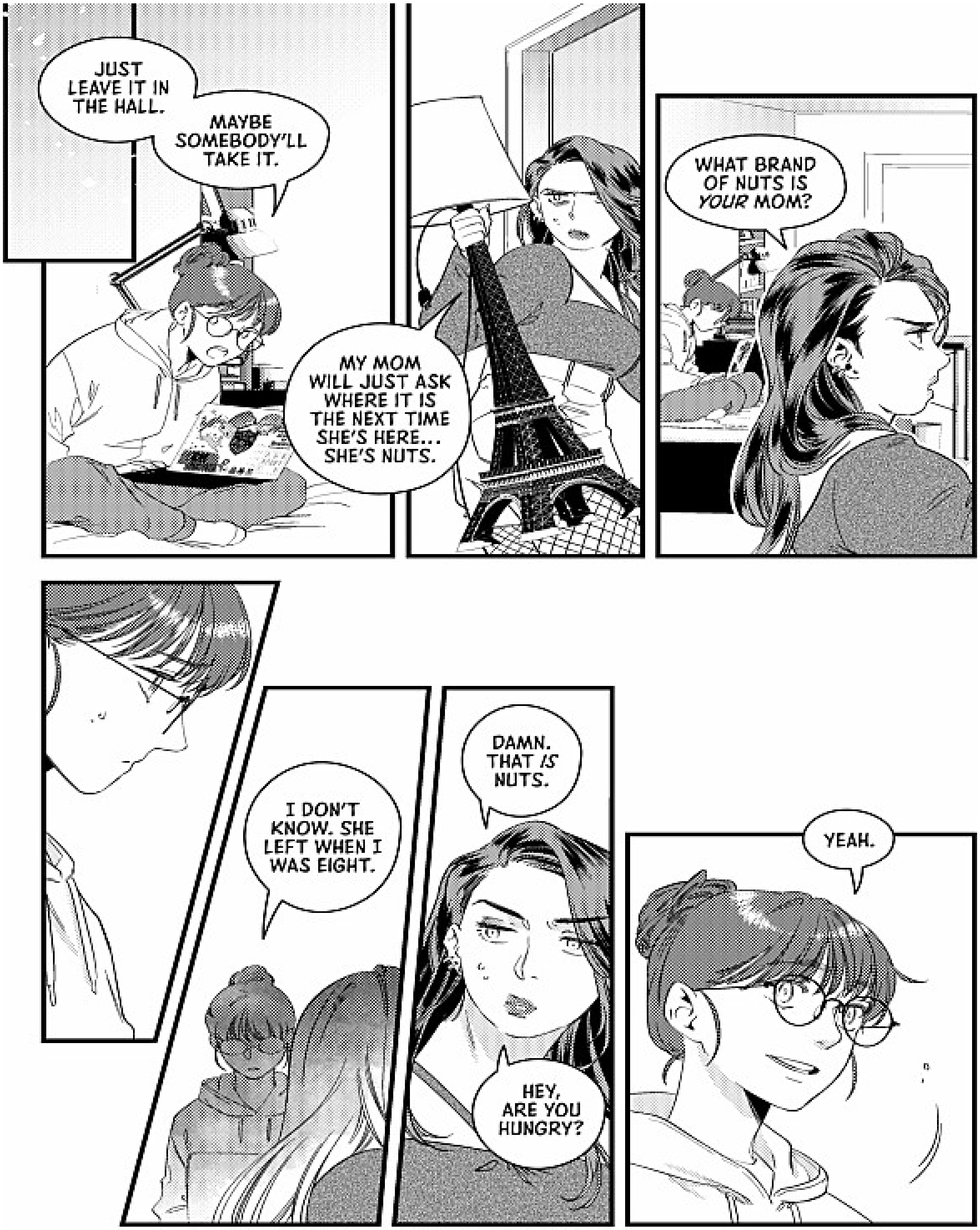
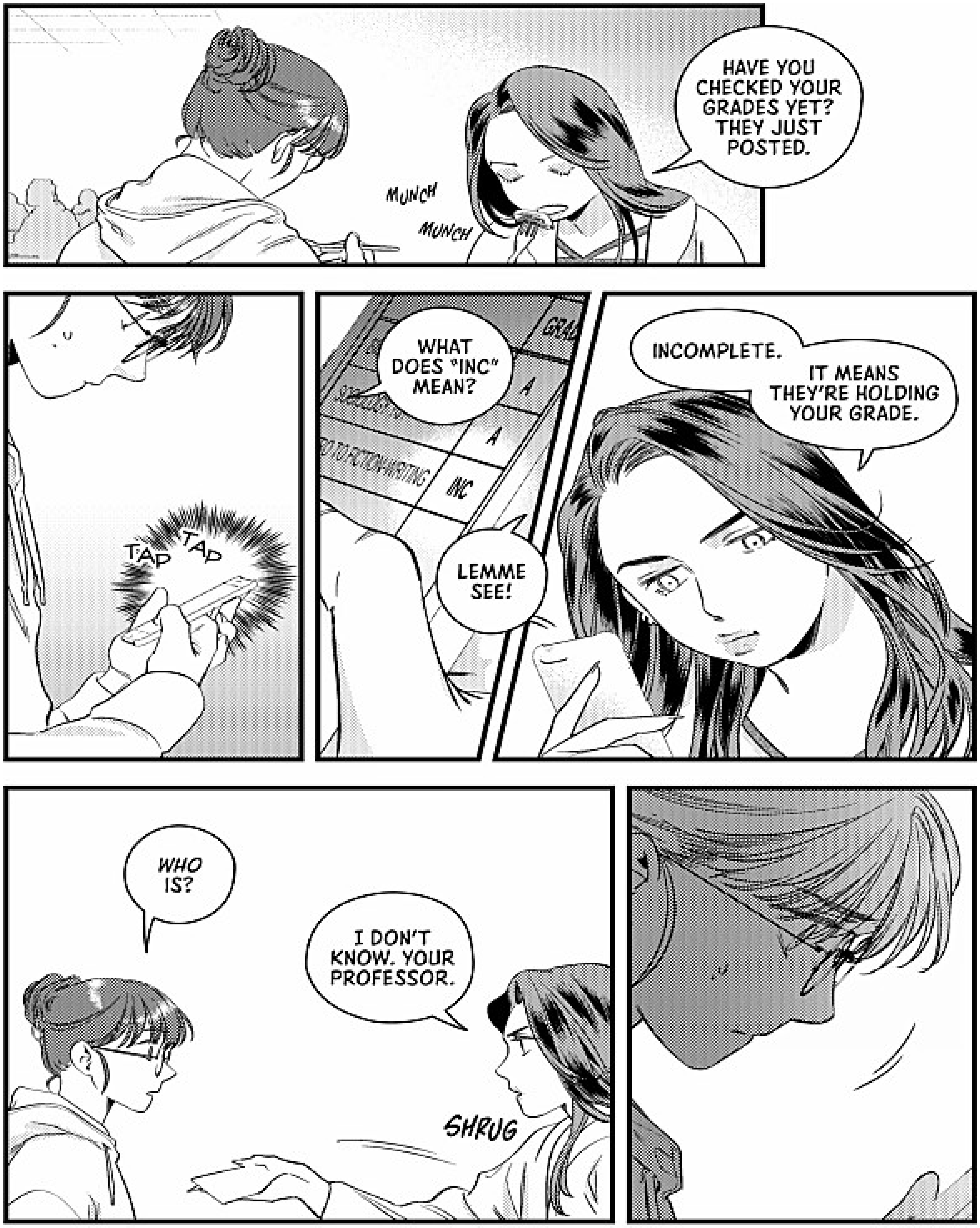
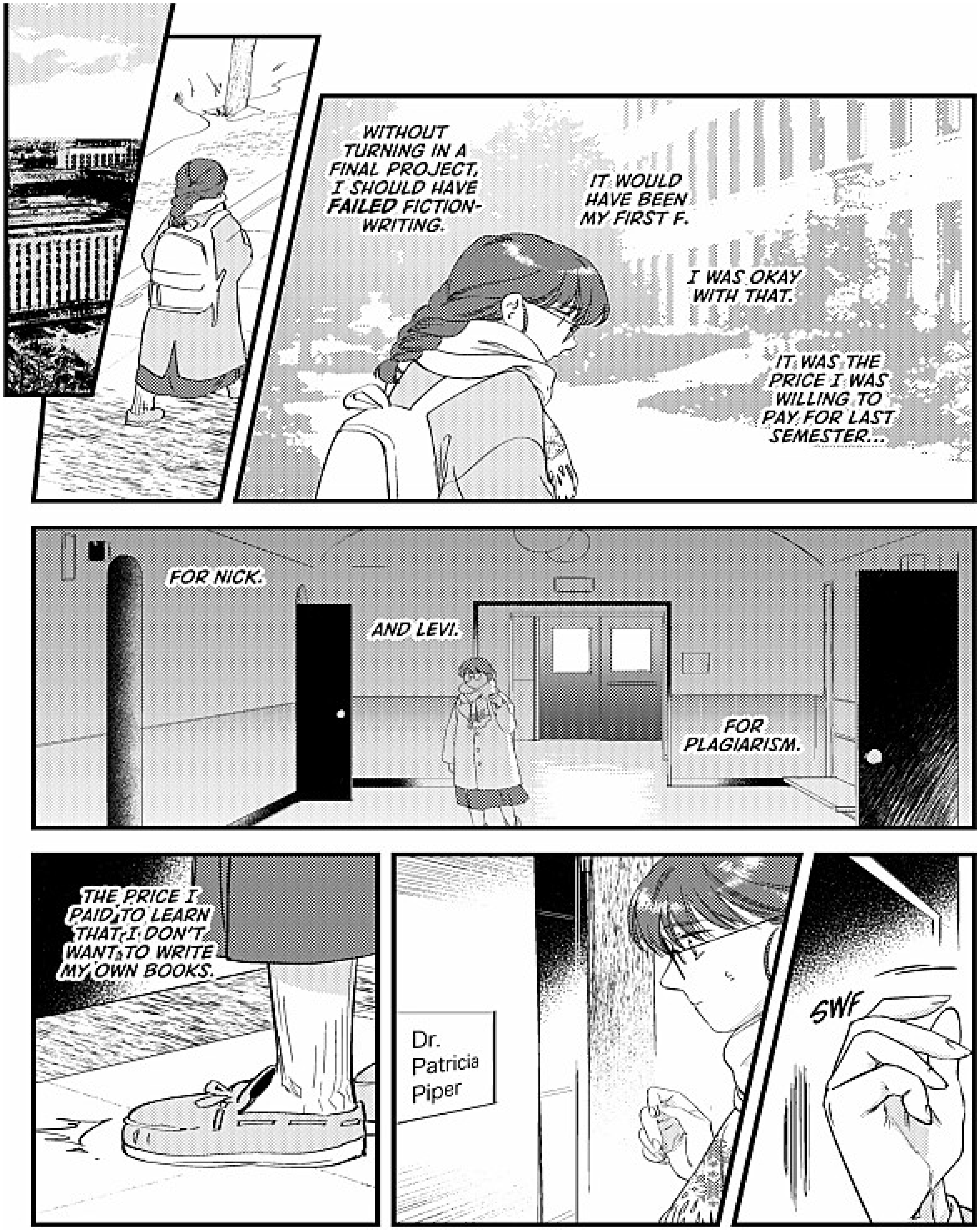
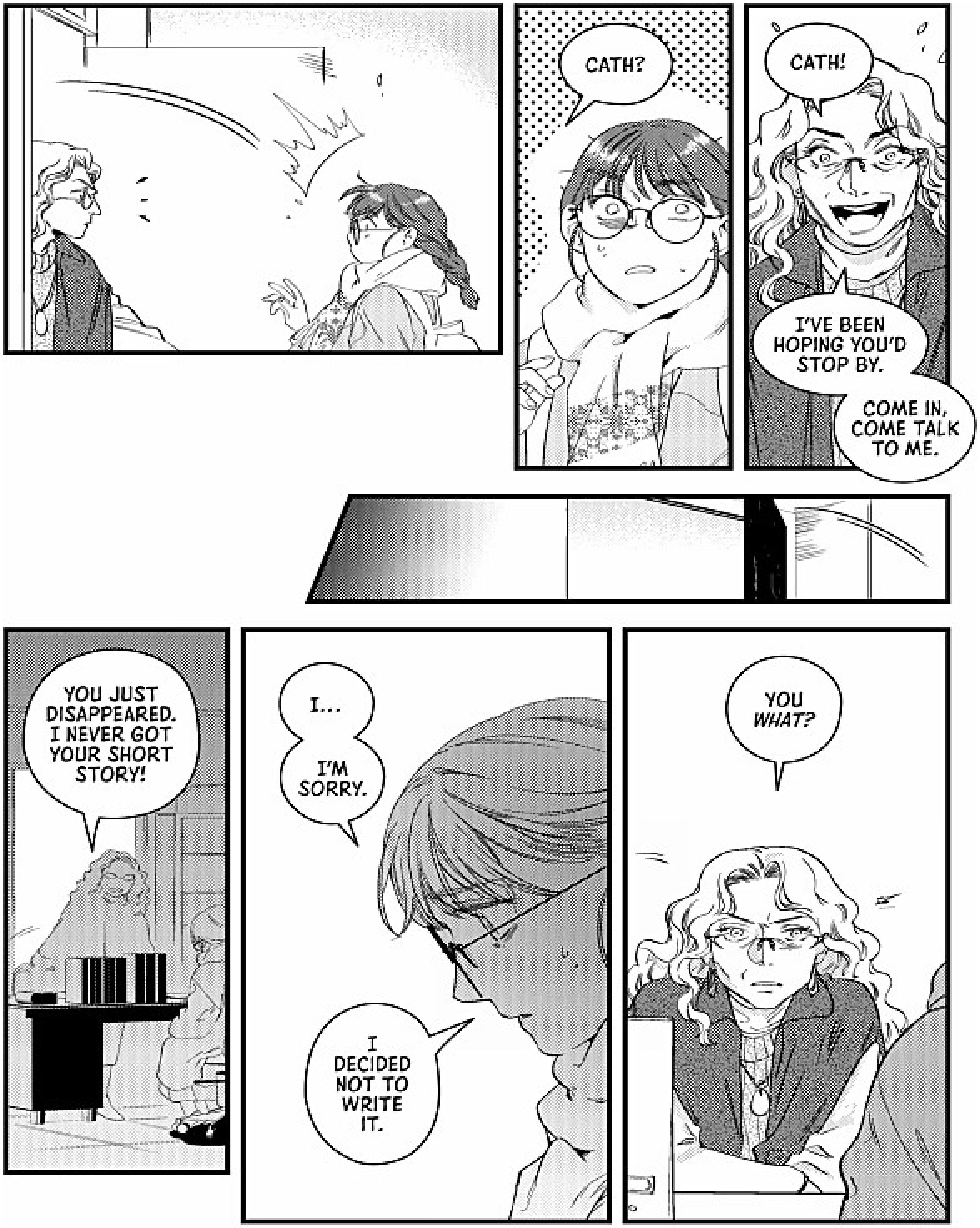
Fried tomatoes at breakfast. Every lump in his bed.
Being able to do magic without worrying whether anyone was watching.
Agatha, of course. And Penelope.
Getting to see the Mage—not often, but still.
Simon's uniform. His school tie.
Sour cherry scones every Sunday with real clotted cream...
What *didn't* Simon miss about Watford?

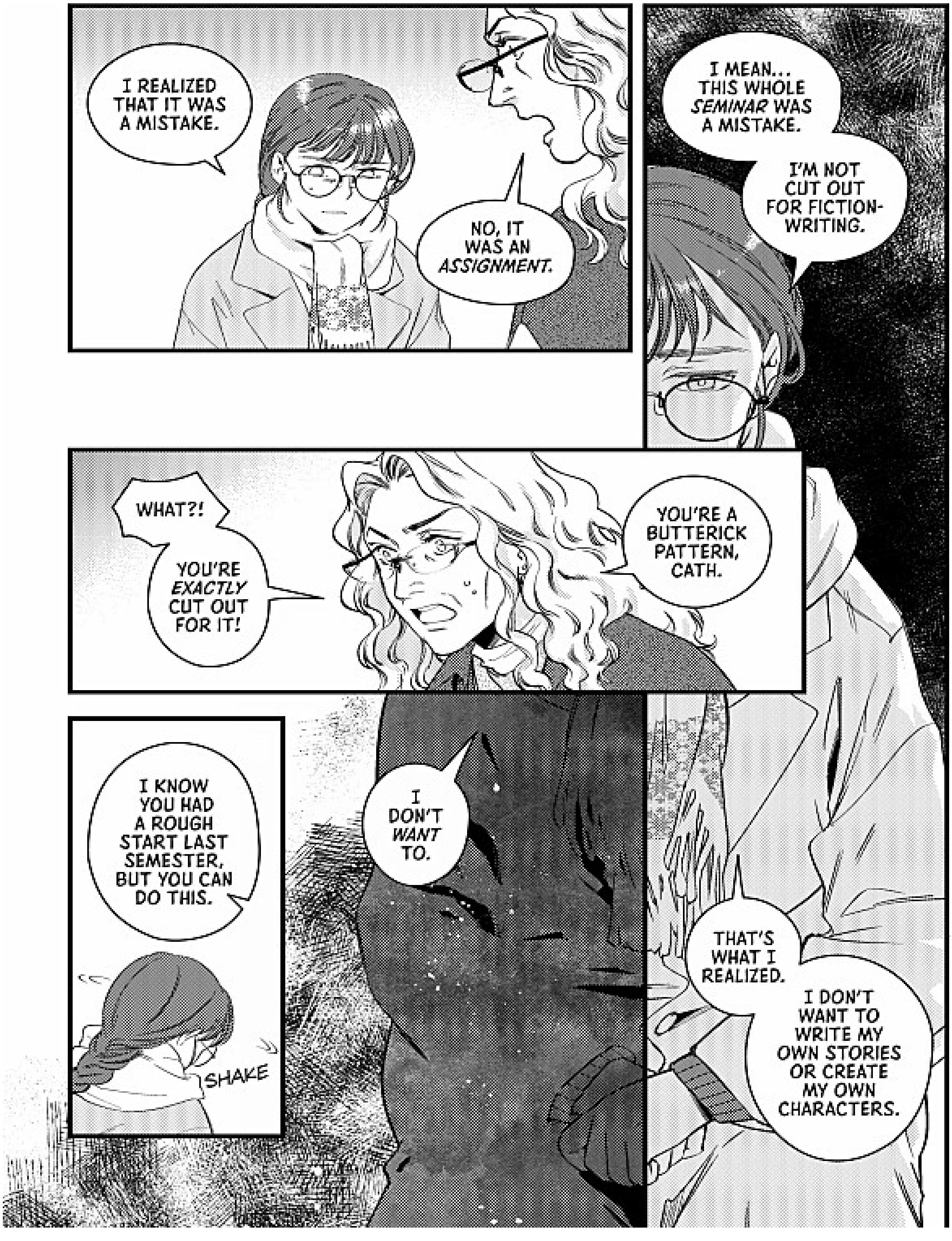

I DIDN'T ACTUALLY DECIDE TO COME BACK...
I JUST DECIDED TO PACK MY LAPTOP.
AND THEN I DECIDED TO RIDE ALONG WITH DAD TO TAKE WREN BACK.
AND THEN DAD ASKED IF I WANTED TO STOP BY MY DORM TO PICK UP MY STUFF...
GRIP
NOW HERE I AM.
I COULD JUST... GO IN.
I COULD JUST GO BACK.
ONE MORE SEMESTER.
YEAH?
YEAH.
I'LL TRY.
ME, TOO.

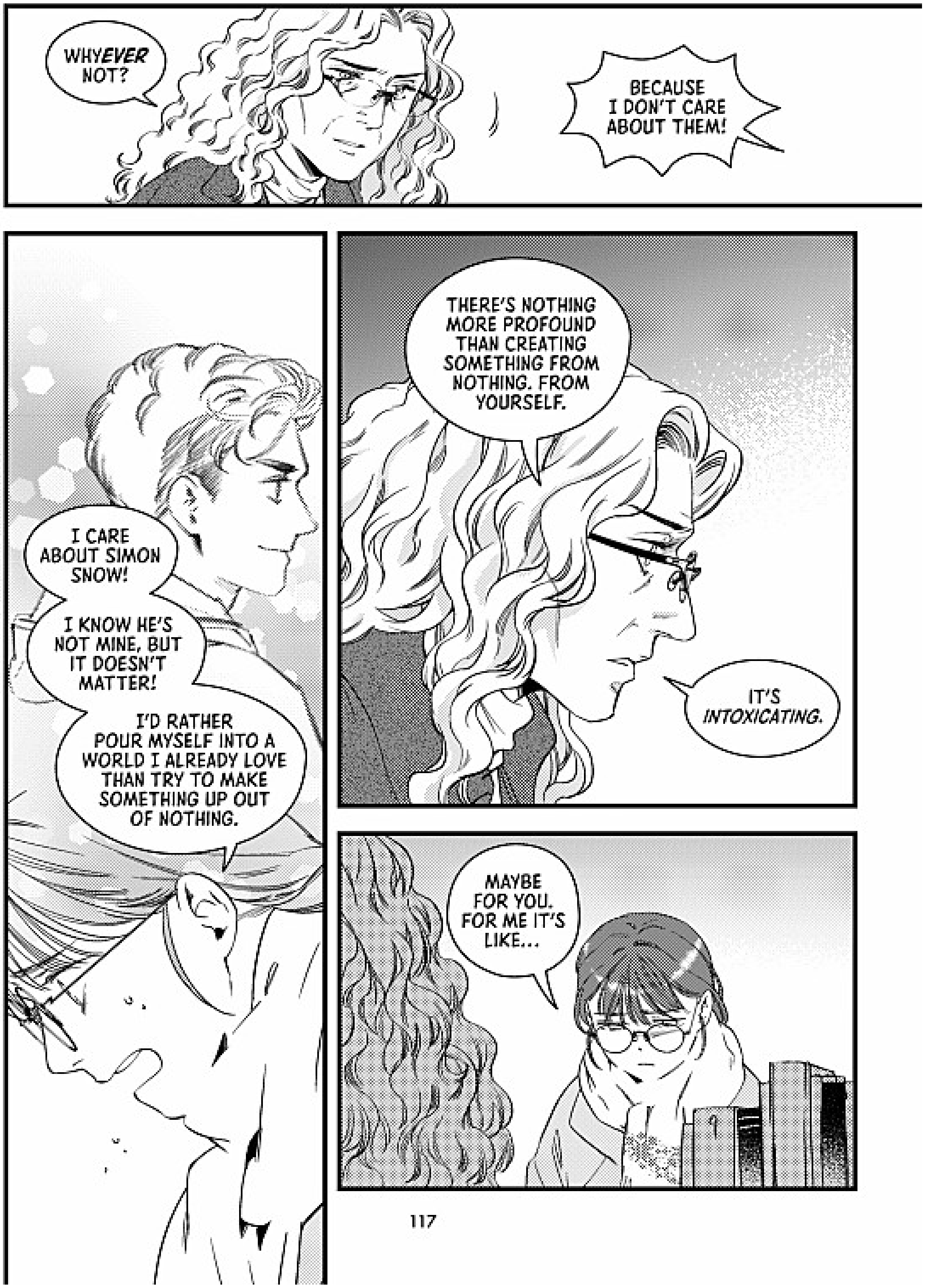

JUST LEAVE IT IN THE HALL.
MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL TAKE IT.
MY MOM WILL JUST ASK WHERE IT IS THE NEXT TIME SHE'S HERE... SHE'S NUTS.
WHAT BRAND OF NUTS IS *YOUR* MOM?
I DON'T KNOW. SHE LEFT WHEN I WAS EIGHT.
DAMN. THAT *IS* NUTS.
HEY, ARE YOU HUNGRY?
YEAH.

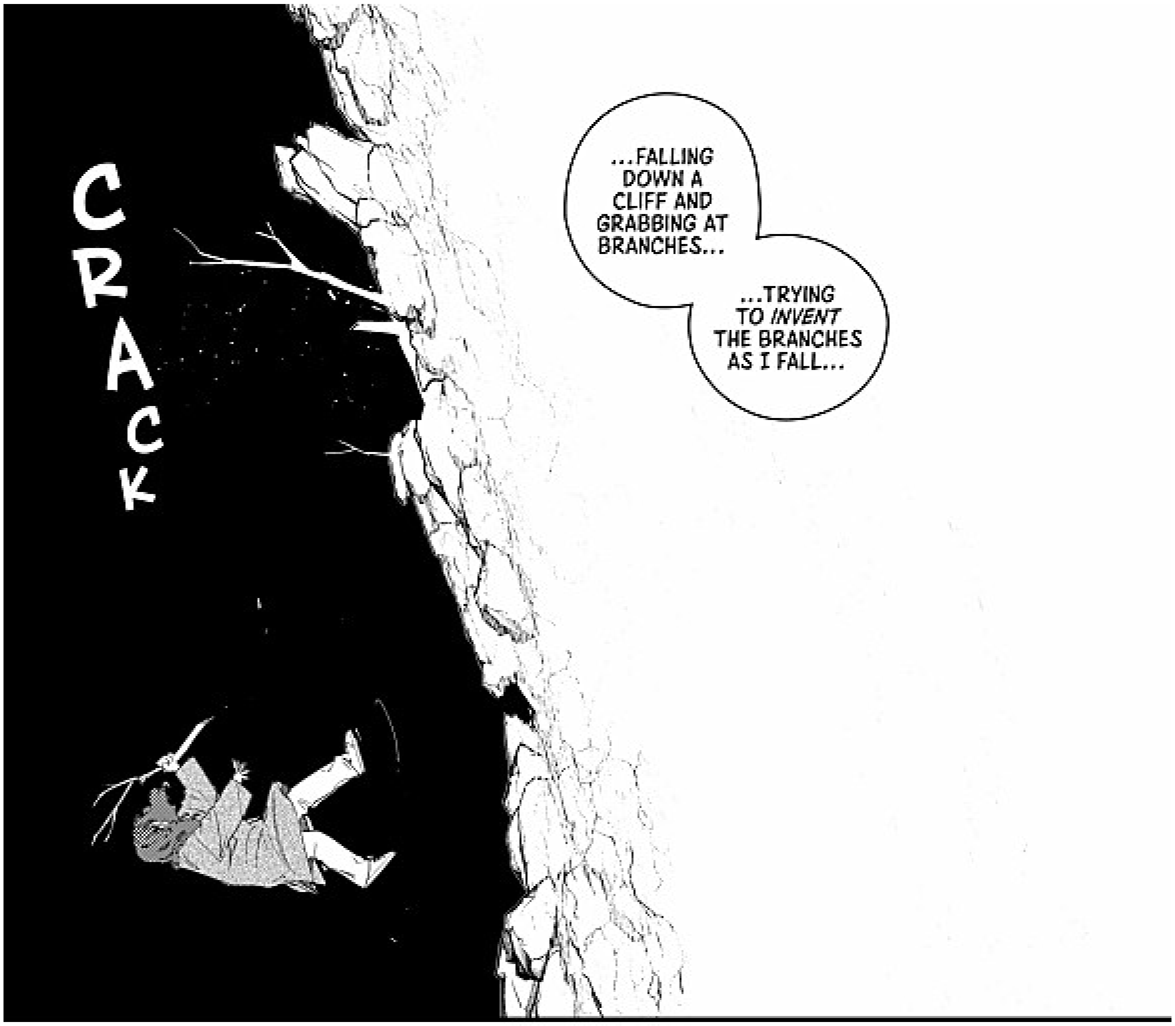

HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR GRADES YET? THEY JUST POSTED.
MUNCH
MUNCH
TAP
TAP
WHAT DOES "INC" MEAN?
A
A
INC
LEMME SEE!
INCOMPLETE.
IT MEANS THEY'RE HOLDING YOUR GRADE.
WHO IS?
I DON'T KNOW. YOUR PROFESSOR.
SHRUG

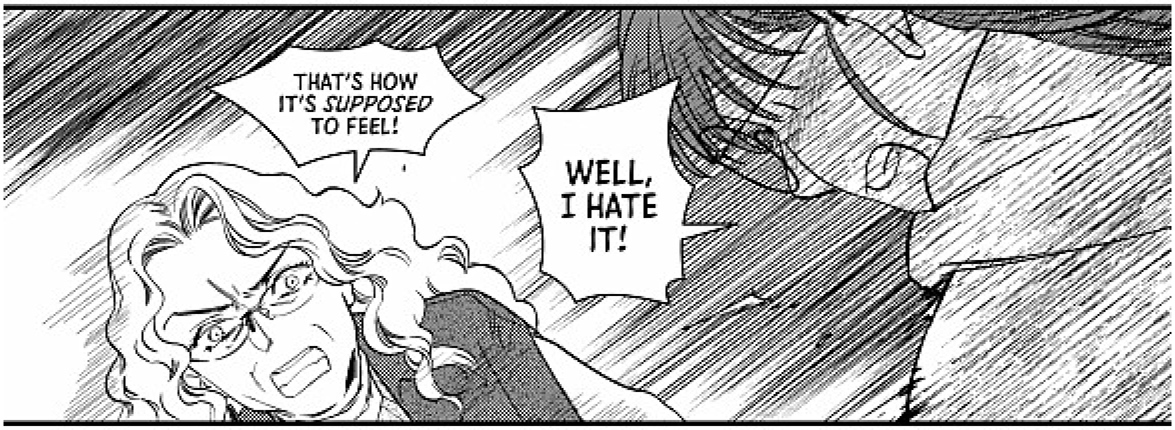

WITHOUT TURNING IN A FINAL PROJECT, I SHOULD HAVE **FAILED** FICTION-WRITING.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY FIRST F.
I WAS OKAY WITH THAT.
IT WAS THE PRICE I WAS WILLING TO PAY FOR LAST SEMESTER...
FOR NICK.
AND LEVI.
FOR PLAGIARISM.
THE PRICE I PAID TO LEARN THAT I DON'T WANT TO WRITE MY OWN BOOKS.
Dr. Patricia Piper
SWF

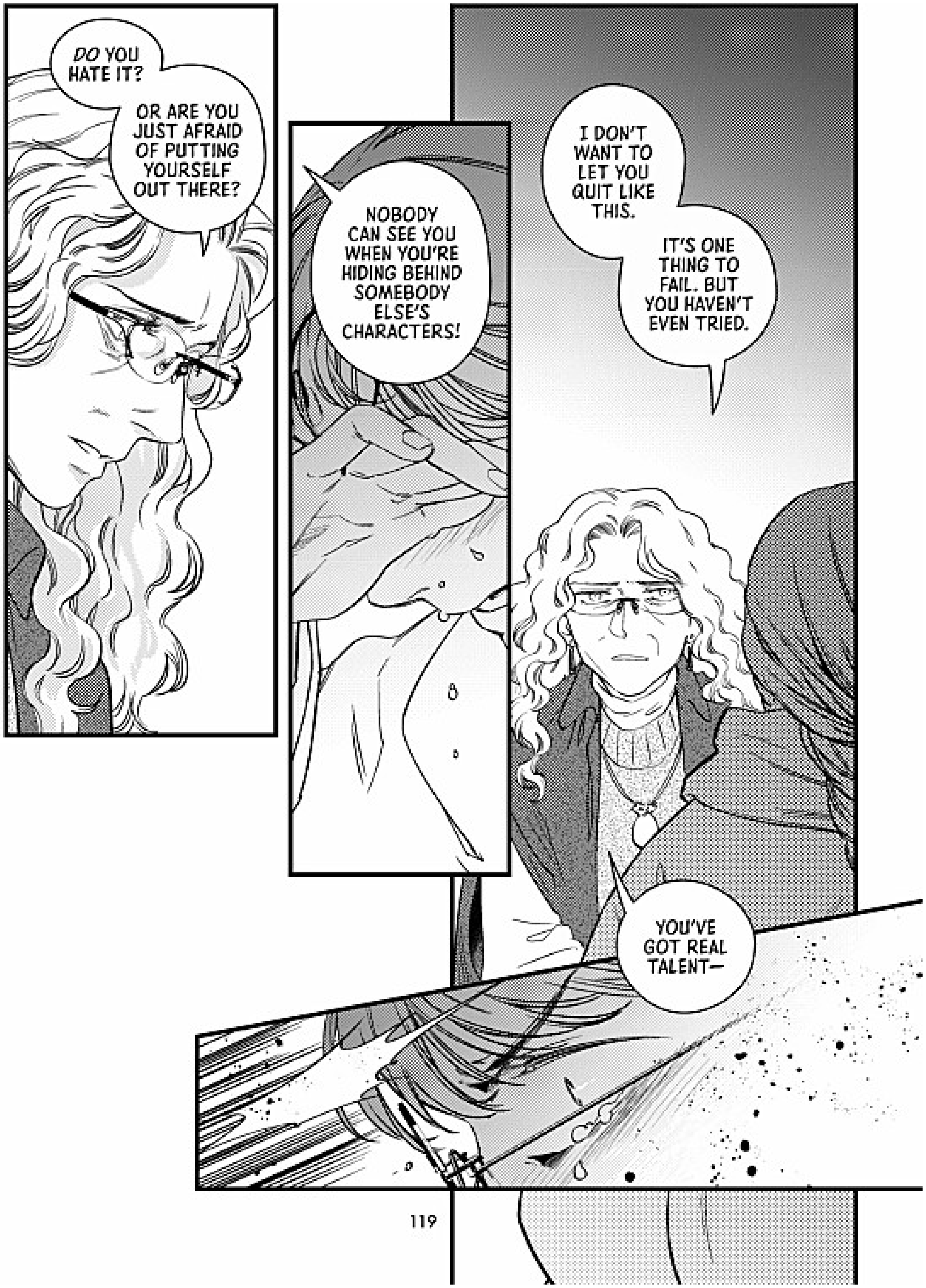

CATH?
CATH!
I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D *STOP* BY.
COME IN, COME TALK TO ME.
YOU JUST DISAPPEARED. I NEVER GOT YOUR SHORT STORY!
I...
I'M SORRY.
I DECIDED NOT TO WRITE IT.
YOU *WHAT?*

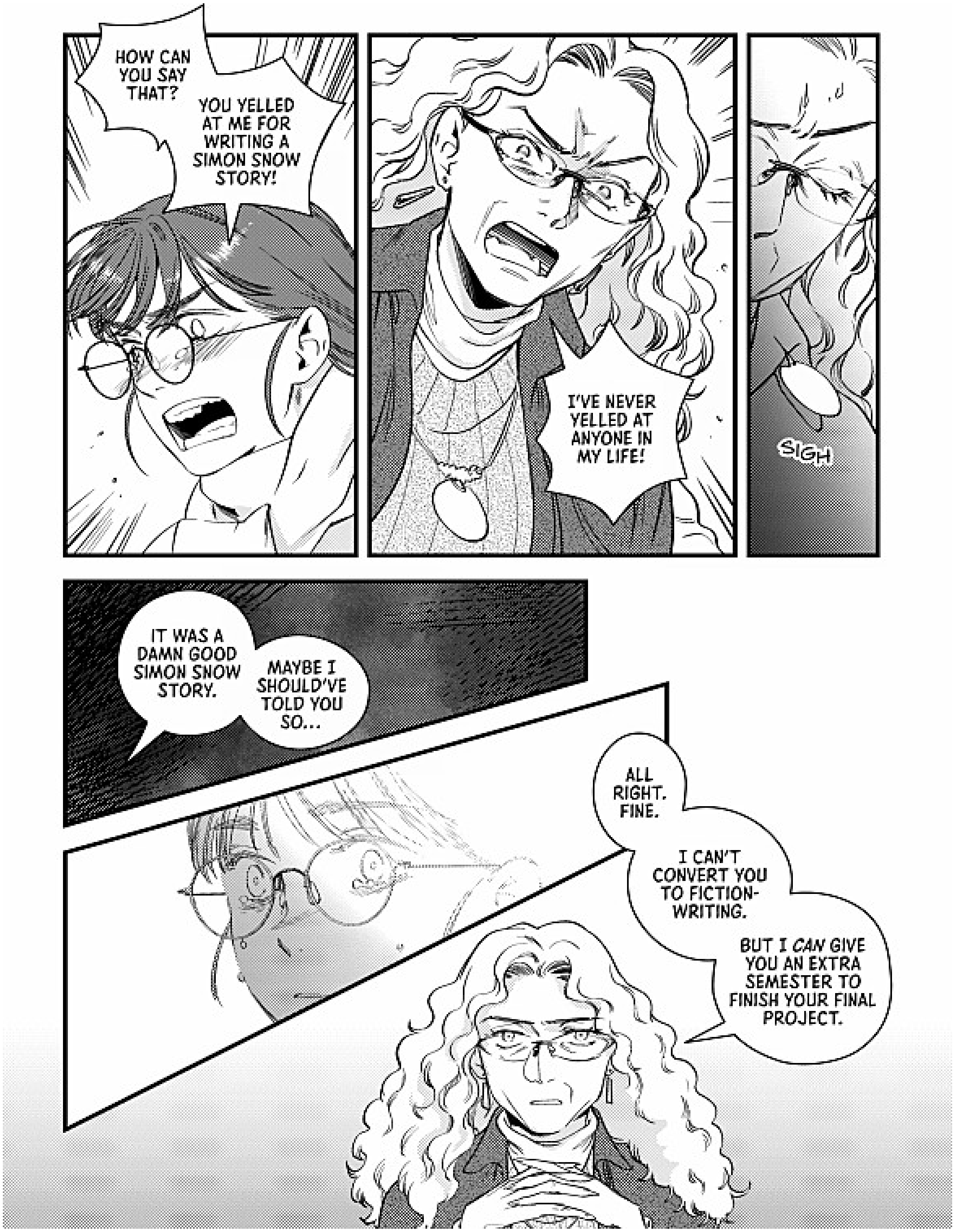

I REALIZED THAT IT WAS A MISTAKE.
NO, IT WAS AN *ASSIGNMENT.*
I MEAN... THIS WHOLE *SEMINAR* WAS A MISTAKE.
I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR FICTION-WRITING.
WHAT?!
YOU'RE *EXACTLY* CUT OUT FOR IT!
YOU'RE A BUTTERICK PATTERN, CATH.
I KNOW YOU HAD A ROUGH START LAST SEMESTER, BUT YOU CAN DO THIS.
SHAKE
I DON'T *WANT* TO.
THAT'S WHAT I REALIZED.
I DON'T WANT TO WRITE MY OWN STORIES OR CREATE MY OWN CHARACTERS.

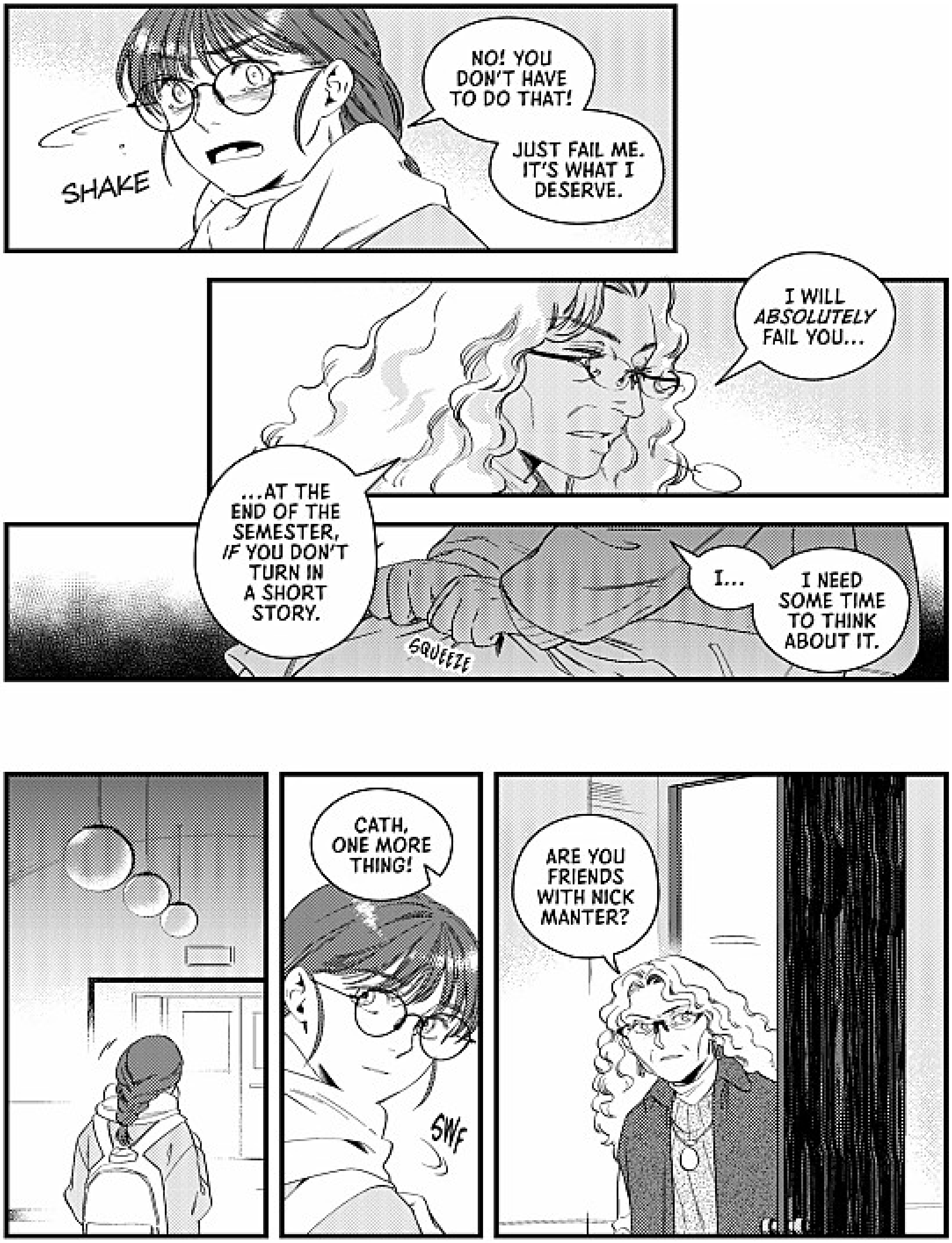

WHYEVER NOT?
BECAUSE I DON'T CARE ABOUT THEM!
I CARE ABOUT SIMON SNOW!
I KNOW HE'S NOT MINE, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER!
I'D RATHER POUR MYSELF INTO A WORLD I ALREADY LOVE THAN TRY TO MAKE SOMETHING UP OUT OF NOTHING.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE PROFOUND THAN CREATING SOMETHING FROM NOTHING. FROM YOURSELF.
IT'S INTOXICATING.
MAYBE FOR YOU. FOR ME IT'S LIKE...

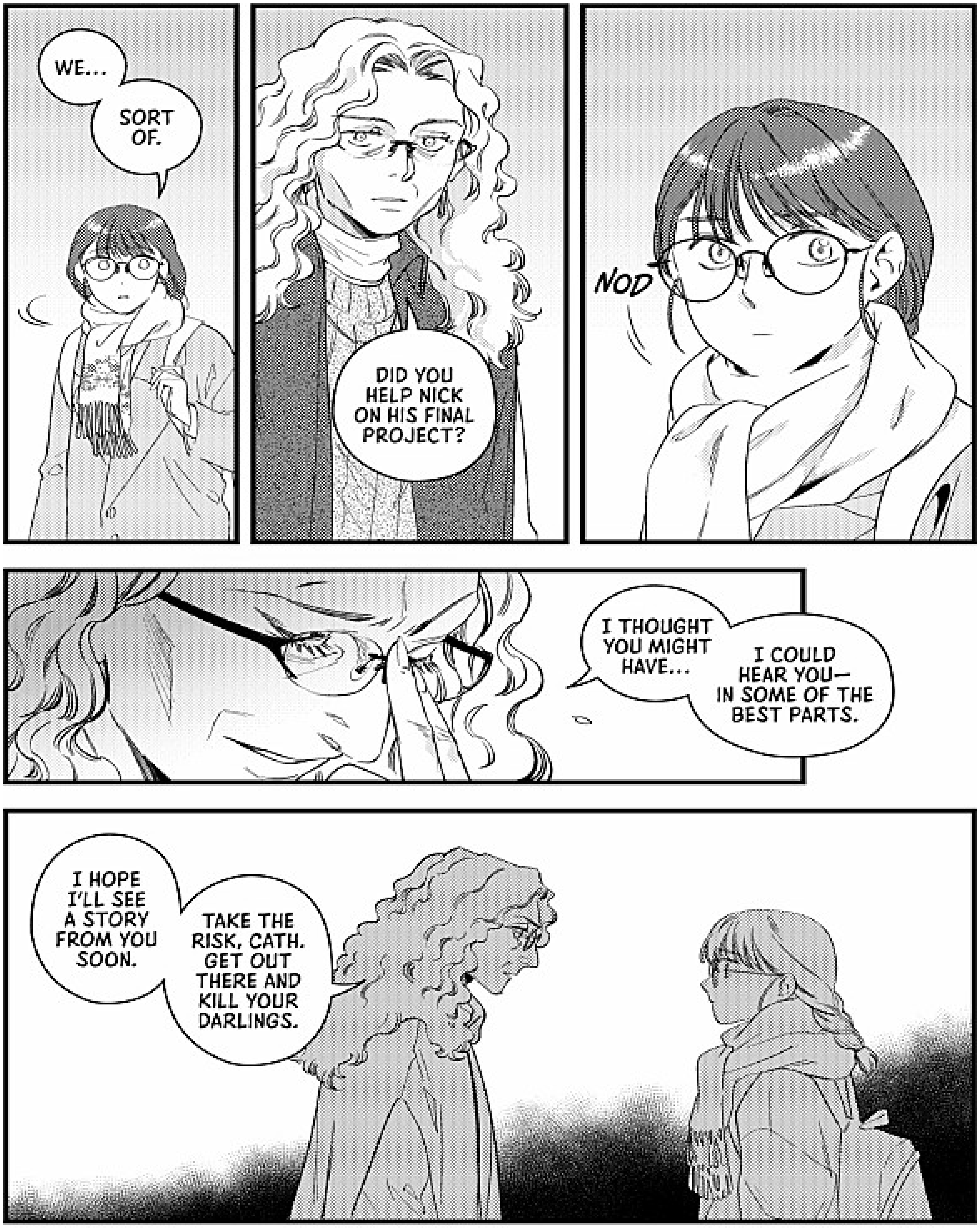

...FALLING DOWN A CLIFF AND GRABBING AT BRANCHES...
...TRYING TO *INVENT* THE BRANCHES AS I FALL...
CRACK


THAT'S HOW IT'S *SUPPOSED* TO FEEL!
WELL, I HATE IT!

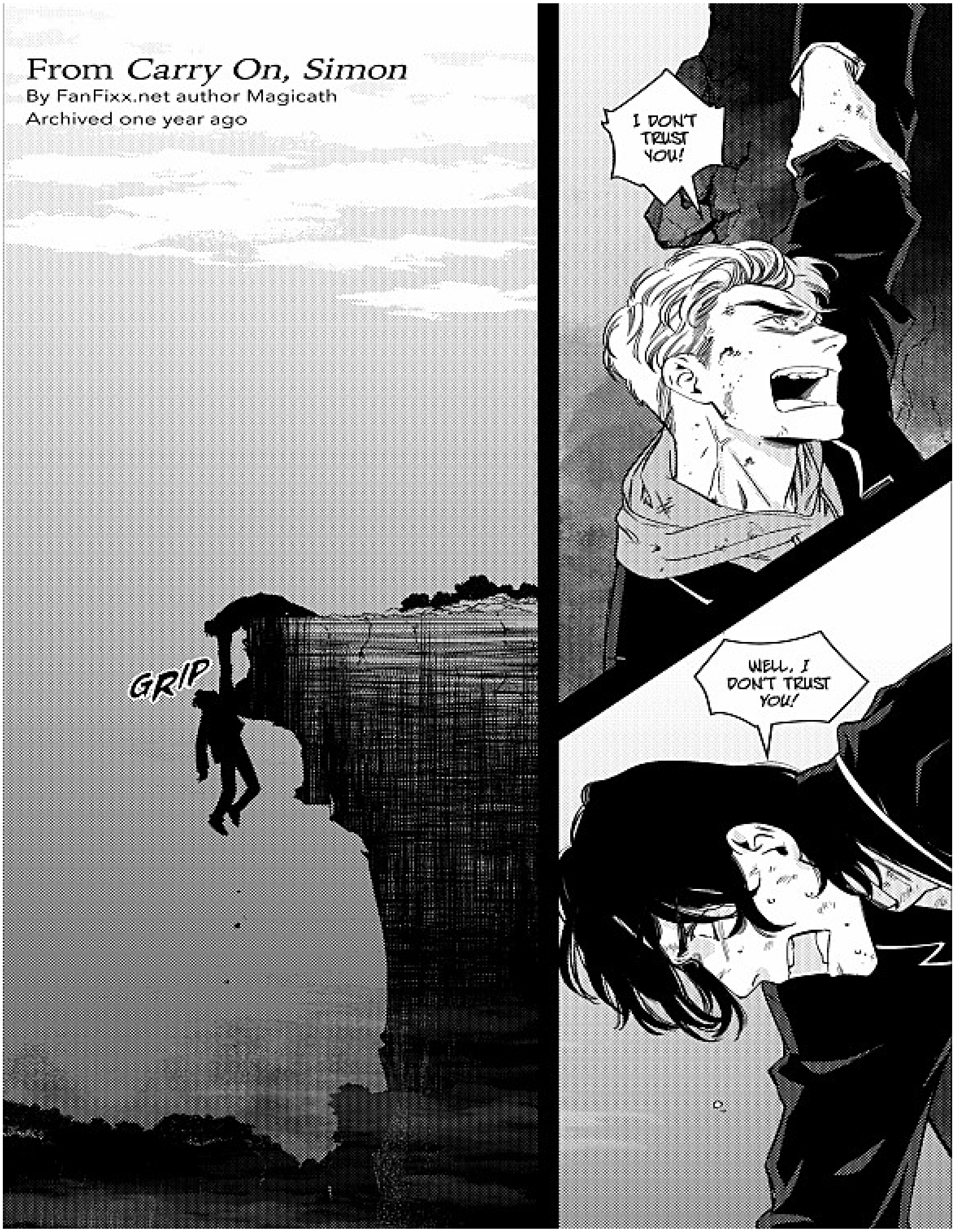

DO YOU HATE IT?
OR ARE YOU JUST AFRAID OF PUTTING YOURSELF OUT THERE?
NOBODY CAN *SEE* YOU WHEN YOU'RE HIDING BEHIND *SOMEBODY* ELSE'S CHARACTERS!
I DON'T WANT TO LET YOU QUIT LIKE THIS.
IT'S ONE THING TO FAIL. BUT YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED.
YOU'VE GOT REAL TALENT—

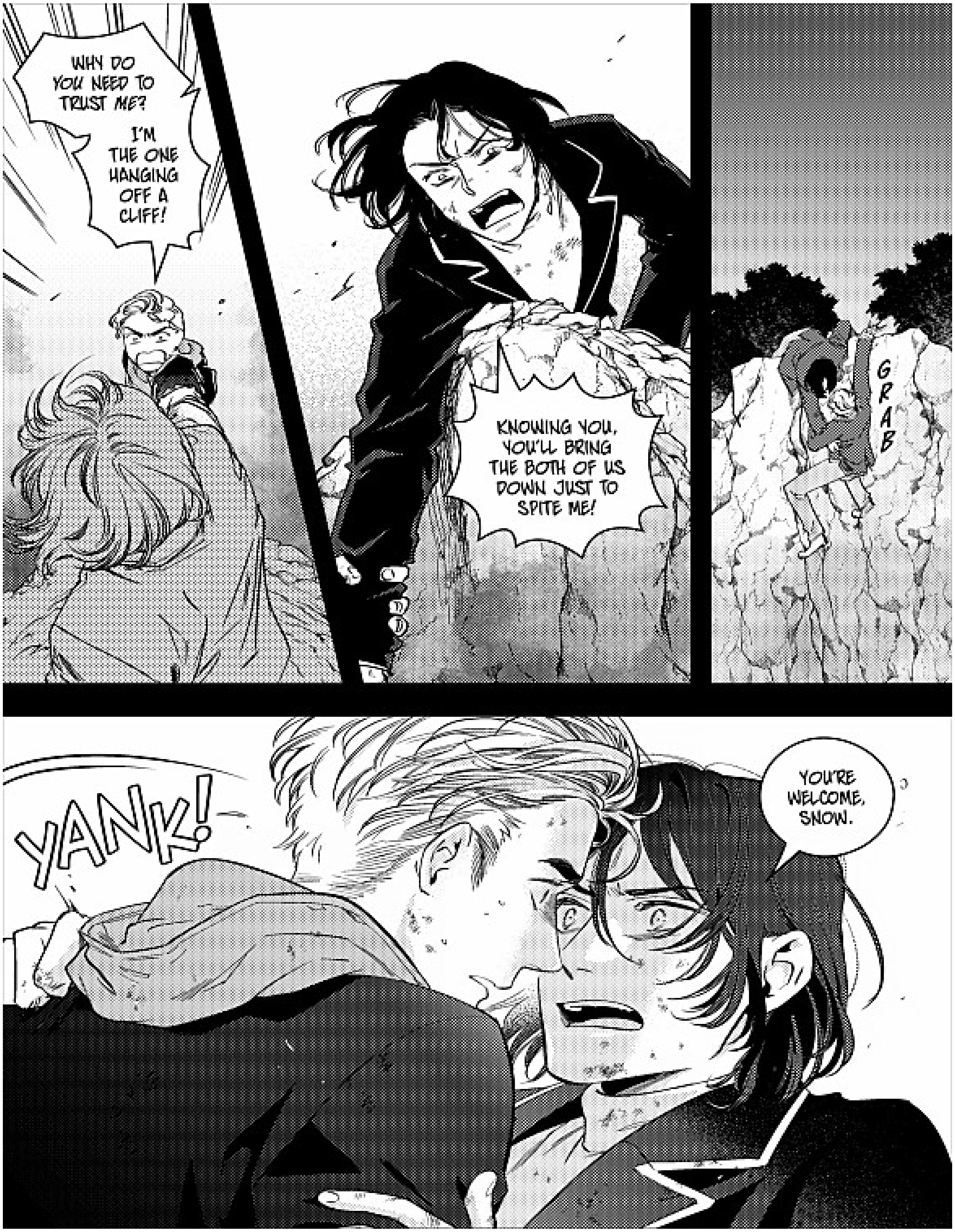

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?
YOU YELLED AT ME FOR WRITING A SIMON SNOW STORY!
I'VE NEVER YELLED AT ANYONE IN MY LIFE!
SIGH
IT WAS A DAMN GOOD SIMON SNOW STORY.
MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU SO...
ALL RIGHT. FINE.
I CAN'T CONVERT YOU TO FICTION-WRITING.
BUT I *CAN* GIVE YOU AN EXTRA SEMESTER TO FINISH YOUR FINAL PROJECT.

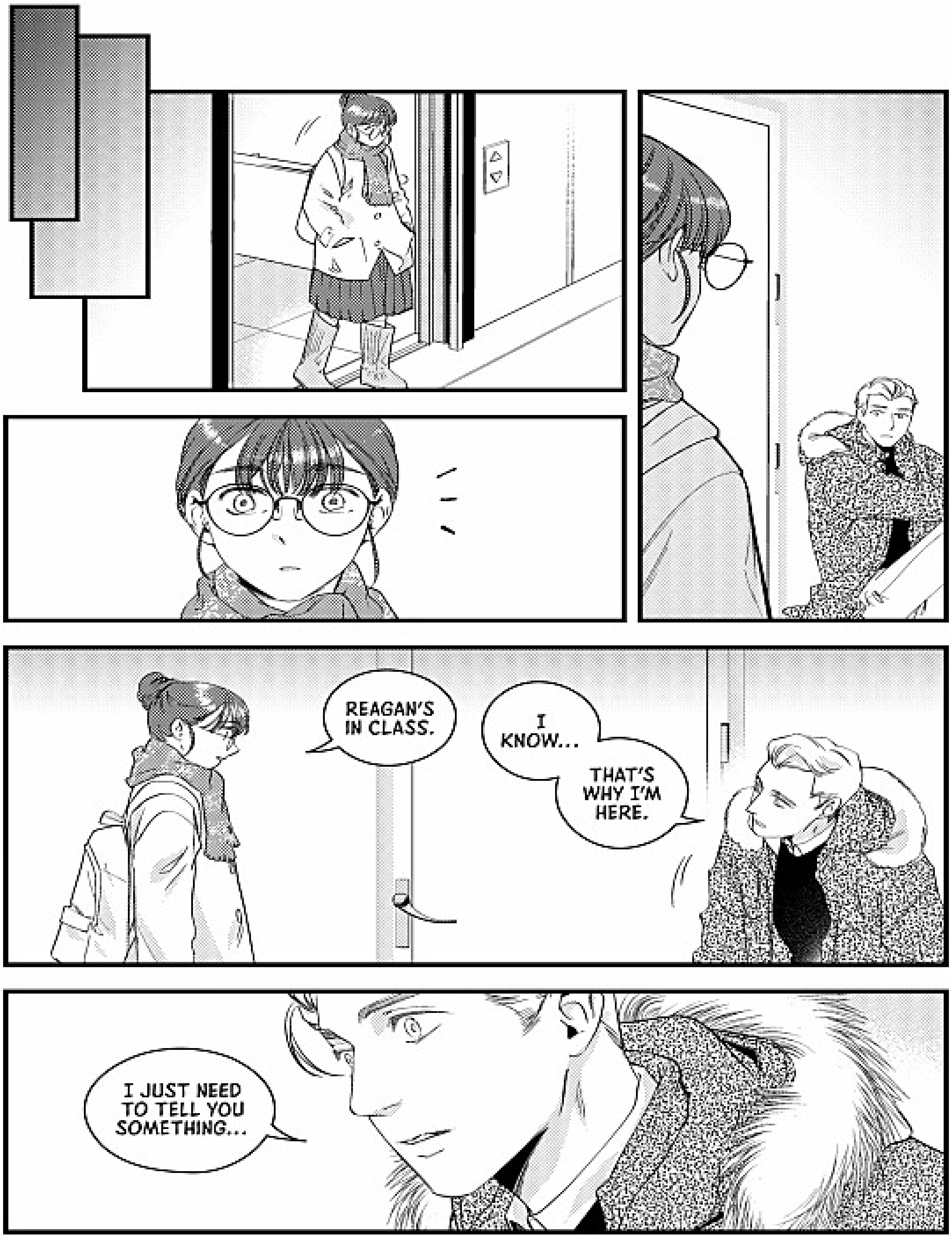

SHAKE
NO! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT!
JUST FAIL ME. IT'S WHAT I DESERVE.
I WILL *ABSOLUTELY* FAIL YOU...
...AT THE END OF THE SEMESTER, *IF* YOU DON'T TURN IN A SHORT STORY.
SQUEEZE
I...
I NEED SOME TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.
CATH, ONE MORE THING!
SWF
ARE YOU FRIENDS WITH NICK MANTER?

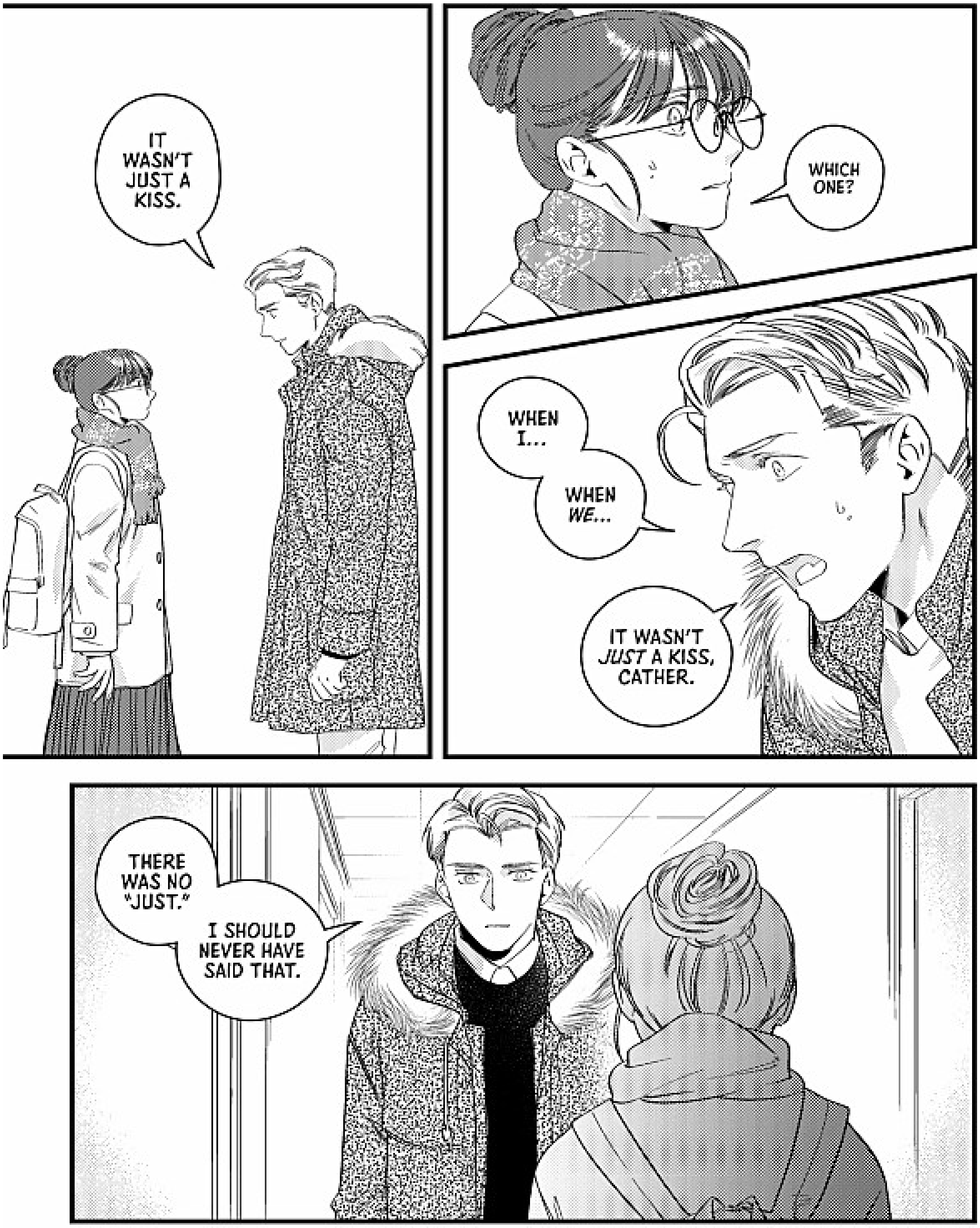

WE...
SORT OF.
DID YOU HELP NICK ON HIS FINAL PROJECT?
NOD
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE...
I COULD HEAR YOU— IN SOME OF THE BEST PARTS.
I HOPE I'LL SEE A STORY FROM YOU SOON.
TAKE THE RISK, CATH. GET OUT THERE AND KILL YOUR DARLINGS.

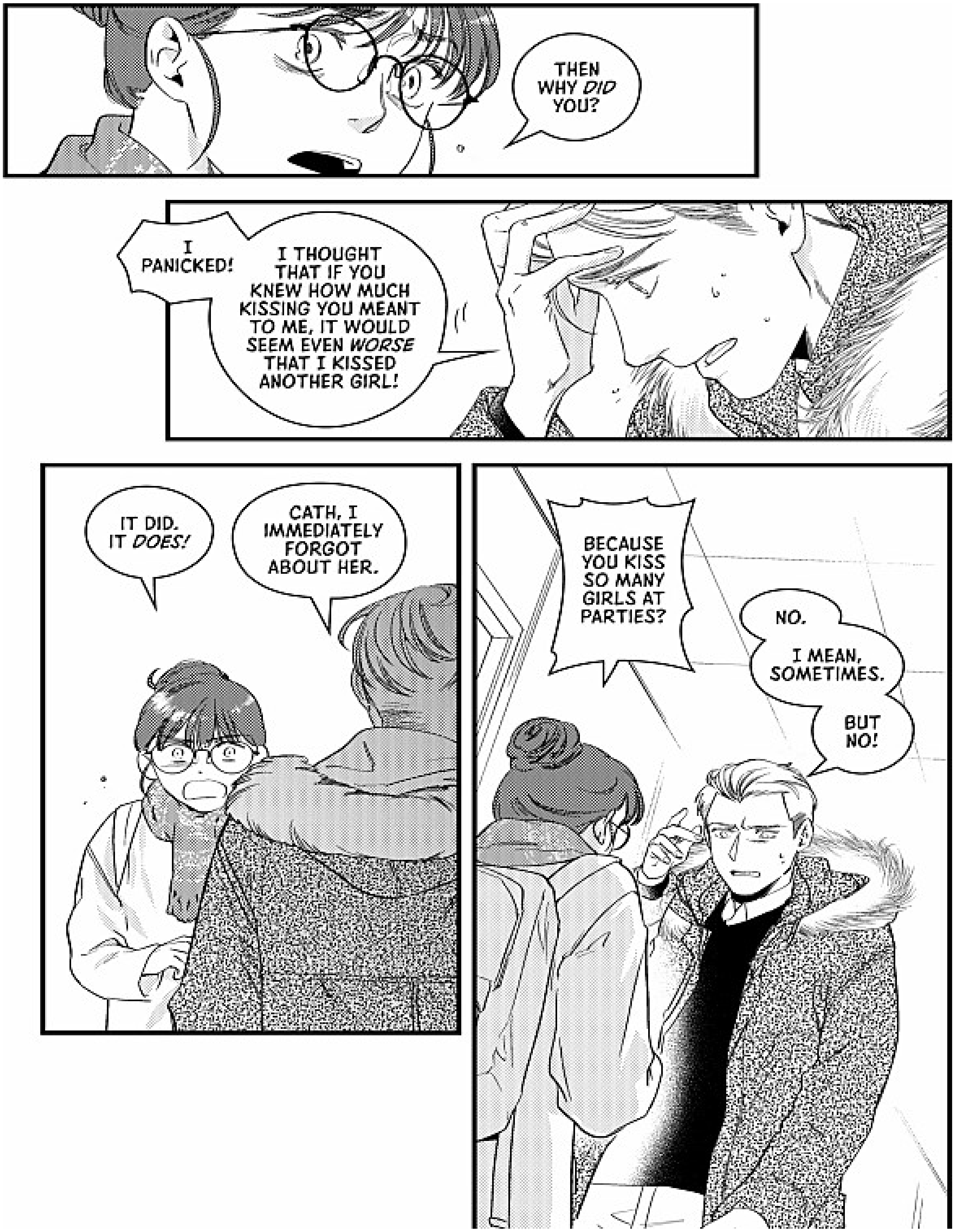
From *Carry On, Simon*
By FanFixx.net author Magicath
Archived one year ago

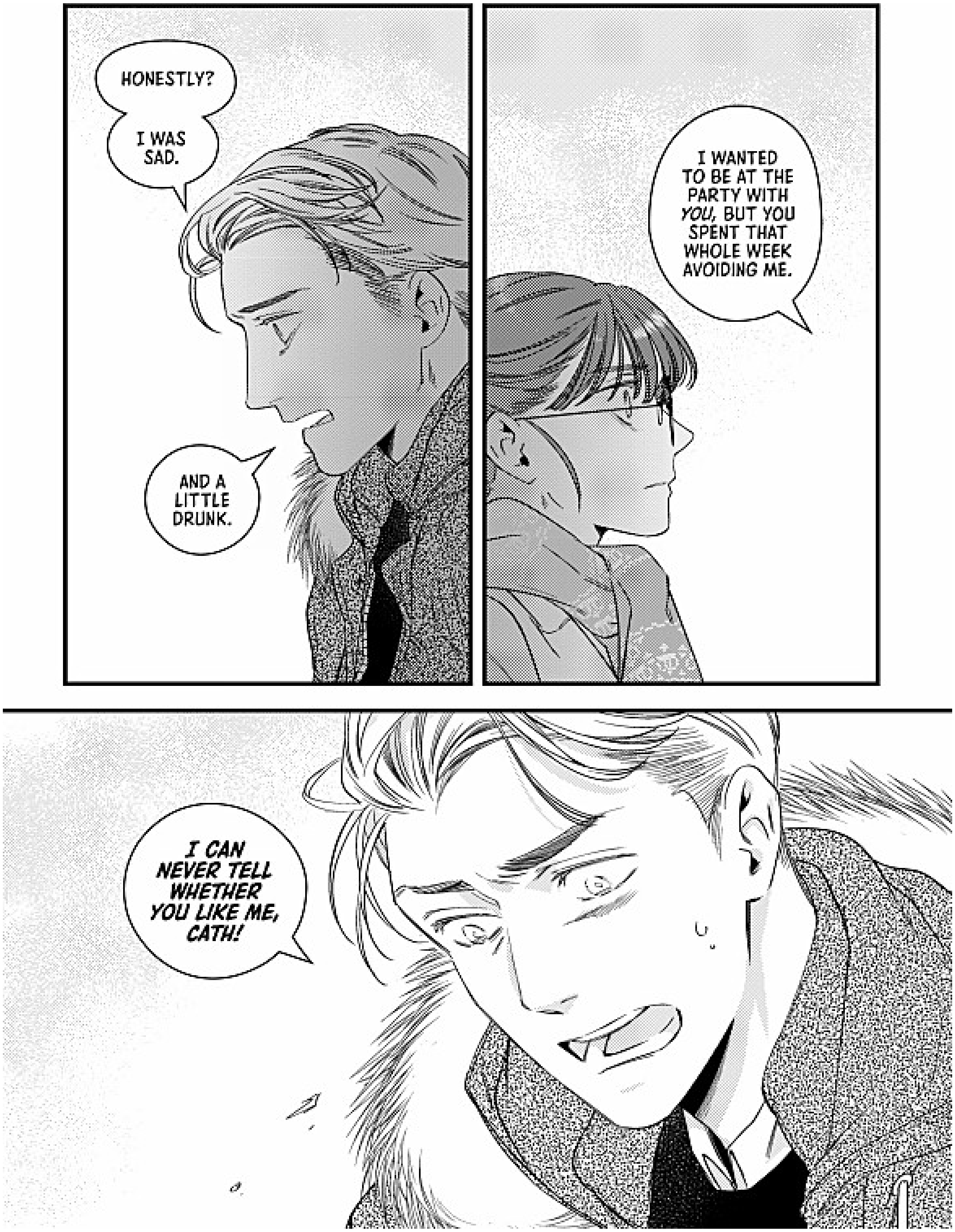

GRIP
I DON'T TRUST YOU!
WELL, I DON'T TRUST YOU!

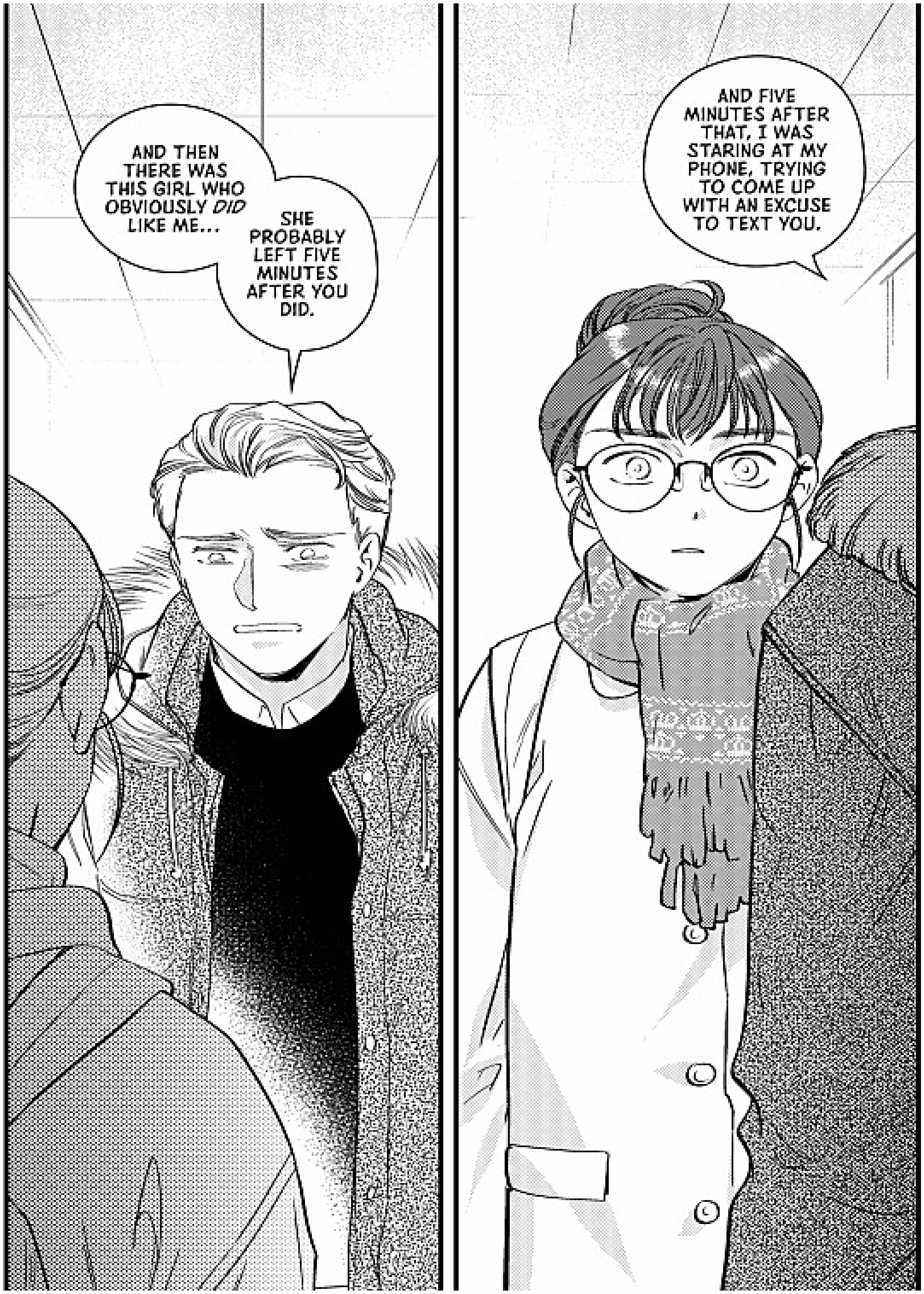

WHY DO YOU NEED TO TRUST ME?
I'M THE ONE HANGING OFF A CLIFF!
KNOWING YOU, YOU'LL BRING THE BOTH OF US DOWN JUST TO SPITE ME!
GRAB
YOU'RE WELCOME, SNOW.
YANK!

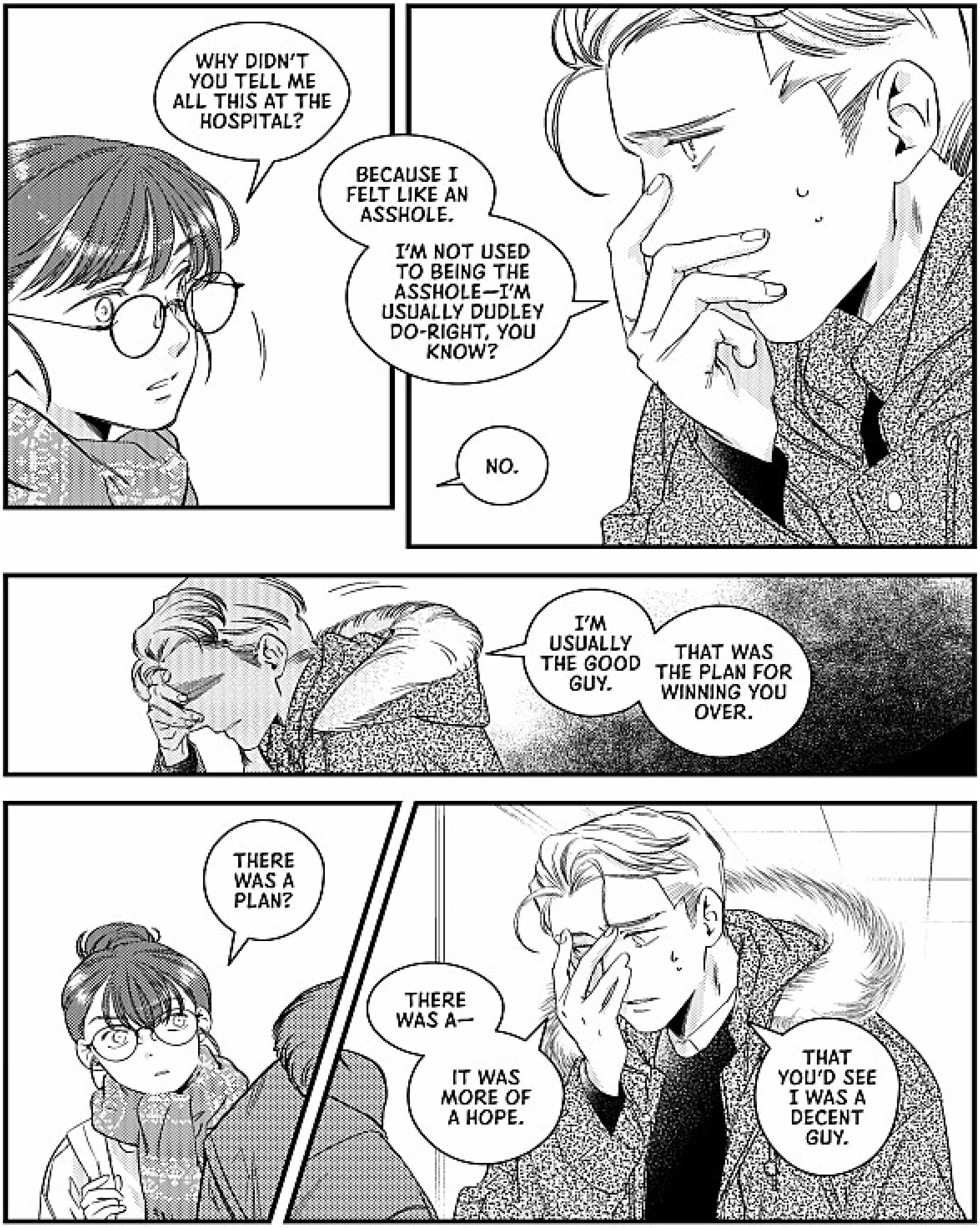

REAGAN'S IN CLASS.
I KNOW...
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
I JUST NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING...

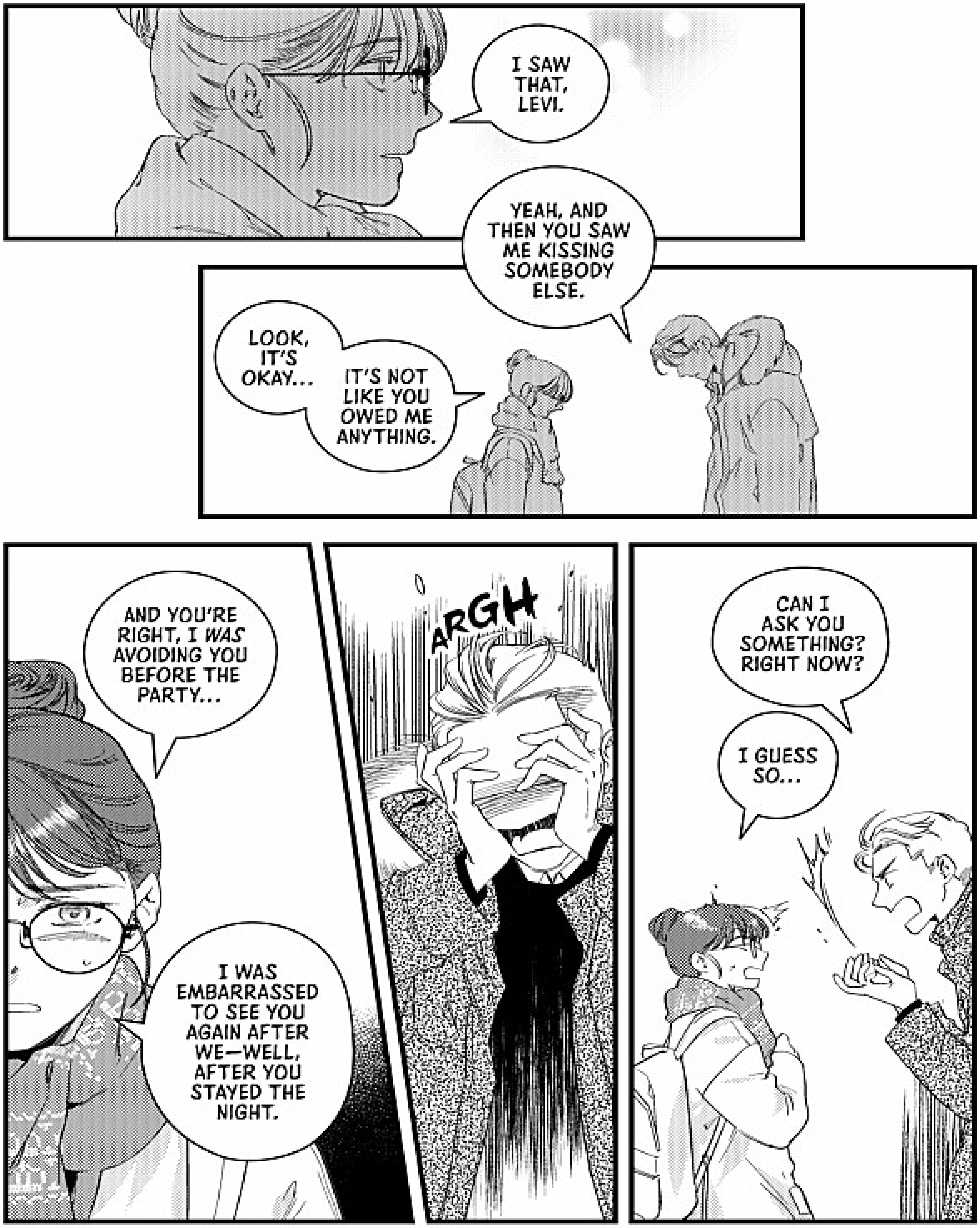

IT WASN'T JUST A KISS.
WHICH ONE?
WHEN I…
WHEN *WE*…
IT WASN'T *JUST* A KISS, CATHER.
THERE WAS NO "JUST."
I *SHOULD* NEVER HAVE SAID THAT.

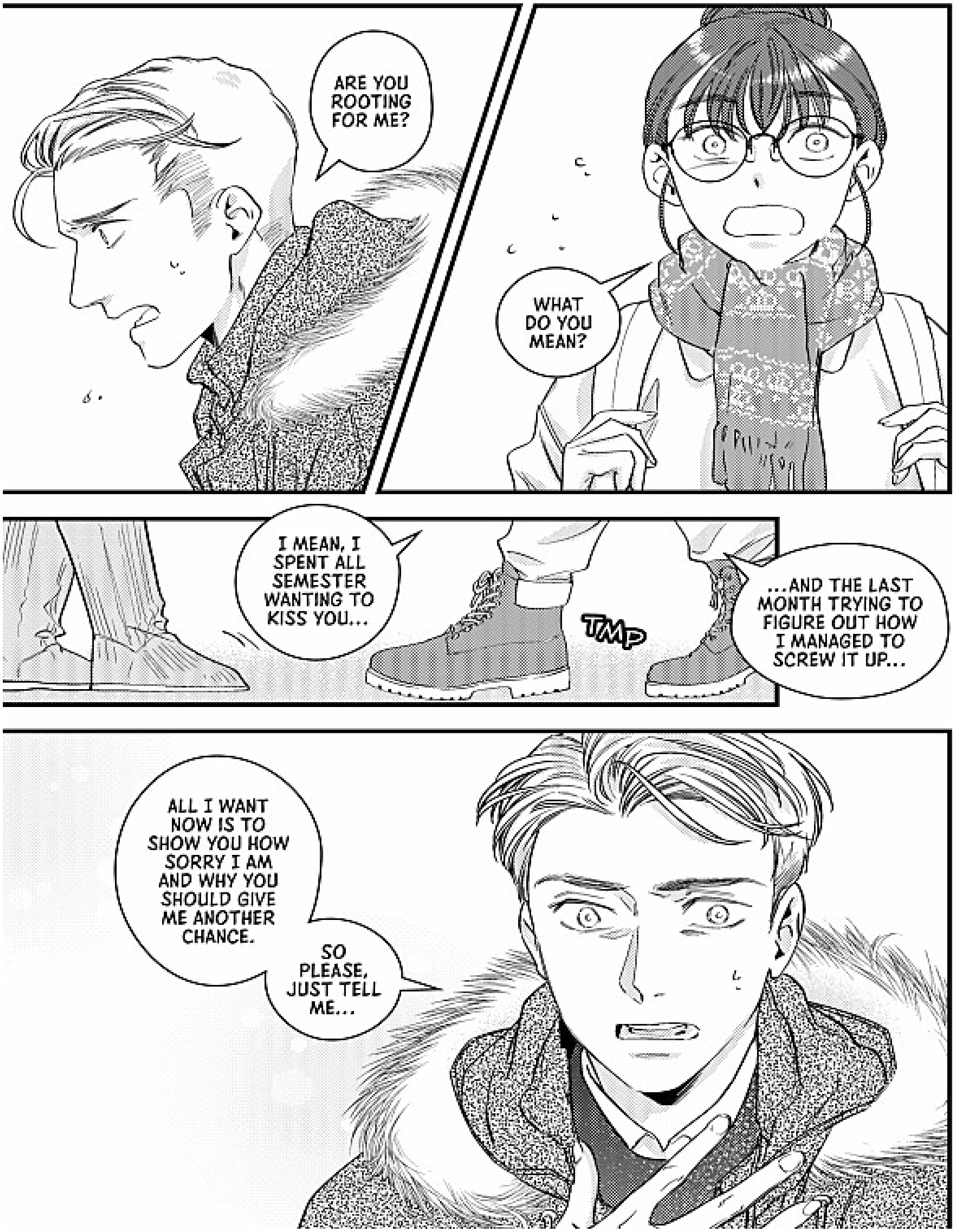

THEN WHY *DID* YOU?
I PANICKED!
I THOUGHT THAT IF YOU KNEW HOW MUCH KISSING YOU MEANT TO ME, IT WOULD SEEM EVEN *WORSE* THAT I KISSED ANOTHER GIRL!
IT DID. IT *DOES!*
CATH, I IMMEDIATELY FORGOT ABOUT HER.
BECAUSE YOU KISS SO MANY GIRLS AT PARTIES?
NO.
I MEAN, SOMETIMES.
BUT NO!

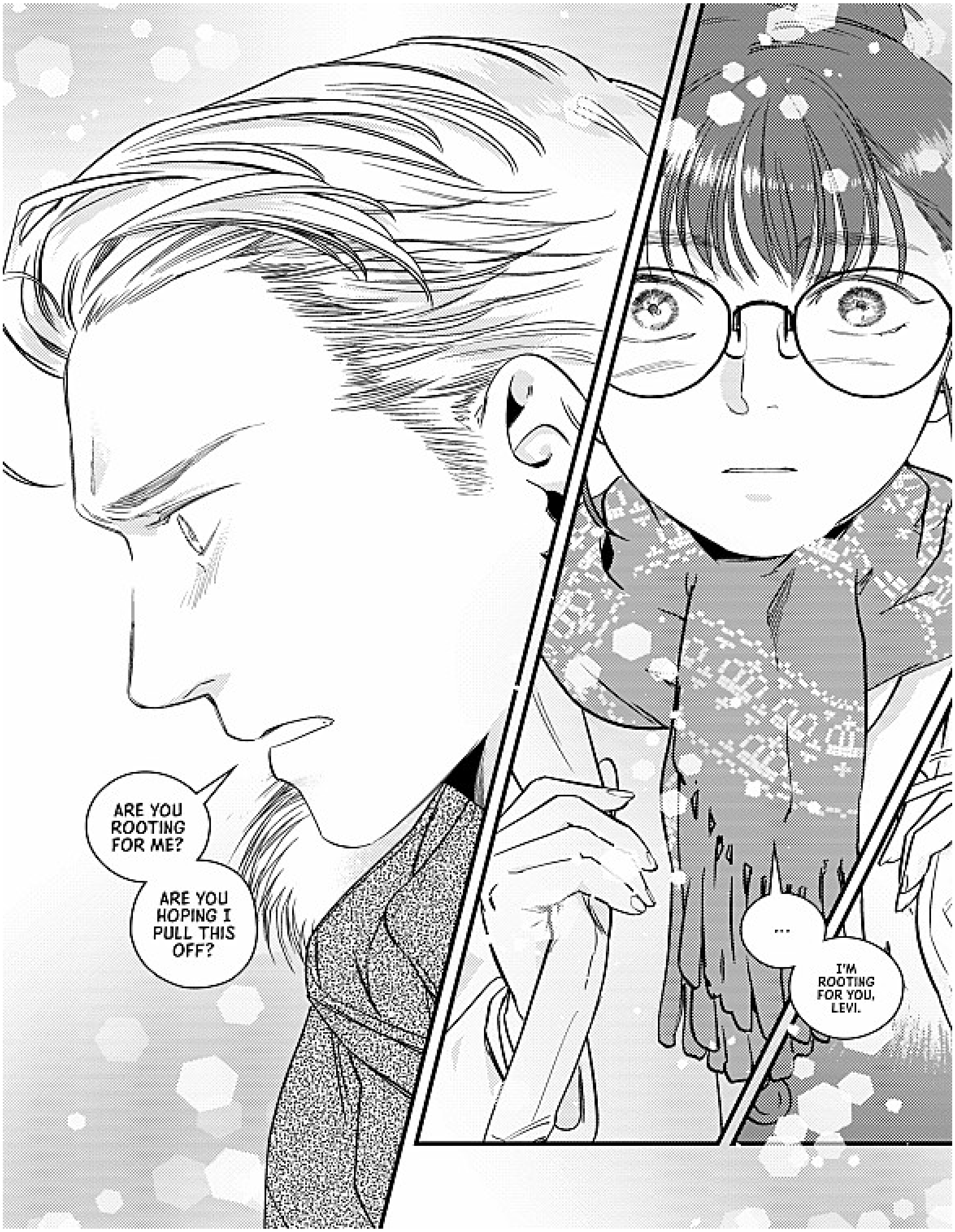

HONESTLY?
I WAS SAD.
AND A LITTLE DRUNK.
I WANTED TO BE AT THE PARTY WITH *YOU,* BUT YOU SPENT THAT WHOLE WEEK AVOIDING ME.
I CAN NEVER TELL WHETHER YOU LIKE ME, CATH!

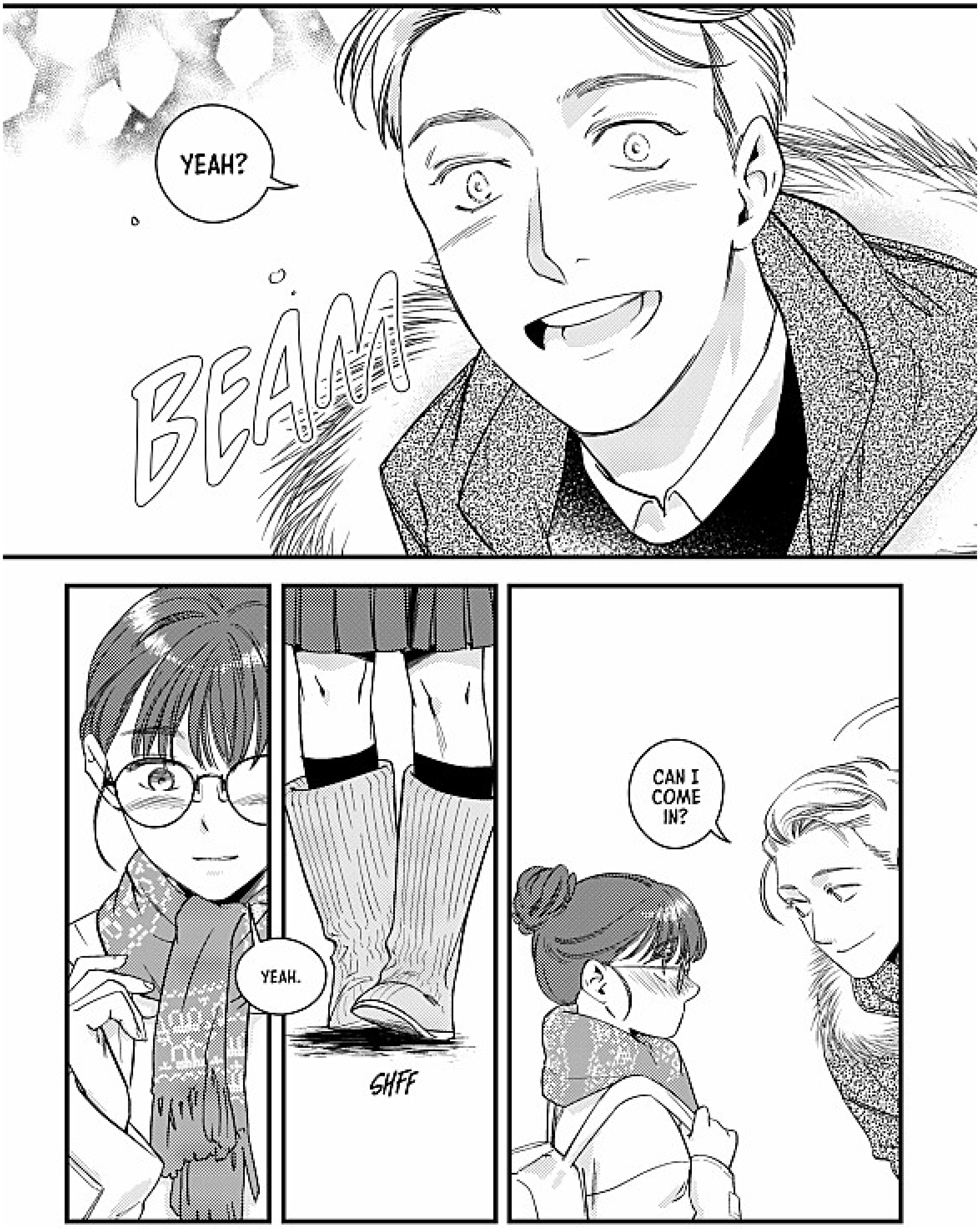

AND THEN THERE WAS THIS GIRL WHO OBVIOUSLY *DID* LIKE ME...
SHE PROBABLY LEFT FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU DID.
AND FIVE MINUTES AFTER THAT, I WAS *STARING* AT MY PHONE, TRYING TO COME UP WITH AN EXCUSE TO TEXT YOU.

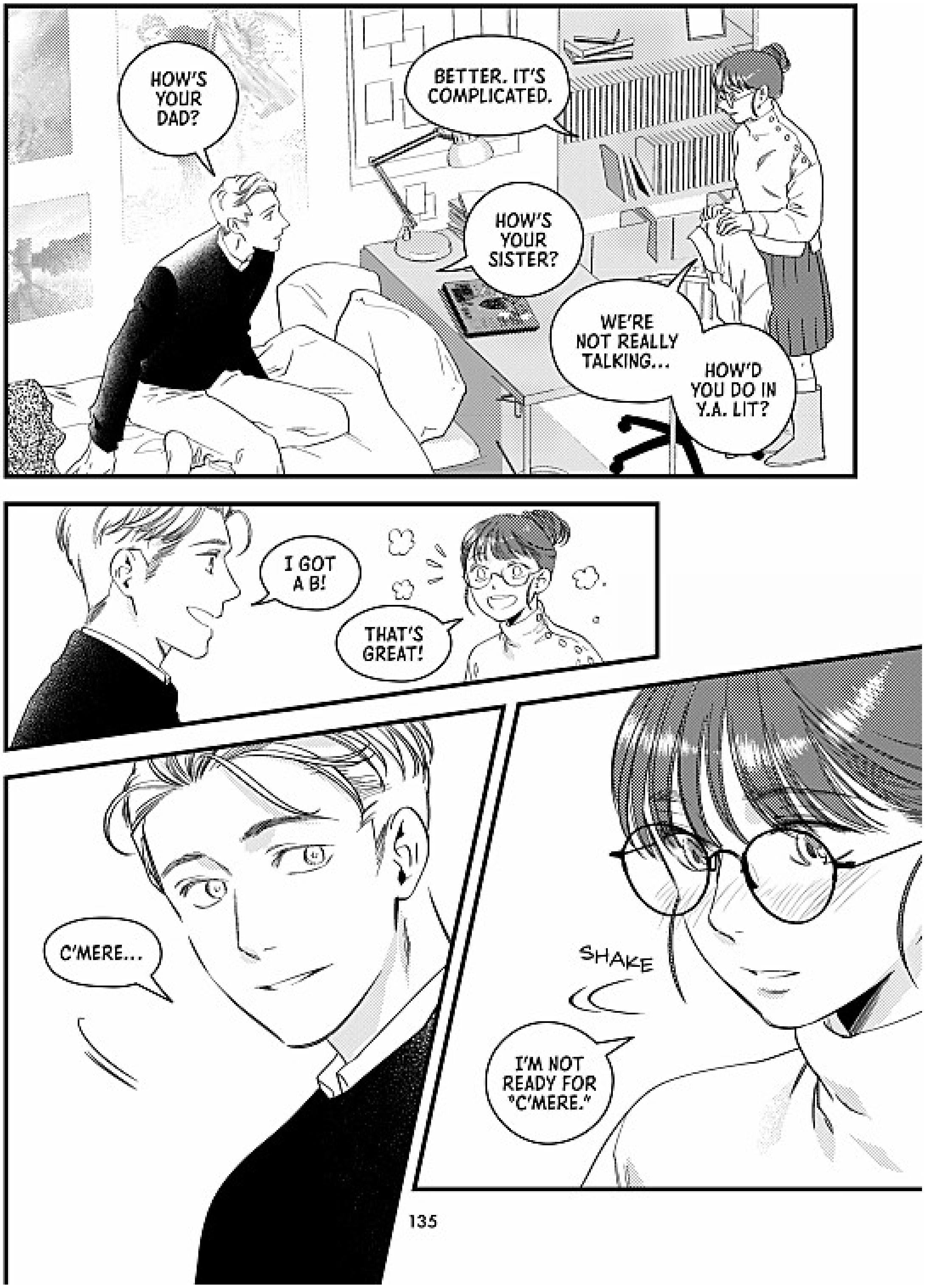

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ALL THIS AT THE HOSPITAL?
BECAUSE I FELT LIKE AN ASSHOLE.
I'M NOT USED TO BEING THE ASSHOLE—I'M USUALLY DUDLEY DO-RIGHT, YOU KNOW?
NO.
I'M USUALLY THE GOOD GUY.
THAT WAS THE PLAN FOR WINNING YOU OVER.
THERE WAS A PLAN?
THERE WAS A—
IT WAS MORE OF A HOPE.
THAT YOU'D SEE I WAS A DECENT GUY.

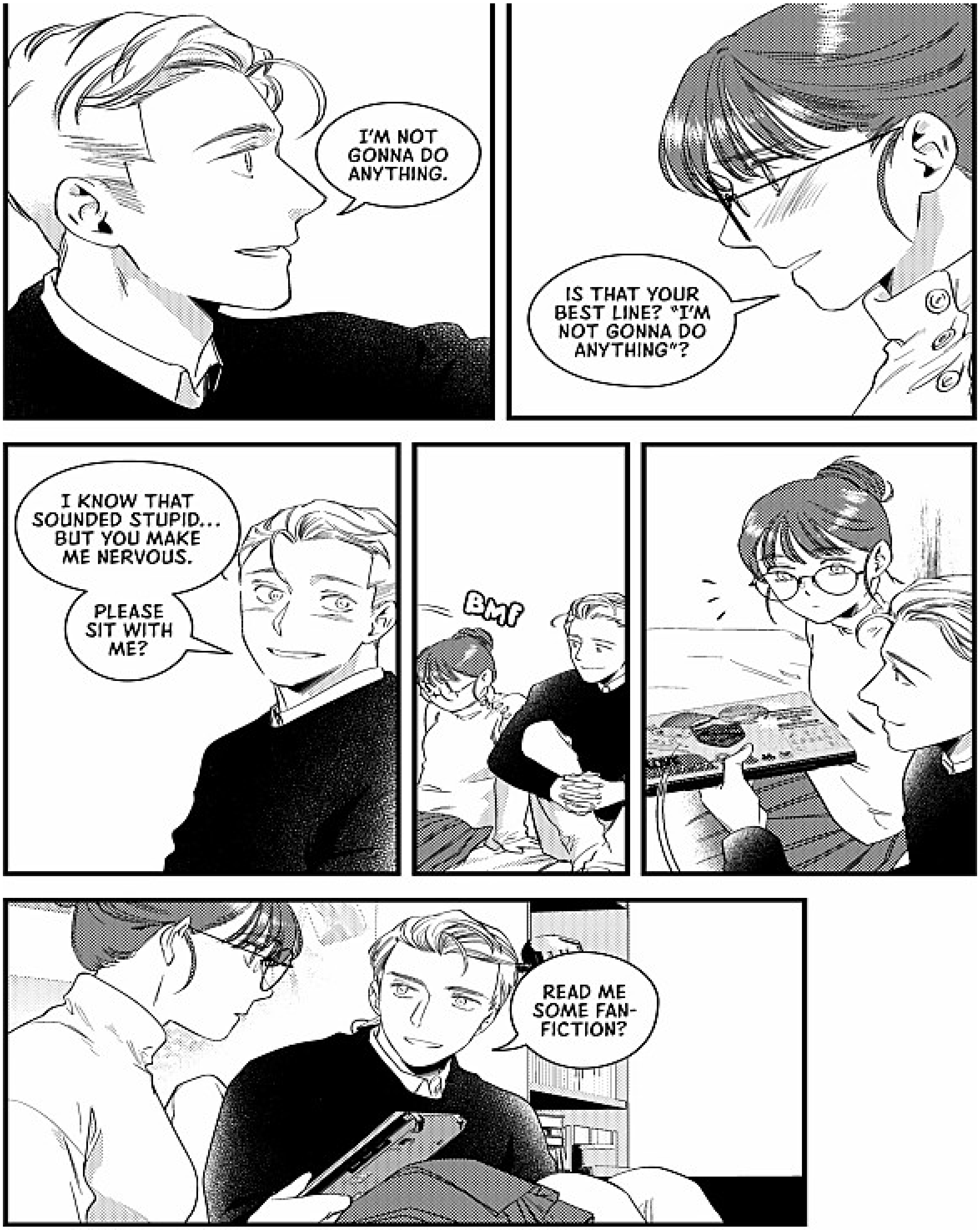

I SAW THAT, LEVI.
YEAH, AND THEN YOU SAW ME KISSING SOMEBODY ELSE.
LOOK, IT'S OKAY...
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU OWED ME ANYTHING.
AND YOU'RE RIGHT, I *WAS* AVOIDING YOU BEFORE THE PARTY...
I WAS EMBARRASSED TO SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER WE—WELL, AFTER YOU STAYED THE NIGHT.
ARGH
CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING? RIGHT NOW?
I GUESS SO...

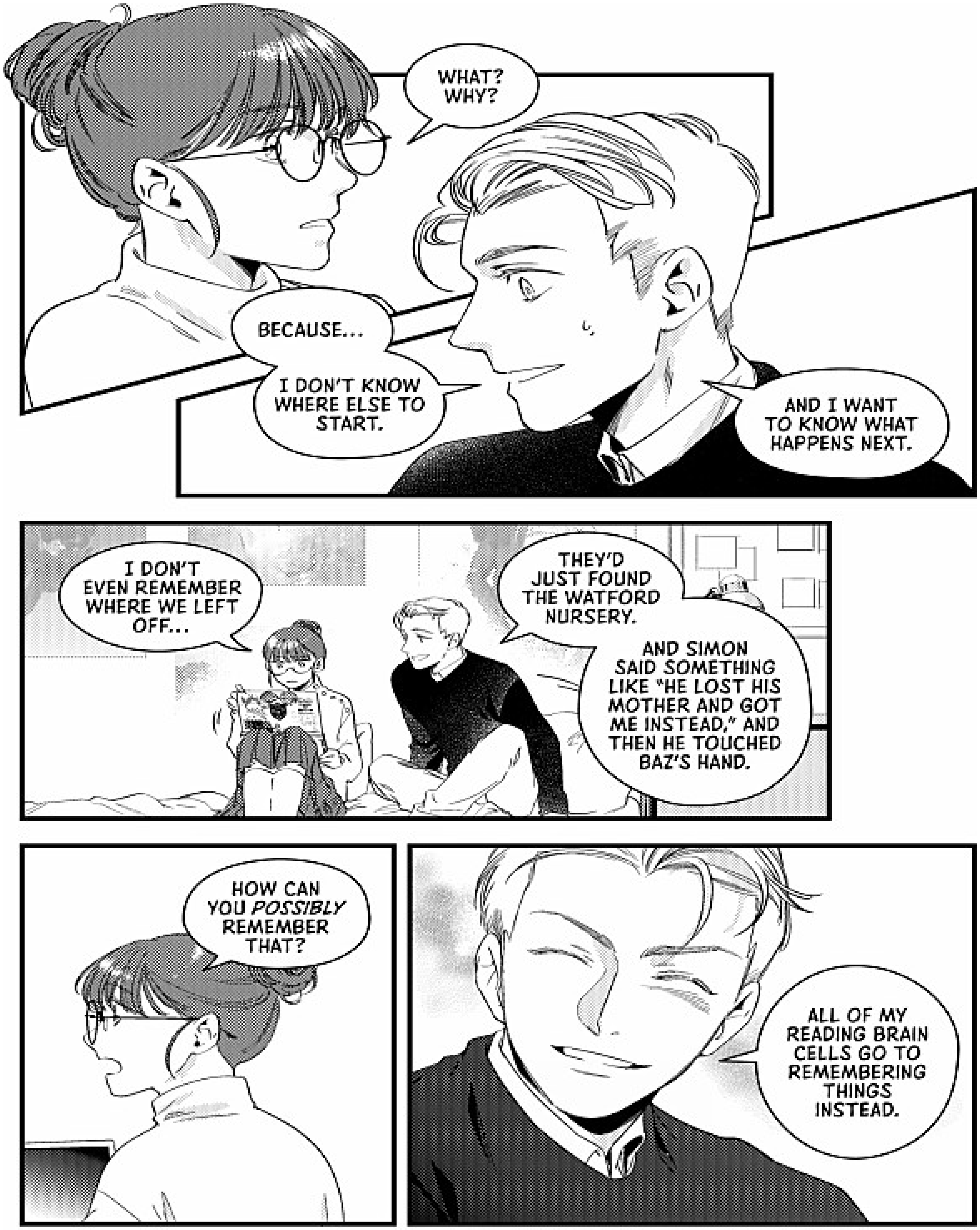

ARE YOU ROOTING FOR ME?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, I SPENT ALL SEMESTER WANTING TO KISS YOU...
TMP
...AND THE LAST MONTH TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW I MANAGED TO SCREW IT UP...
ALL I WANT NOW IS TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY I AM AND WHY YOU SHOULD GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE.
SO PLEASE, JUST TELL ME...

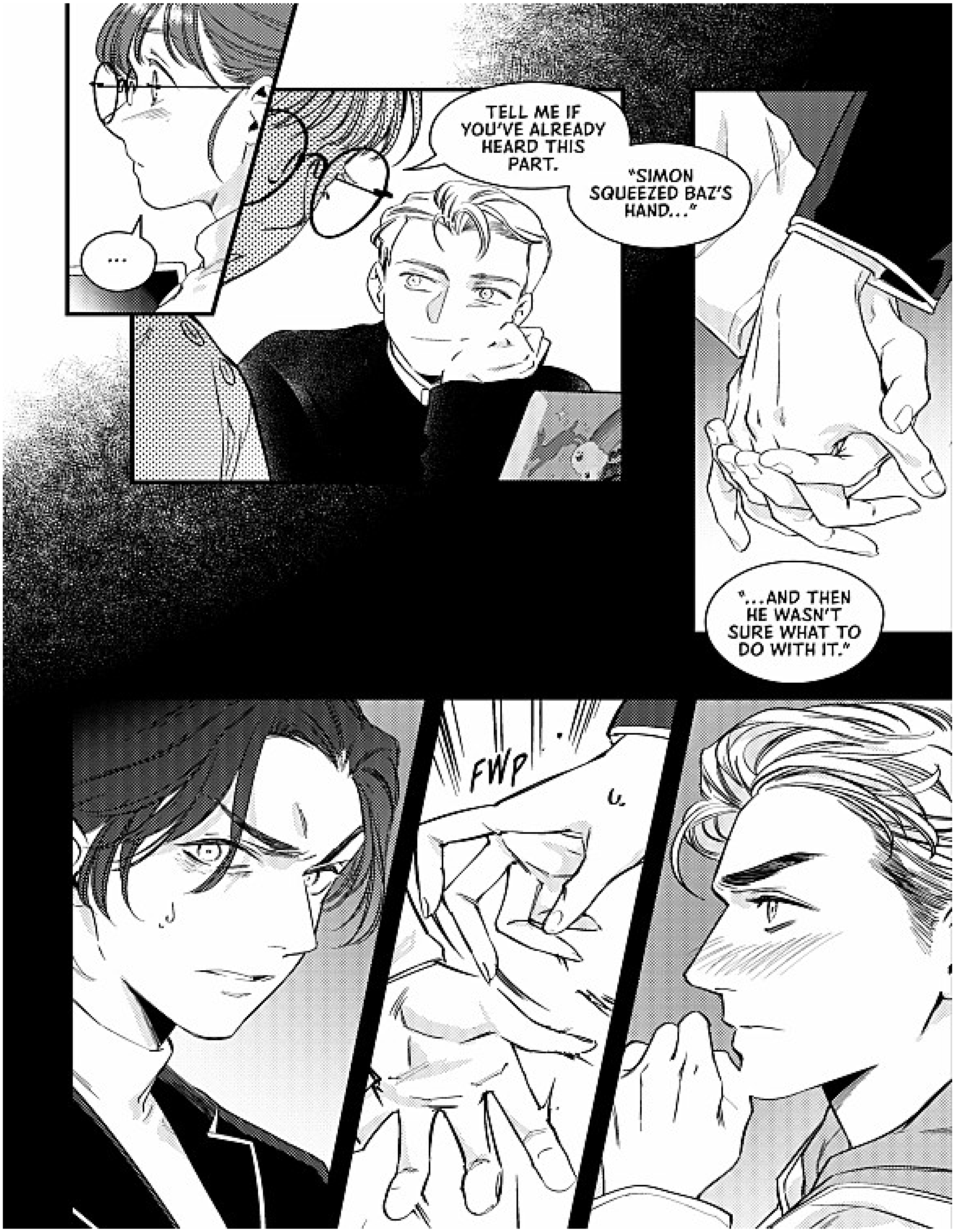

ARE YOU ROOTING FOR ME?
ARE YOU HOPING I PULL THIS OFF?
...
I'M ROOTING FOR YOU, LEVI.

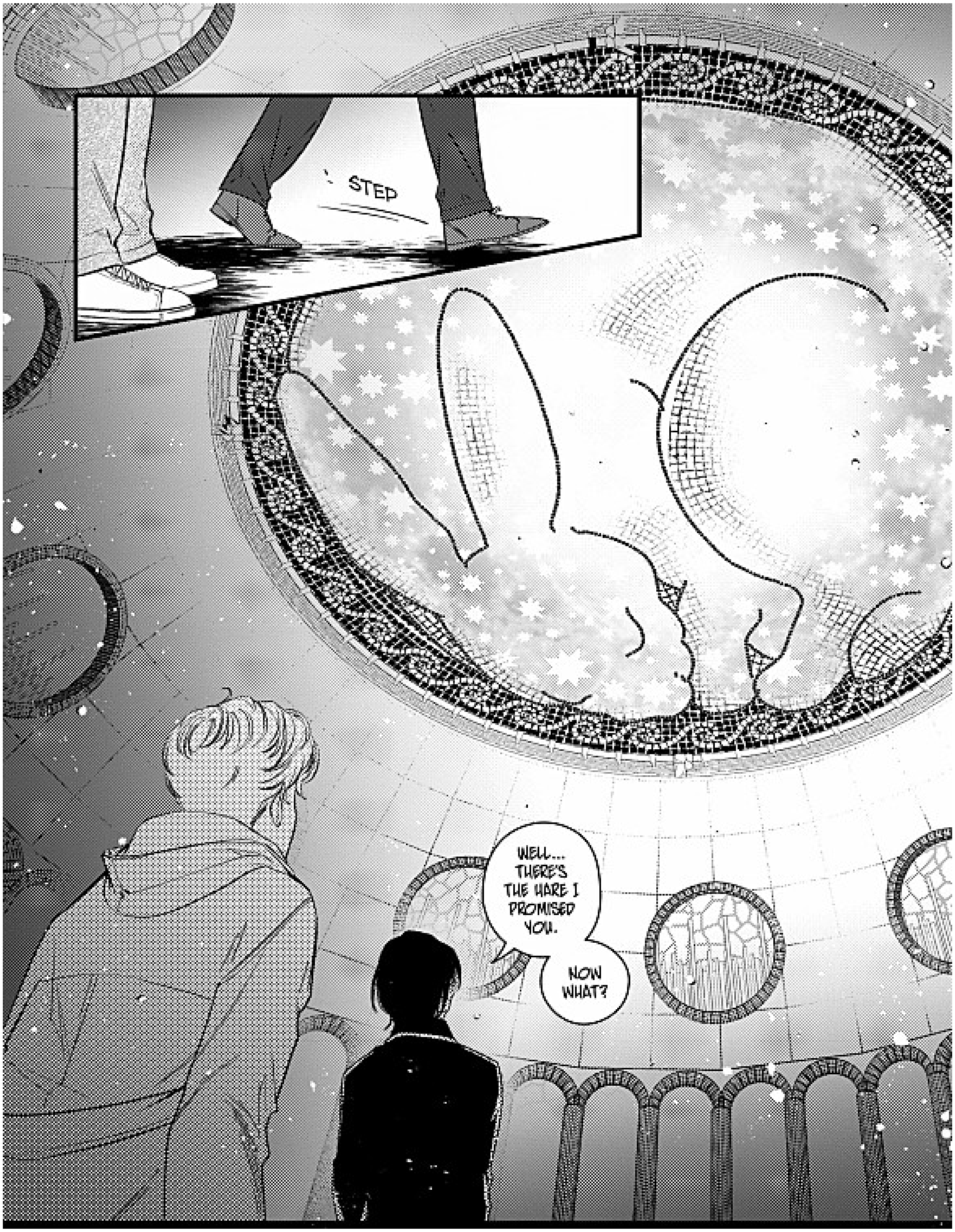

YEAH?
BEAM
CAN I COME IN?
SHFF
YEAH.

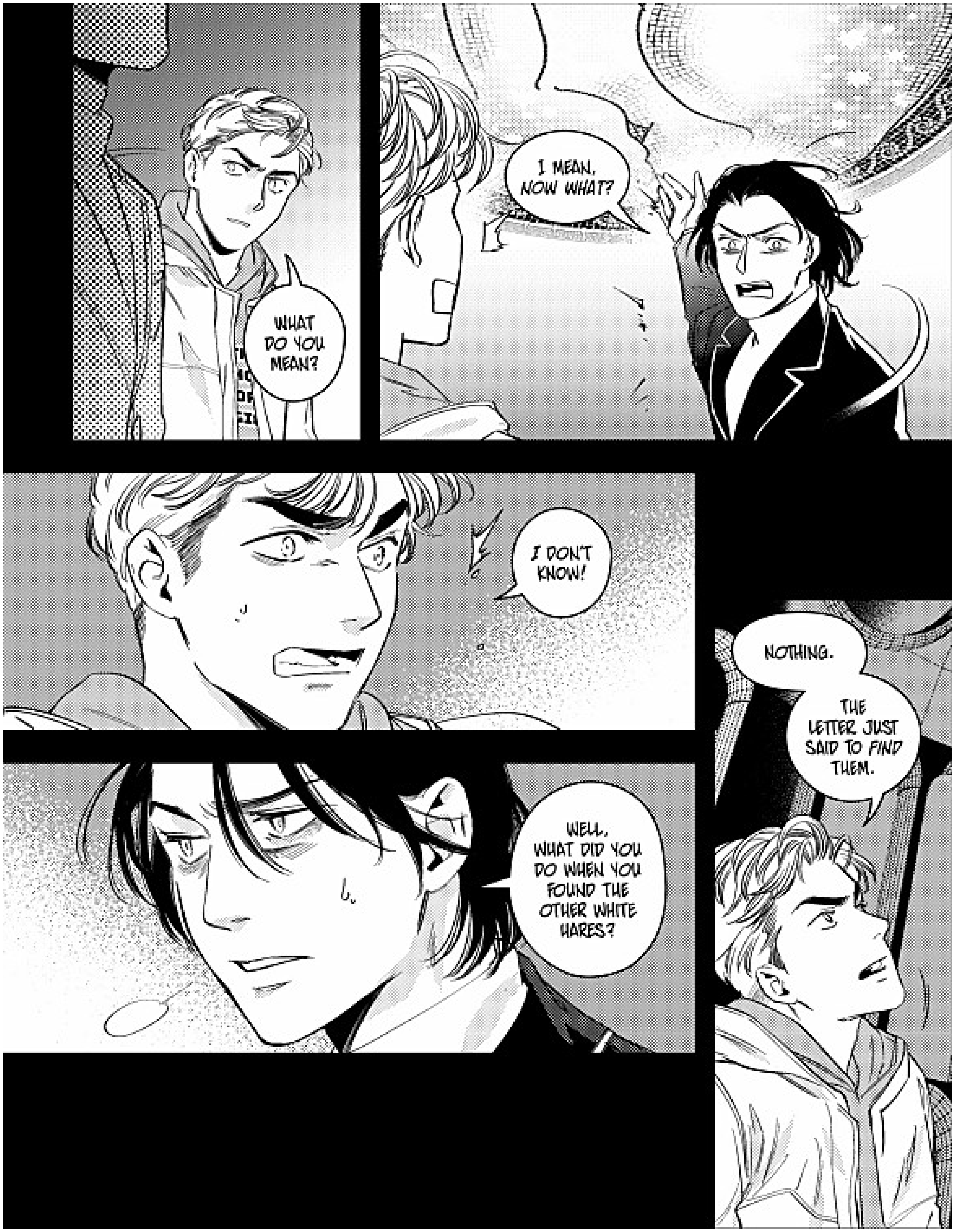

HOW'S YOUR DAD?
BETTER. IT'S COMPLICATED.
HOW'S YOUR SISTER?
WE'RE NOT REALLY TALKING...
HOW'D YOU DO IN Y.A. LIT?
I GOT A B!
THAT'S GREAT!
C'MERE...
SHAKE
I'M NOT READY FOR "C'MERE."

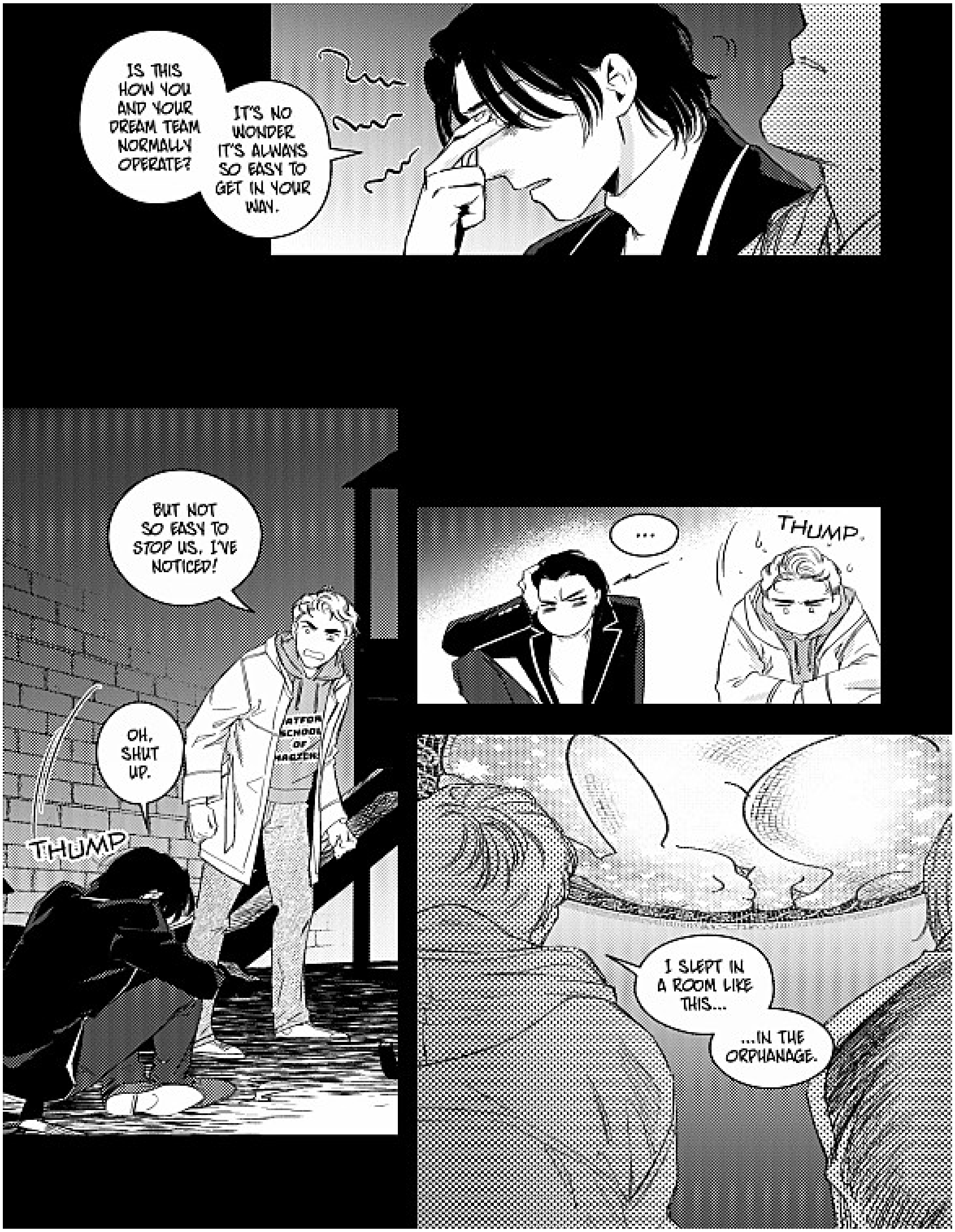

I'M NOT GONNA DO ANYTHING.
IS THAT YOUR BEST LINE? "I'M NOT GONNA DO ANYTHING"?
I KNOW THAT SOUNDED STUPID... BUT YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS.
PLEASE SIT WITH ME?
BMF
READ ME SOME FAN-FICTION?

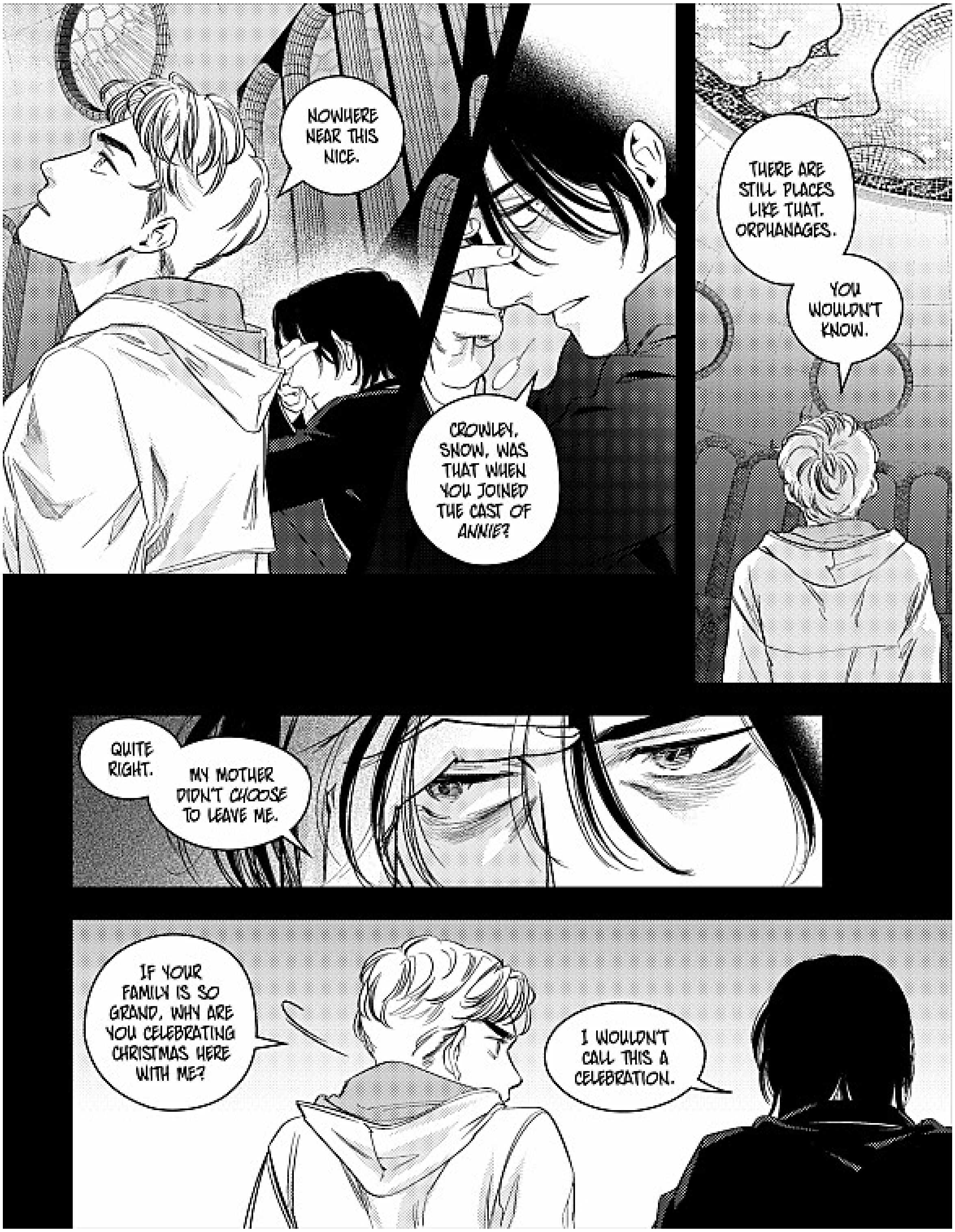

WHAT? WHY?
BECAUSE...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO START.
AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHERE WE LEFT OFF...
THEY'D JUST FOUND THE WATFORD NURSERY.
AND SIMON SAID *SOMETHING* LIKE "HE LOST HIS MOTHER AND GOT ME INSTEAD," AND THEN HE TOUCHED BAZ'S HAND.
HOW CAN YOU *POSSIBLY* REMEMBER THAT?
ALL OF MY READING BRAIN CELLS GO TO REMEMBERING THINGS INSTEAD.

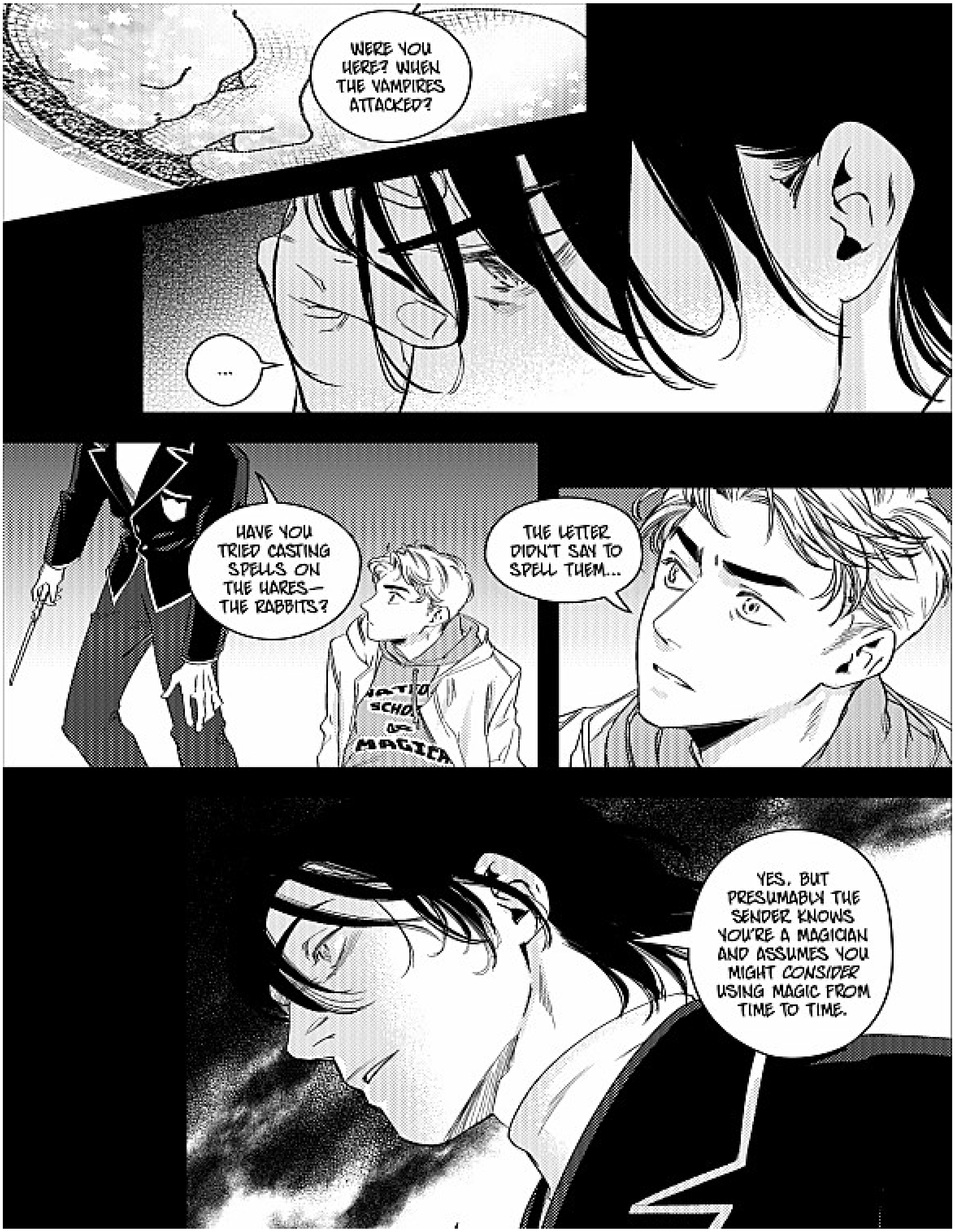

...
TELL ME IF YOU'VE ALREADY HEARD THIS PART.
"SIMON SQUEEZED BAZ'S HAND..."
"...AND THEN HE WASN'T SURE WHAT TO DO WITH IT."
FWP

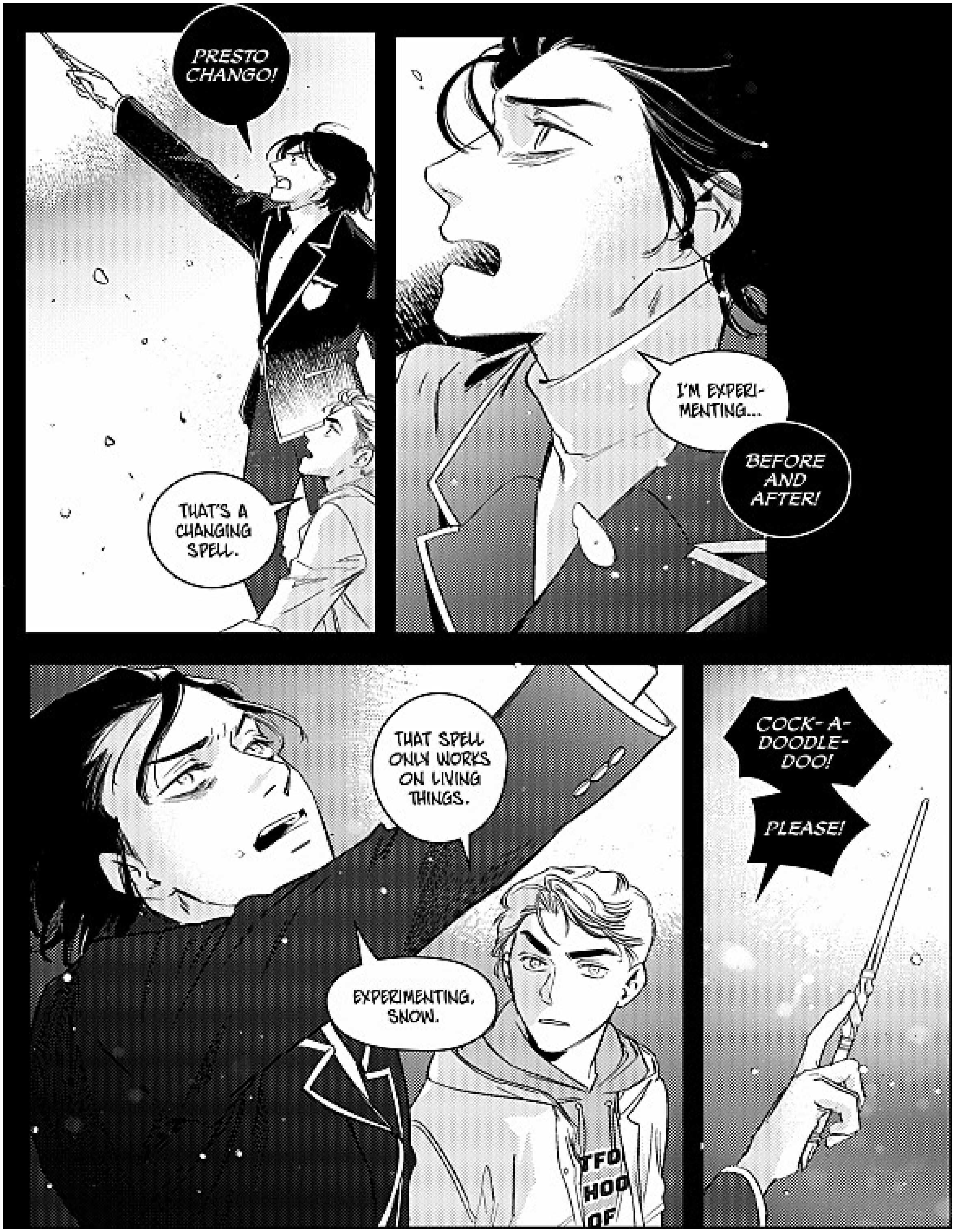

STEP
WELL... THERE'S THE HARE I PROMISED YOU.
NOW WHAT?

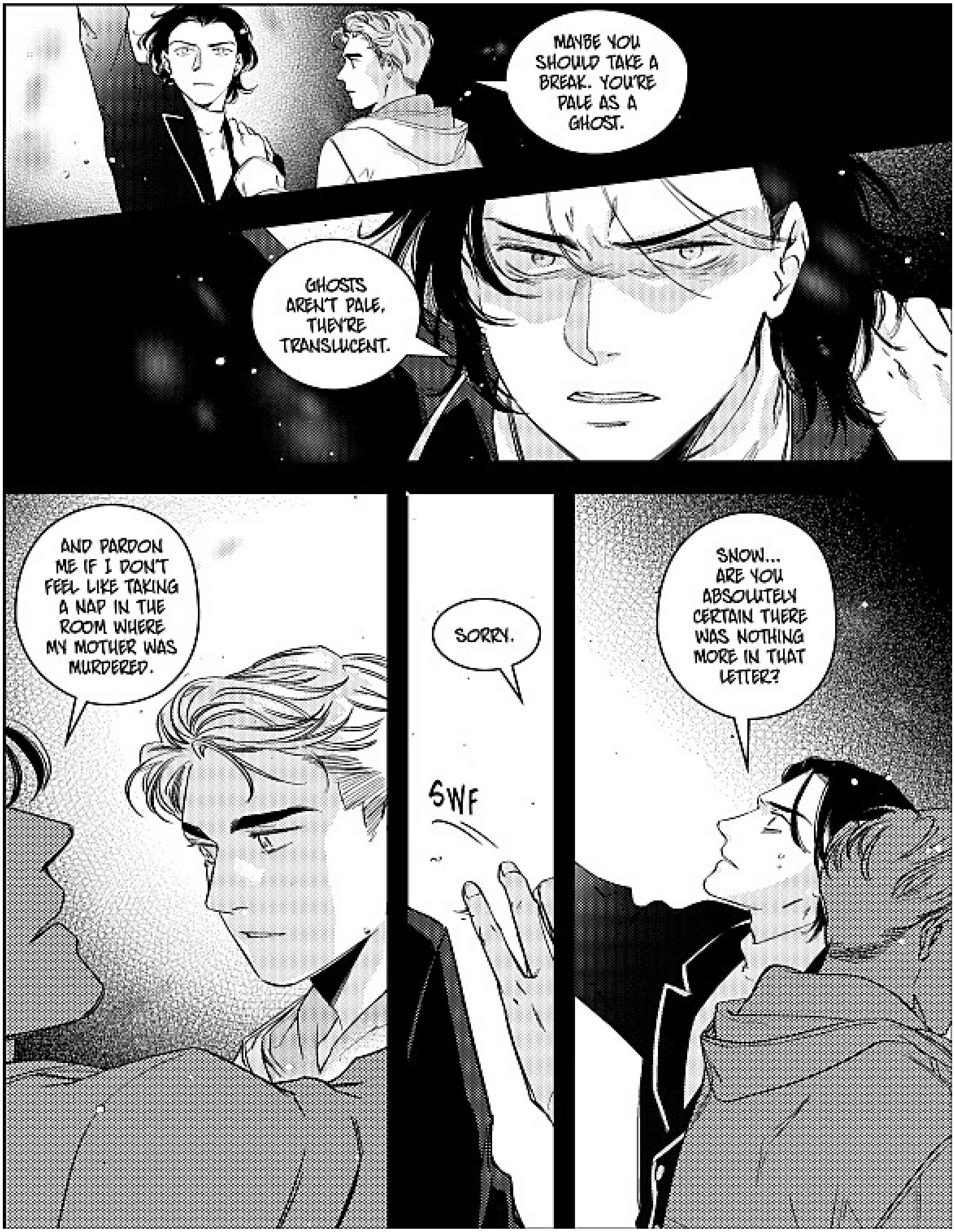

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, NOW WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW!
WELL, WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN YOU FOUND THE OTHER WHITE HARES?
NOTHING.
THE LETTER JUST SAID TO FIND THEM.

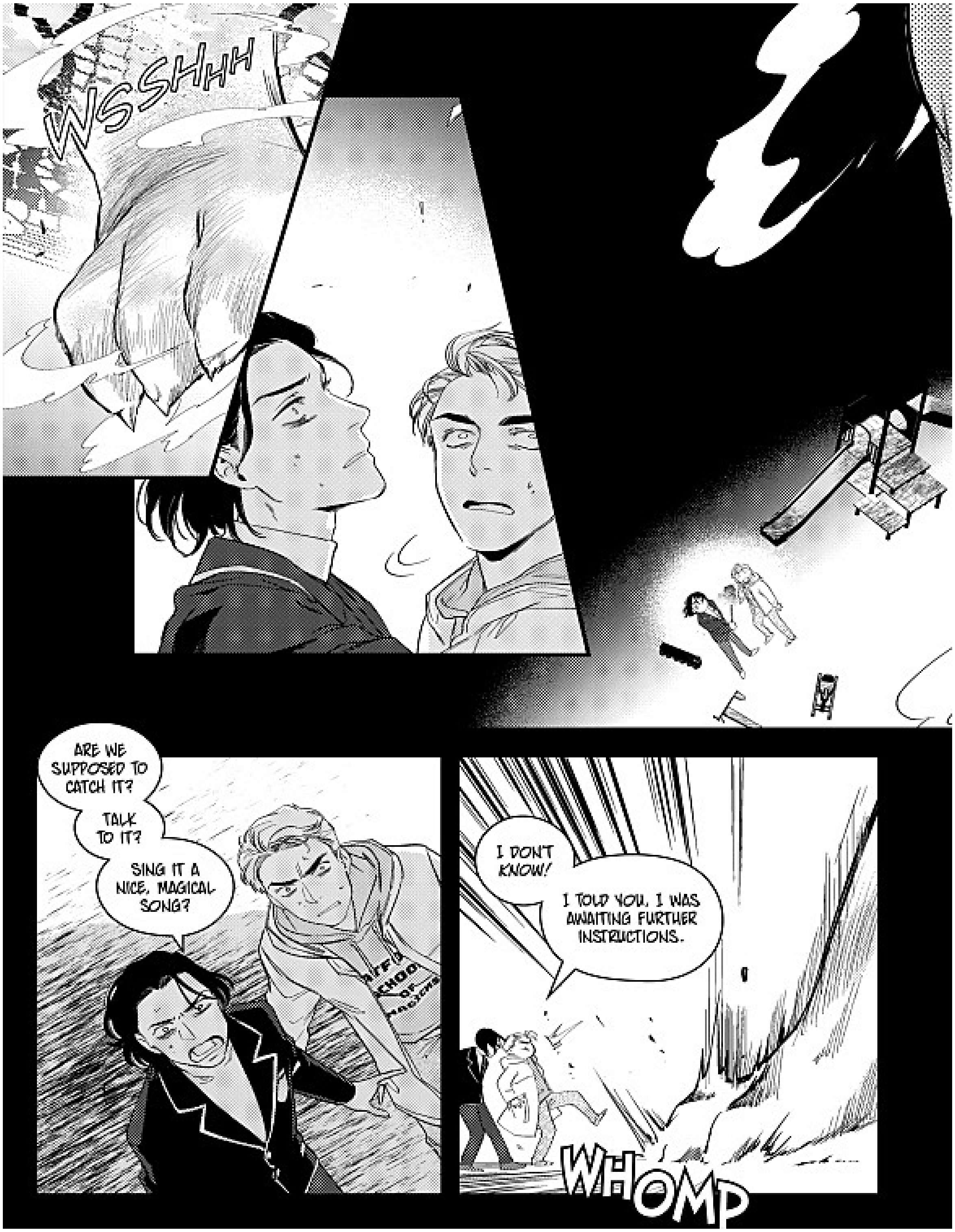

IS THIS HOW YOU AND YOUR DREAM TEAM NORMALLY OPERATE?
IT'S NO WONDER IT'S ALWAYS SO EASY TO GET IN YOUR WAY.
BUT NOT SO EASY TO STOP US, I'VE NOTICED!
OH, SHUT UP.
THUMP
...
THUMP.
I SLEPT IN A ROOM LIKE THIS...
...IN THE ORPHANAGE.

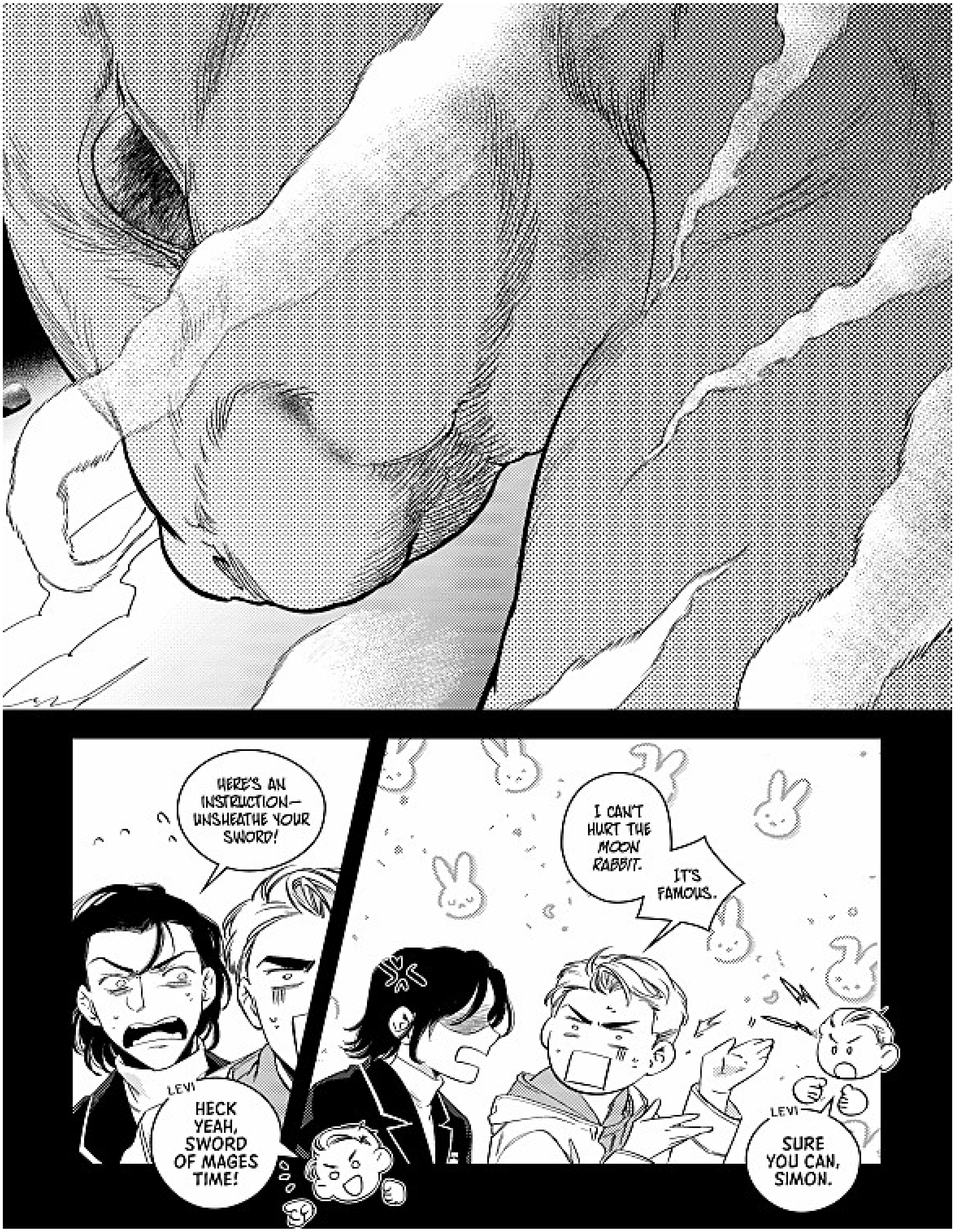

NOWHERE NEAR THIS NICE.
CROWLEY, SNOW, WAS THAT WHEN YOU JOINED THE CAST OF ANNIE?
THERE ARE STILL PLACES LIKE THAT. ORPHANAGES.
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW.
QUITE RIGHT.
MY MOTHER DIDN'T CHOOSE TO LEAVE ME.
IF YOUR FAMILY IS SO GRAND, WHY ARE YOU CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS HERE WITH ME?
I WOULDN'T CALL THIS A CELEBRATION.

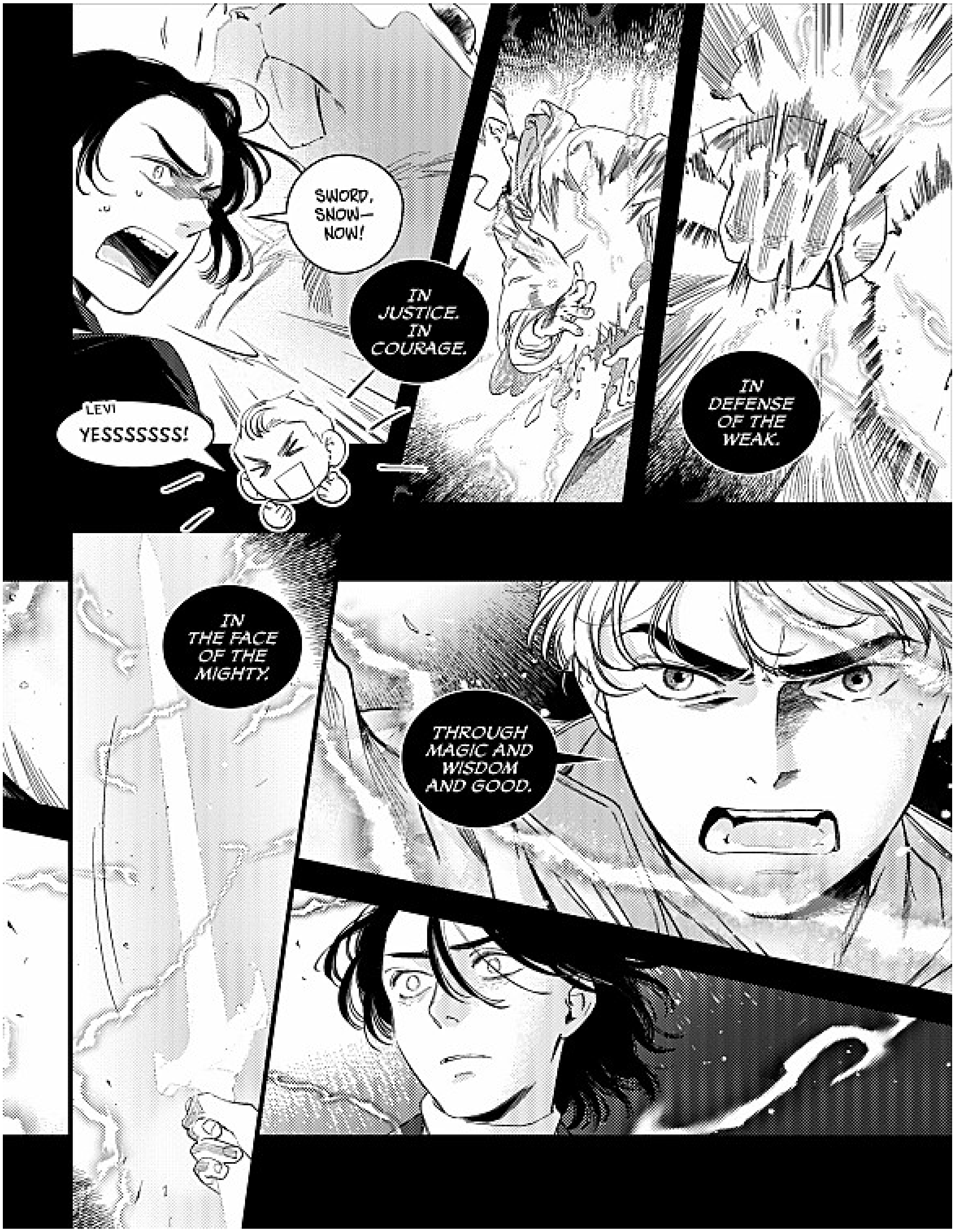

WERE YOU HERE? WHEN THE VAMPIRES ATTACKED?
...
HAVE YOU TRIED CASTING SPELLS ON THE HARES—THE RABBITS?
NATIO SCHO OF MAGICA
THE LETTER DIDN'T SAY TO SPELL THEM...
YES, BUT PRESUMABLY THE SENDER KNOWS YOU'RE A MAGICIAN AND ASSUMES YOU MIGHT *CONSIDER* USING MAGIC FROM TIME TO TIME.

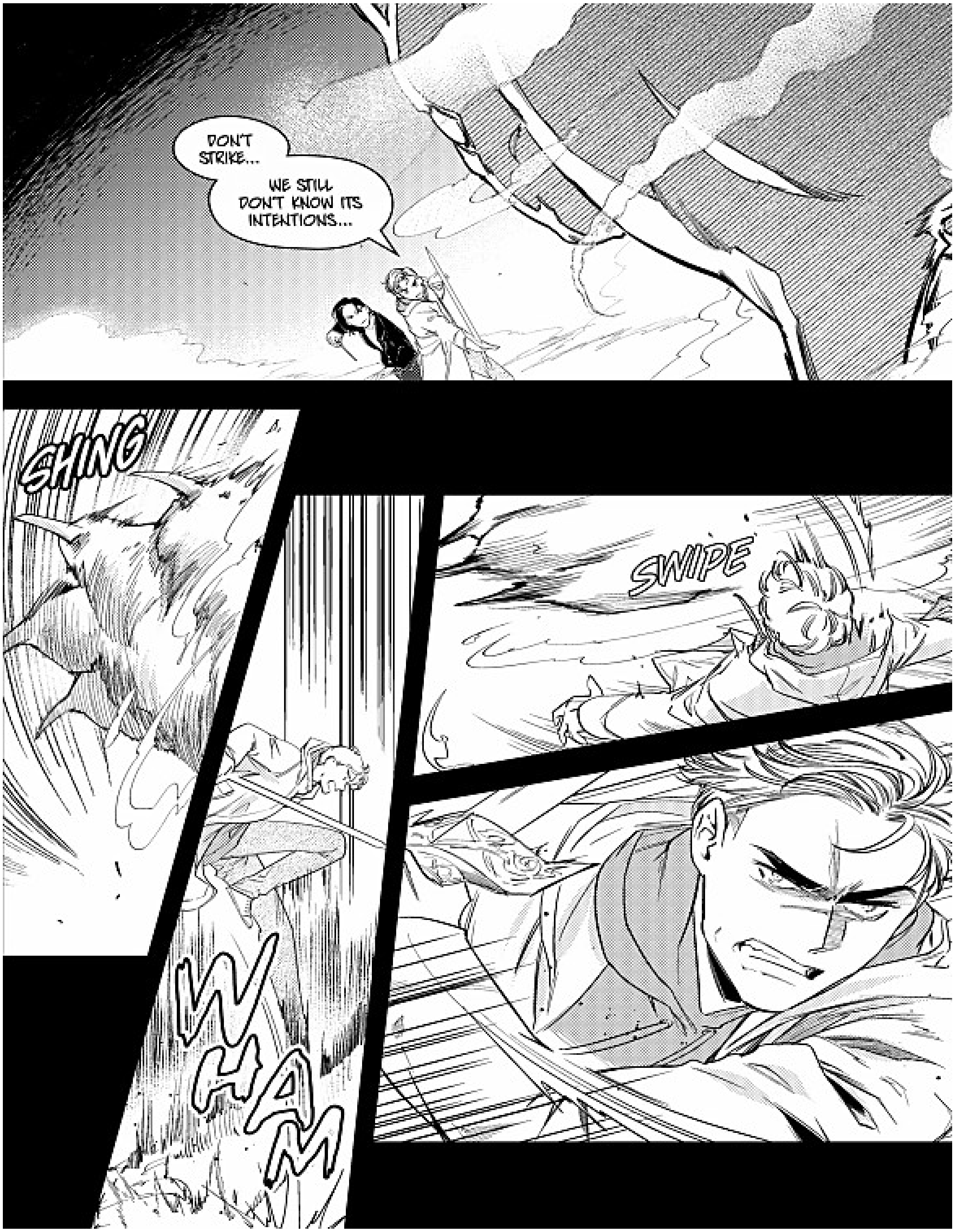

PRESTO CHANGO!
THAT'S A CHANGING SPELL.
I'M EXPERIMENTING...
BEFORE AND AFTER!
THAT SPELL ONLY WORKS ON LIVING THINGS.
EXPERIMENTING, SNOW.
TFO HOO OF
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
PLEASE!

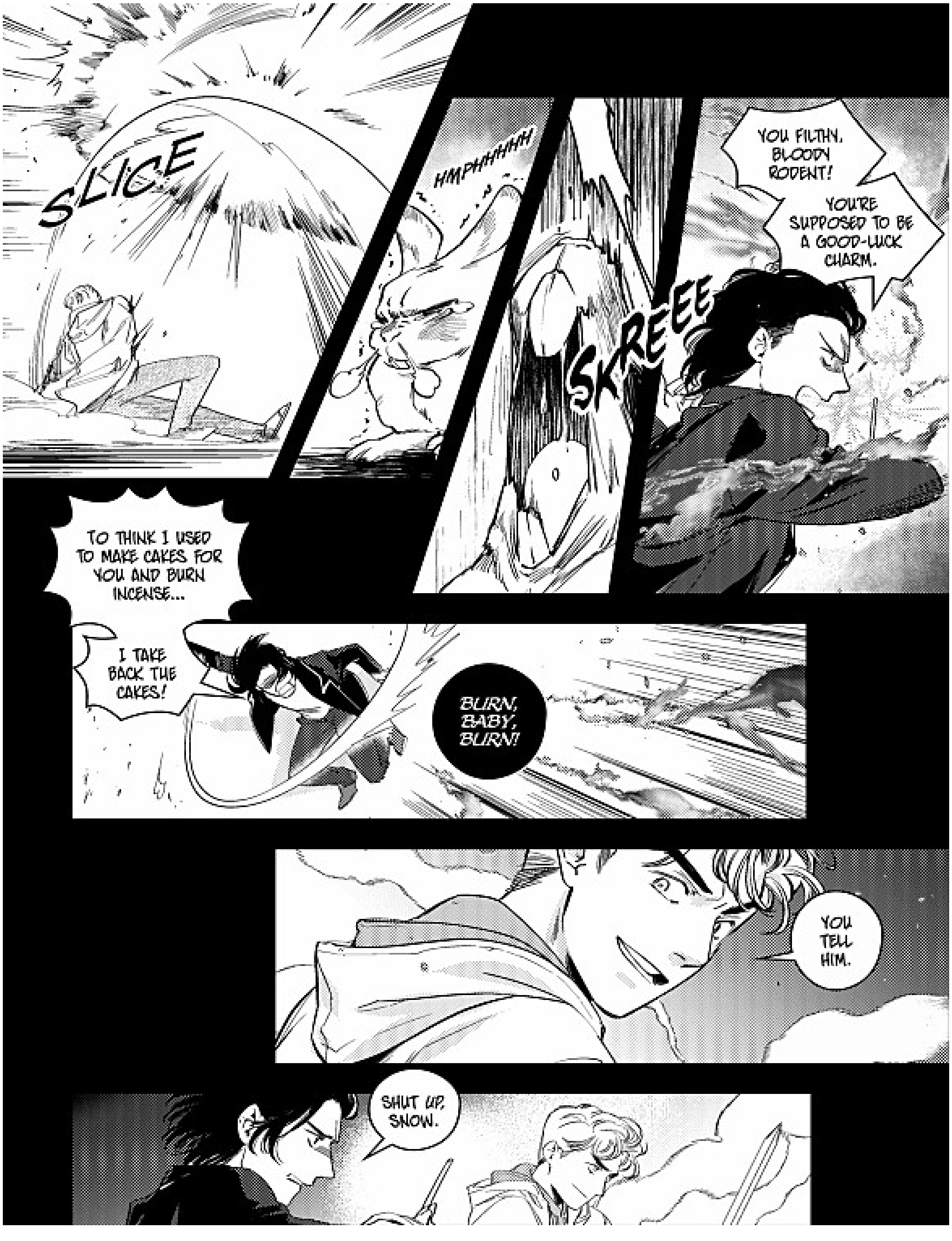

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A BREAK. YOU'RE PALE AS A GHOST.
GHOSTS AREN'T PALE, THEY'RE TRANSLUCENT.
AND PARDON ME IF I DON'T FEEL LIKE TAKING A NAP IN THE ROOM WHERE MY MOTHER WAS MURDERED.
SORRY.
SWF
SNOW... ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THERE WAS NOTHING MORE IN THAT LETTER?

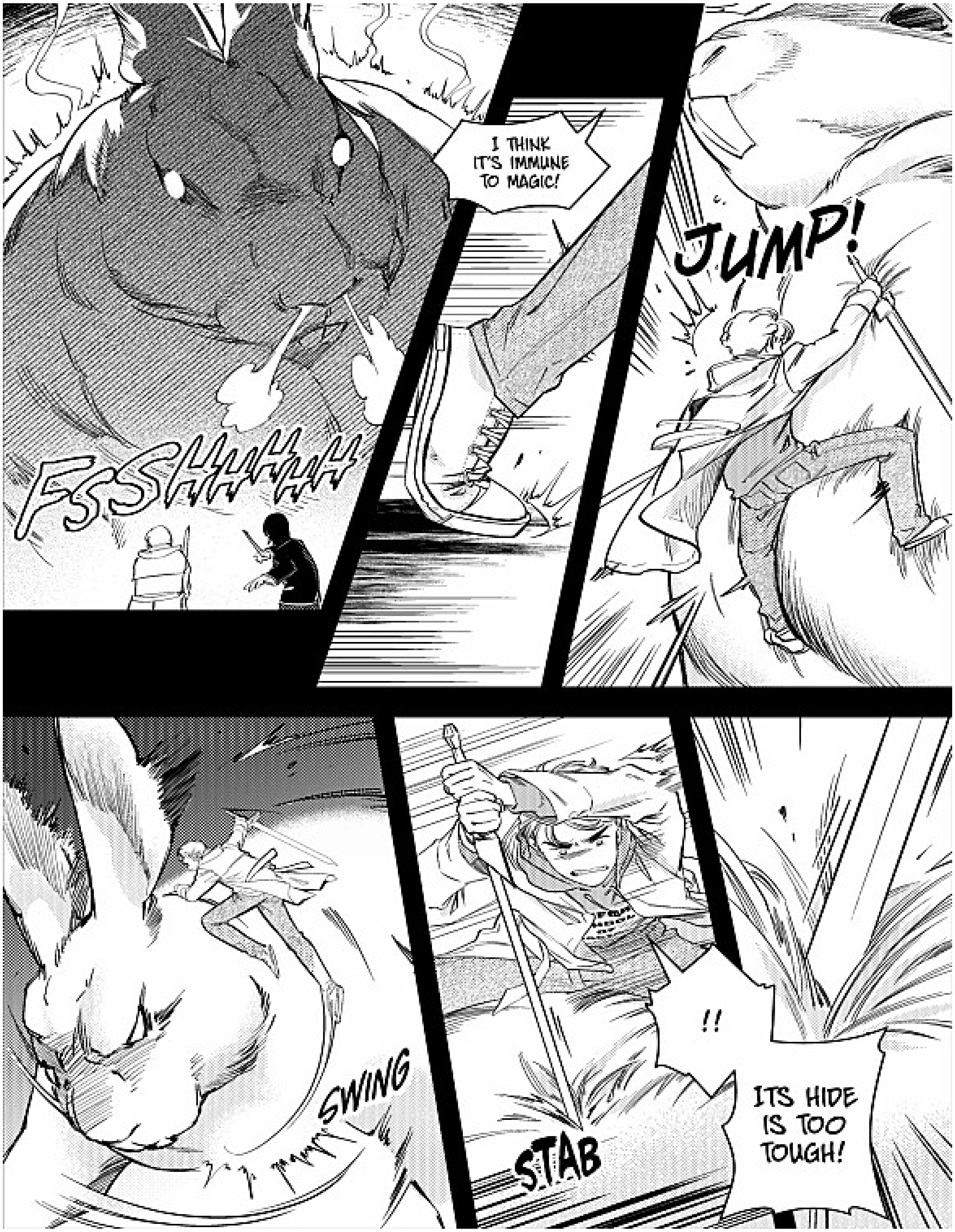

WSSHHH
ARE WE SUPPOSED TO CATCH IT?
TALK TO IT?
SING IT A NICE, MAGICAL SONG?
I DON'T KNOW!
I TOLD YOU, I WAS AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.
WHOMP

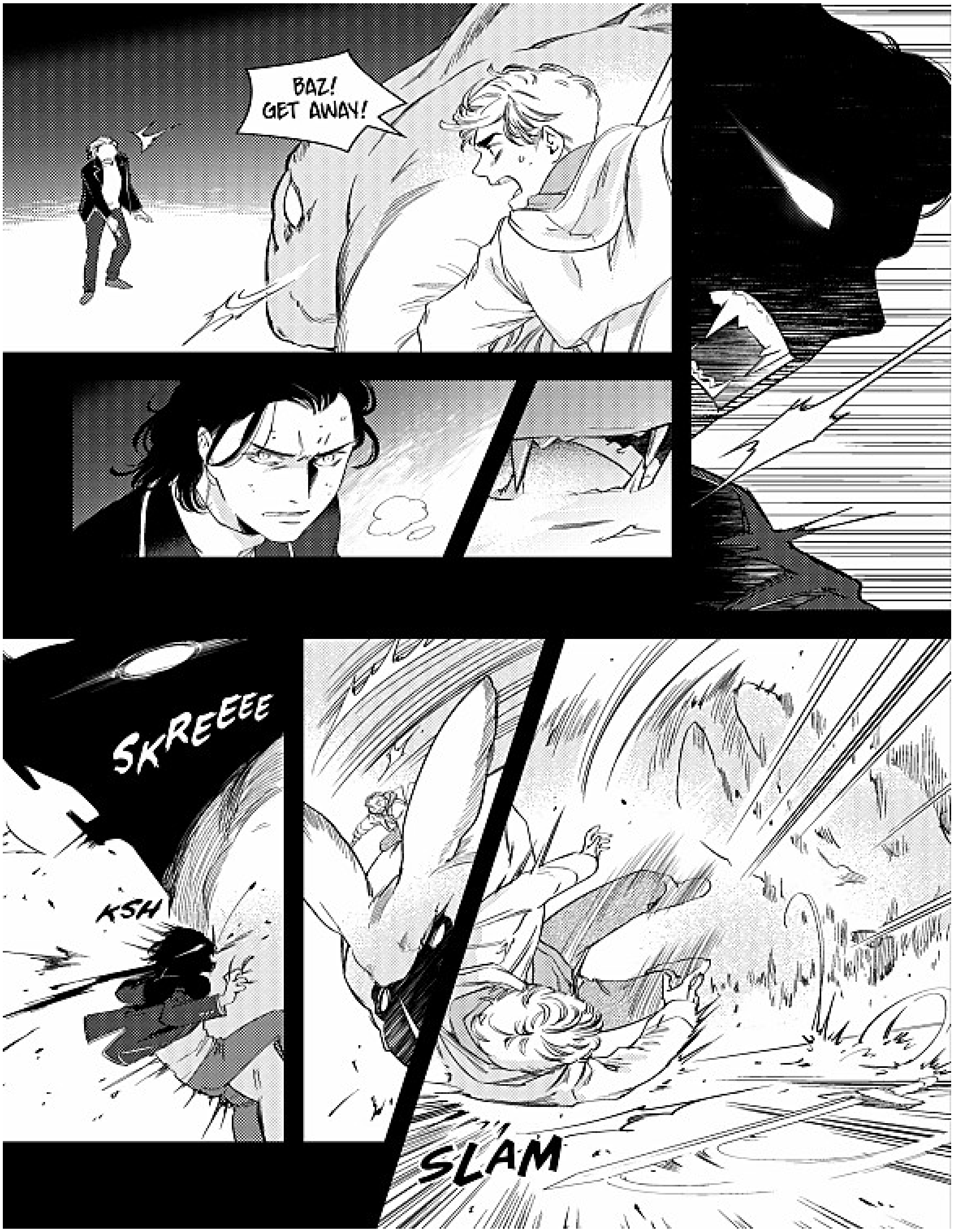

HERE'S AN INSTRUCTION—UNSHEATHE YOUR SWORD!
LEVI
HECK YEAH, SWORD OF MAGES TIME!
I CAN'T HURT THE *MOON RABBIT*.
IT'S FAMOUS.
LEVI
SURE YOU CAN, SIMON.

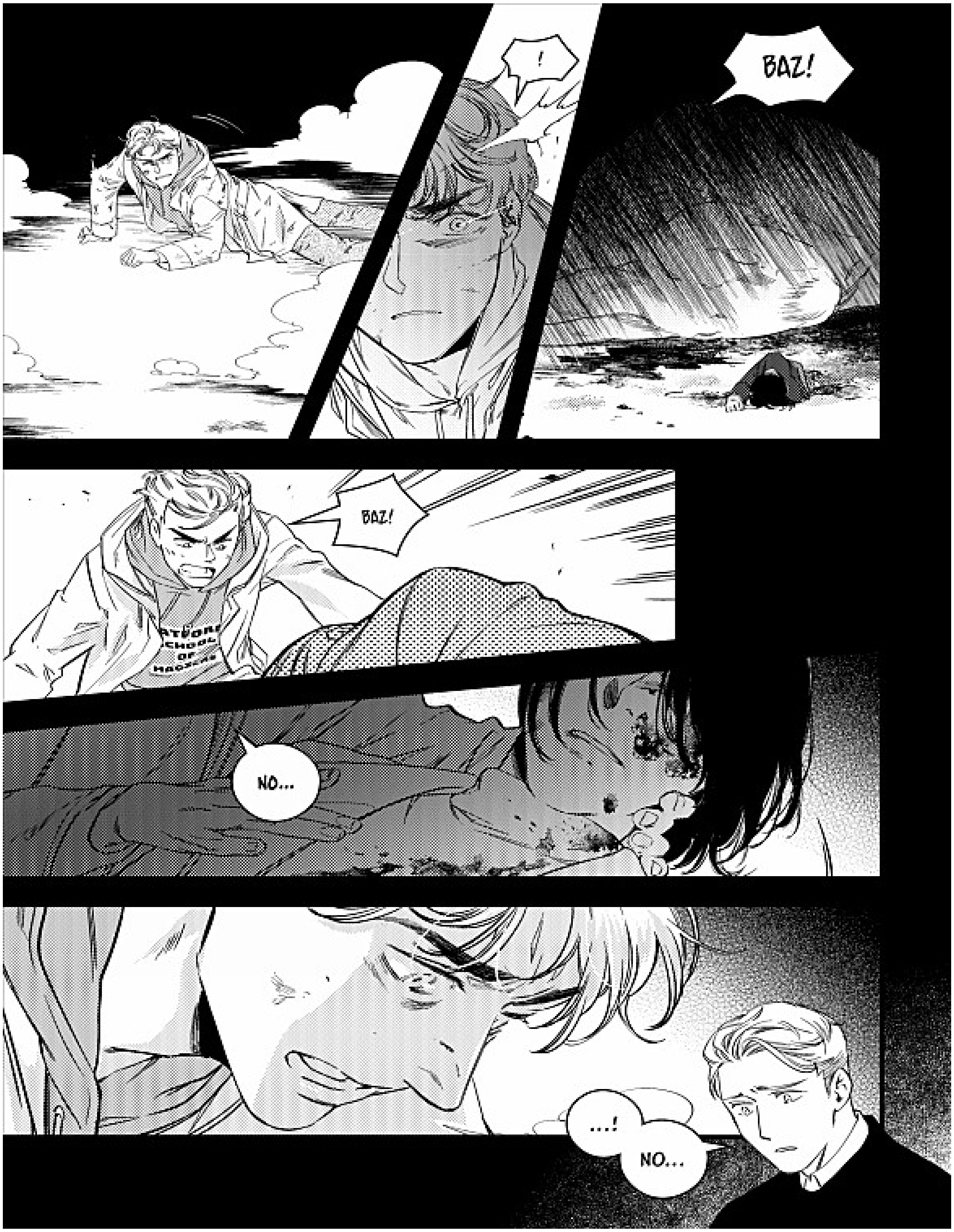

SWORD, SNOW—NOW!
IN JUSTICE. IN COURAGE.
IN DEFENSE OF THE WEAK.
LEVI
YESSSSSSSS!
IN THE FACE OF THE MIGHTY.
THROUGH MAGIC AND WISDOM AND GOOD.

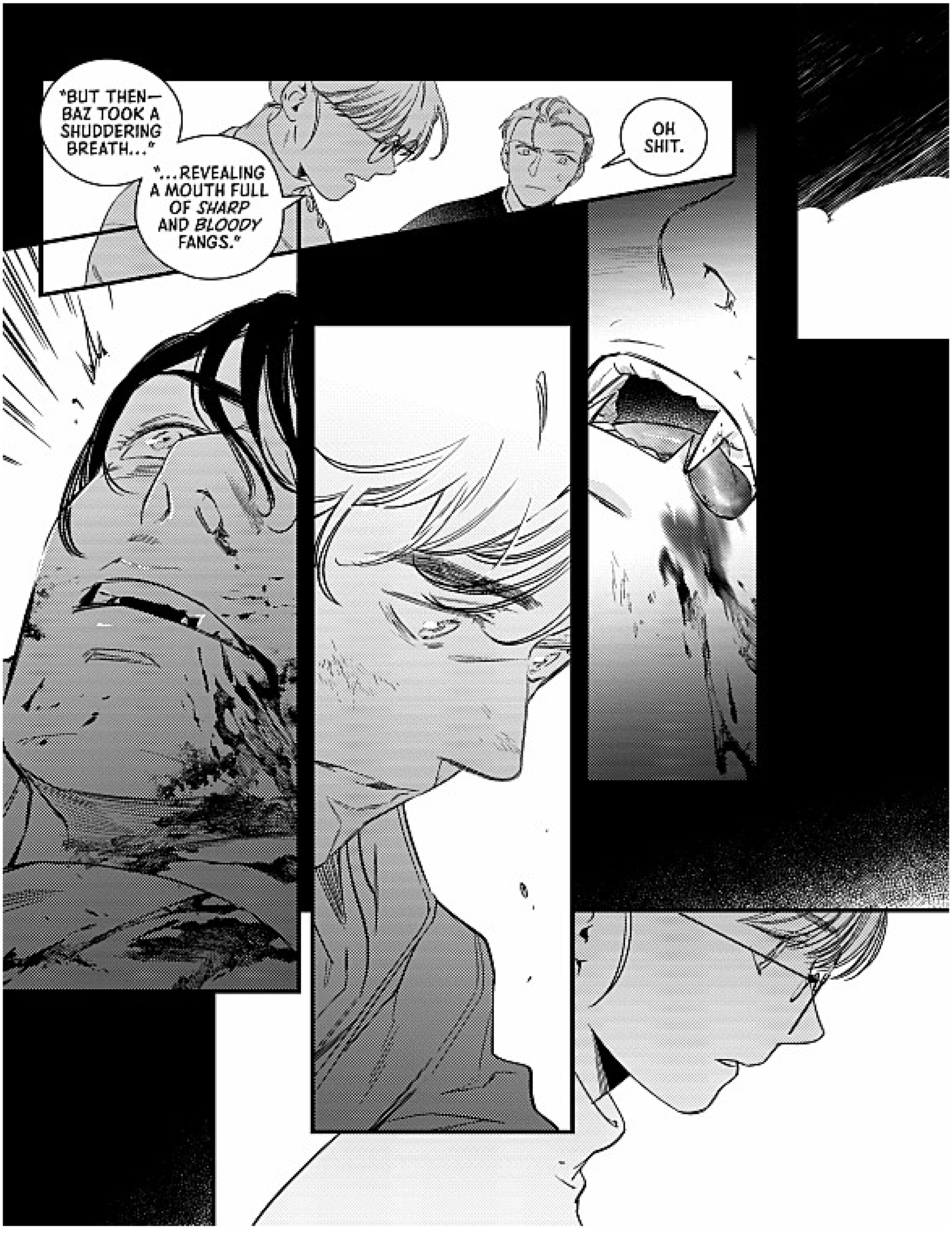

DON'T STRIKE...
WE STILL DON'T KNOW ITS INTENTIONS...
SWIPE
SHING
WHAM

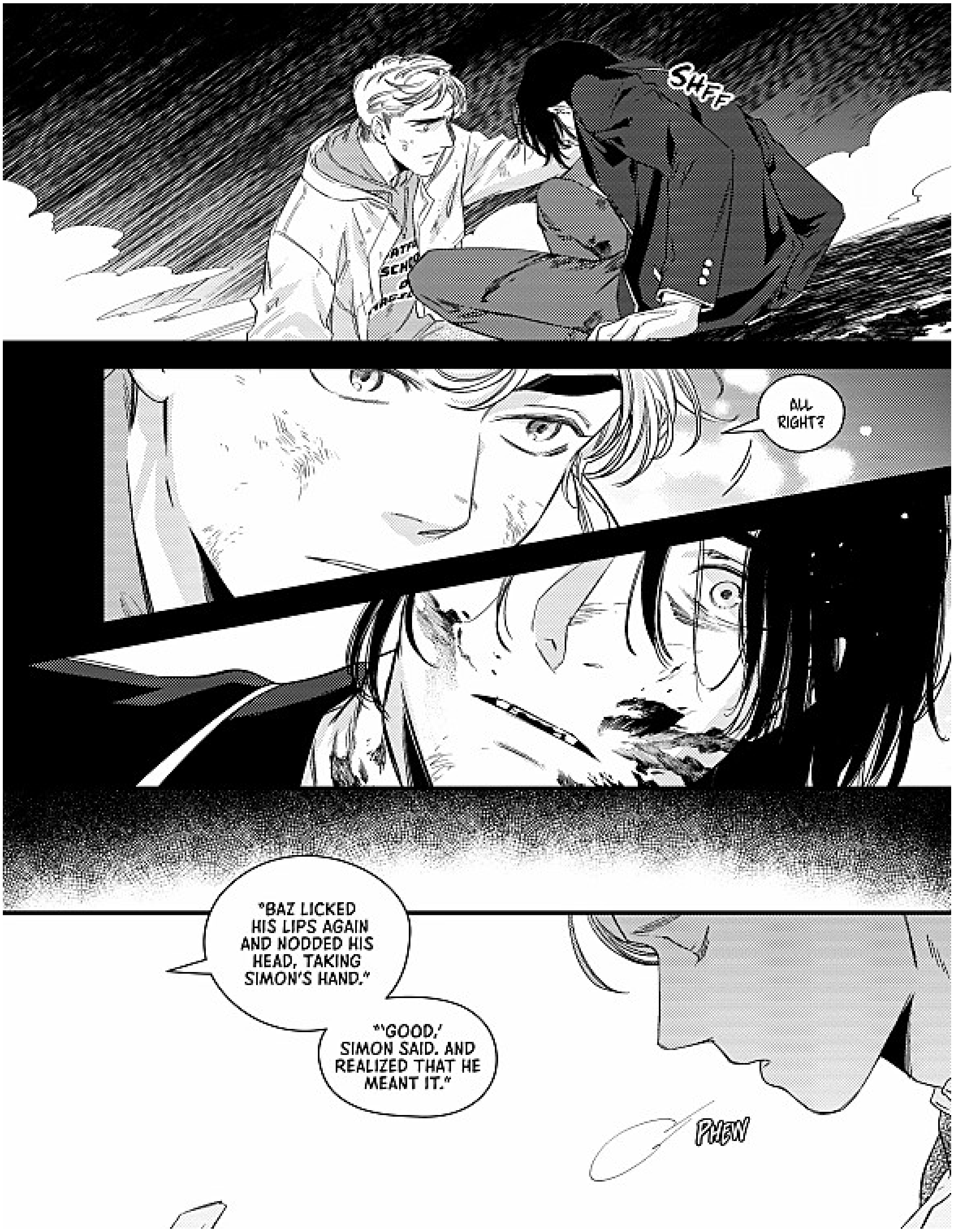

SLICE
HMPHHHHH
SKREEE
YOU FILTHY, BLOODY RODENT!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A GOOD-LUCK CHARM.
TO THINK I USED TO MAKE CAKES FOR YOU AND BURN INCENSE...
I TAKE BACK THE CAKES!
BURN, BABY, BURN!
YOU TELL HIM.
SHUT UP, SNOW.

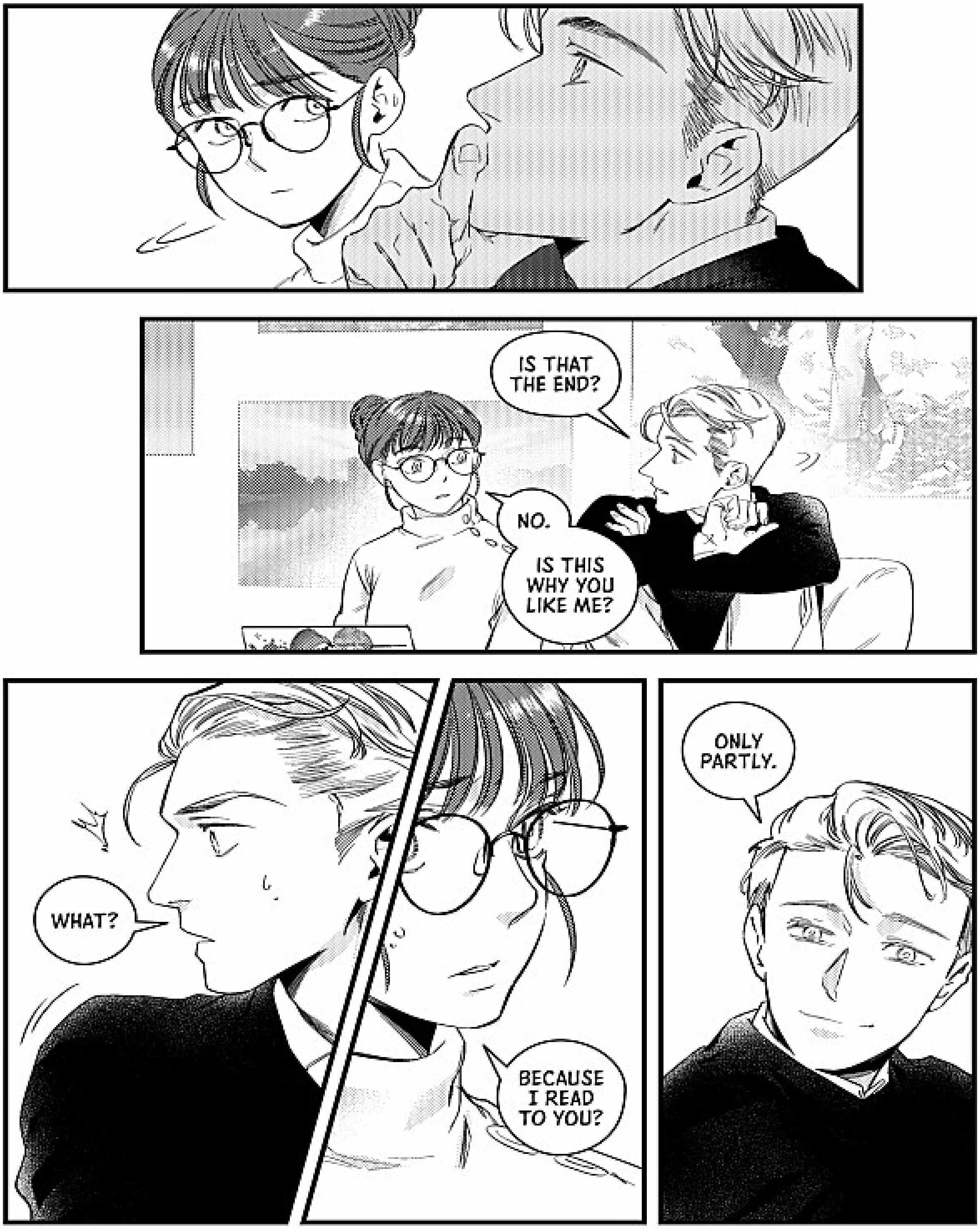

JUMP!
I THINK IT'S IMMUNE TO MAGIC!
FSSHHHHH
!!
ITS HIDE IS TOO TOUGH!
STAB
SWING

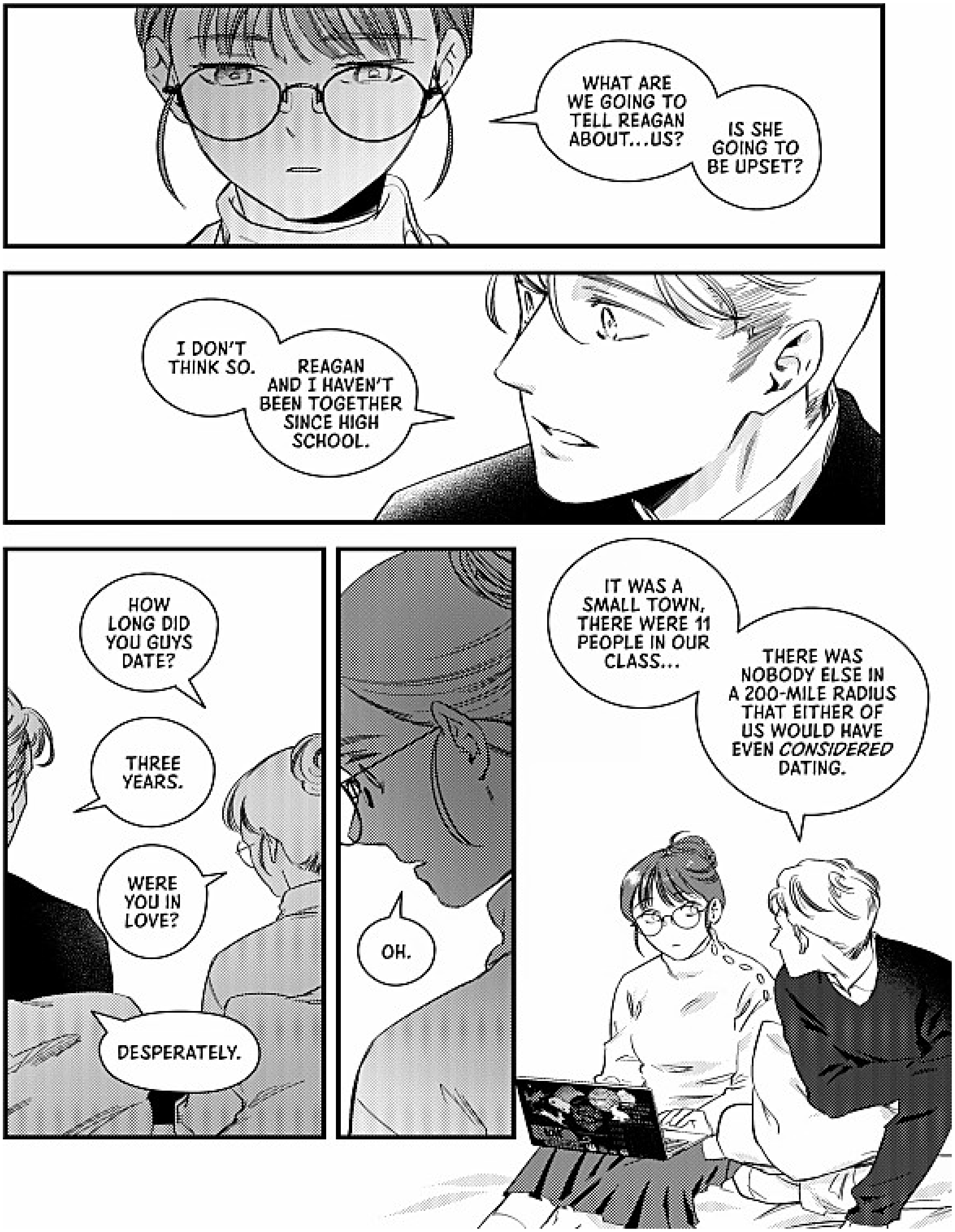

BAZ!
GET AWAY!
SKREEEE
KSH
SLAM

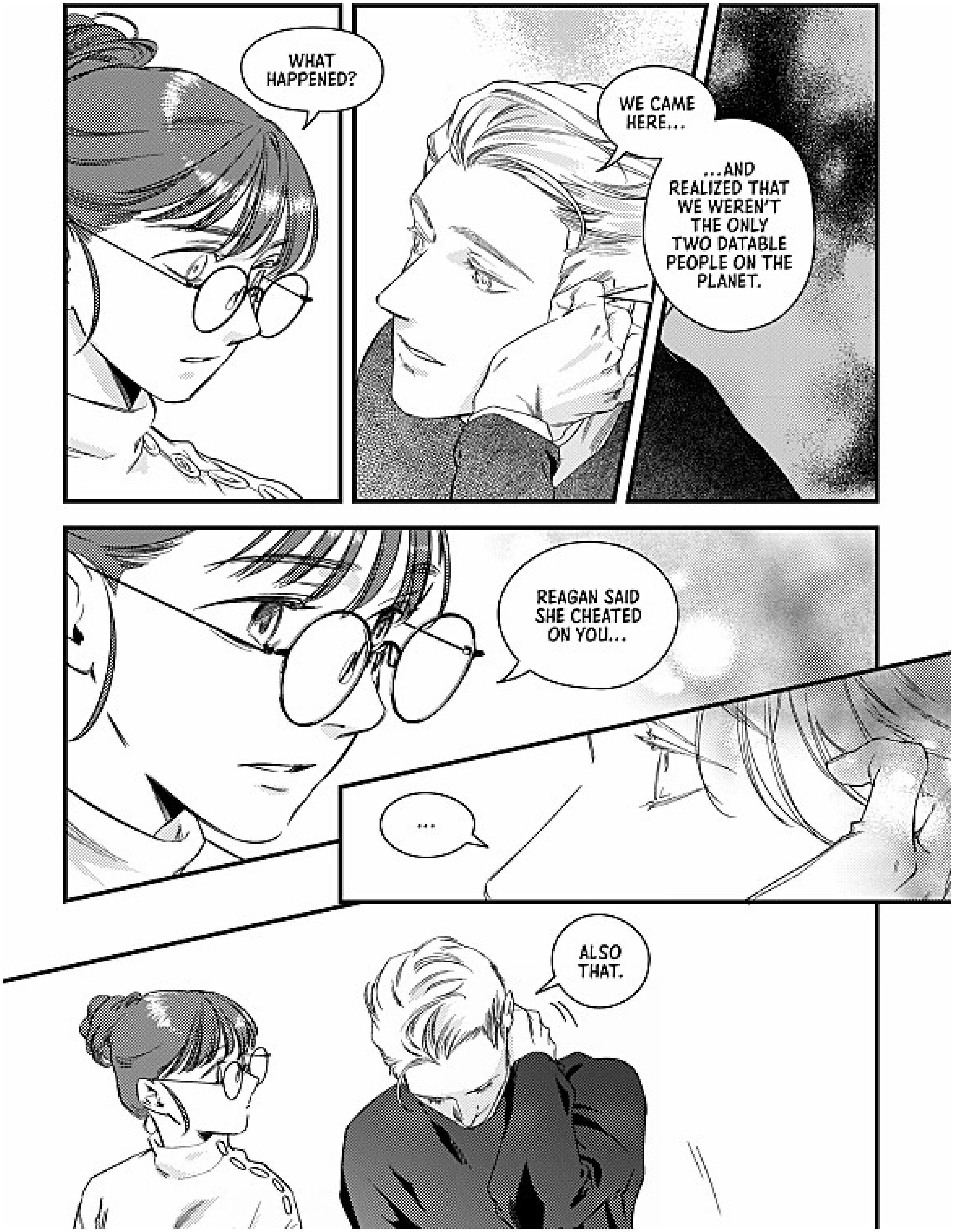

!
BAZ!
BAZ!
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS
NO...
...!
NO...

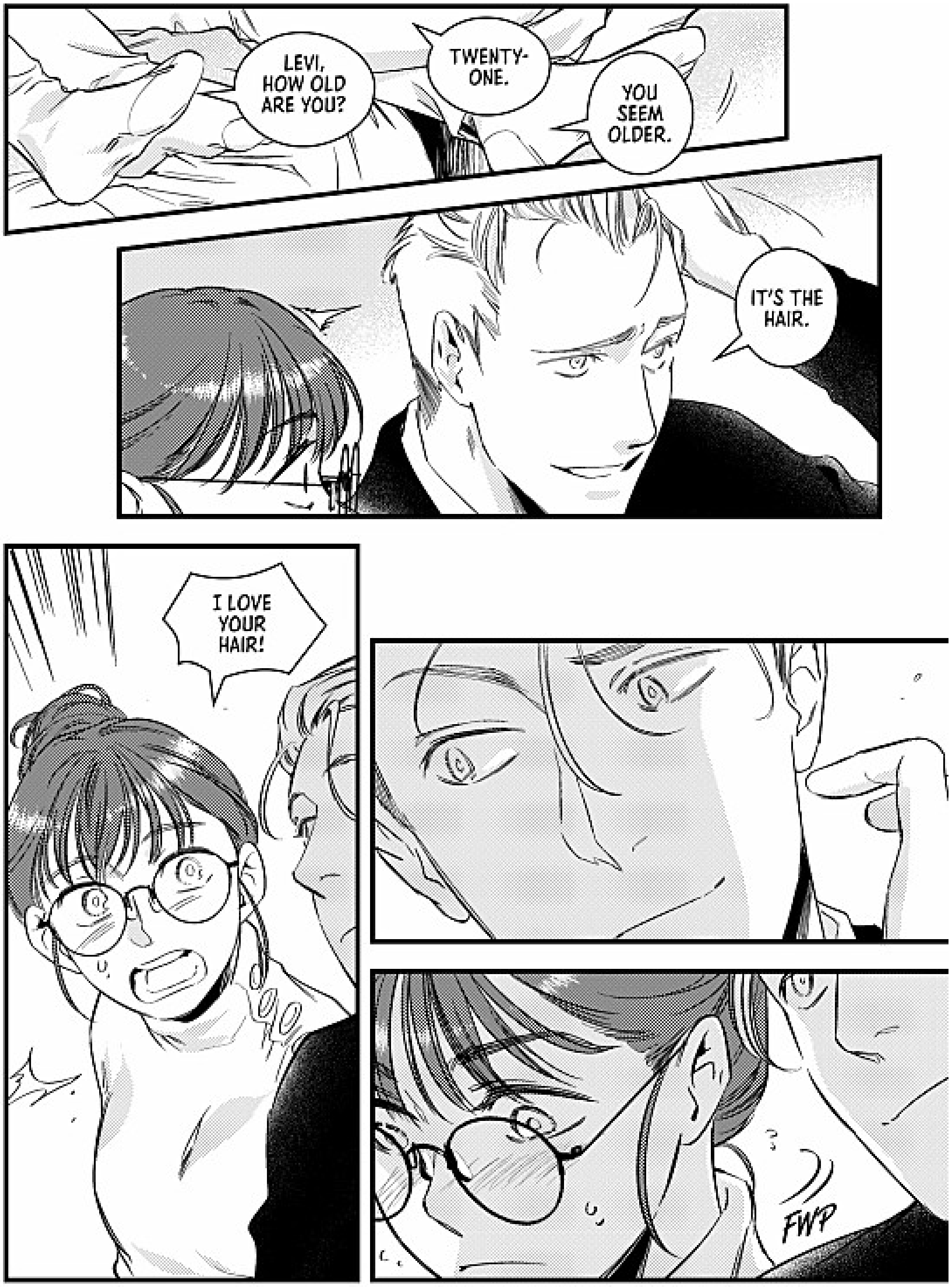

"BUT THEN— BAZ TOOK A SHUDDERING BREATH..."
"...REVEALING A MOUTH FULL OF *SHARP* AND *BLOODY* FANGS."
OH SHIT.

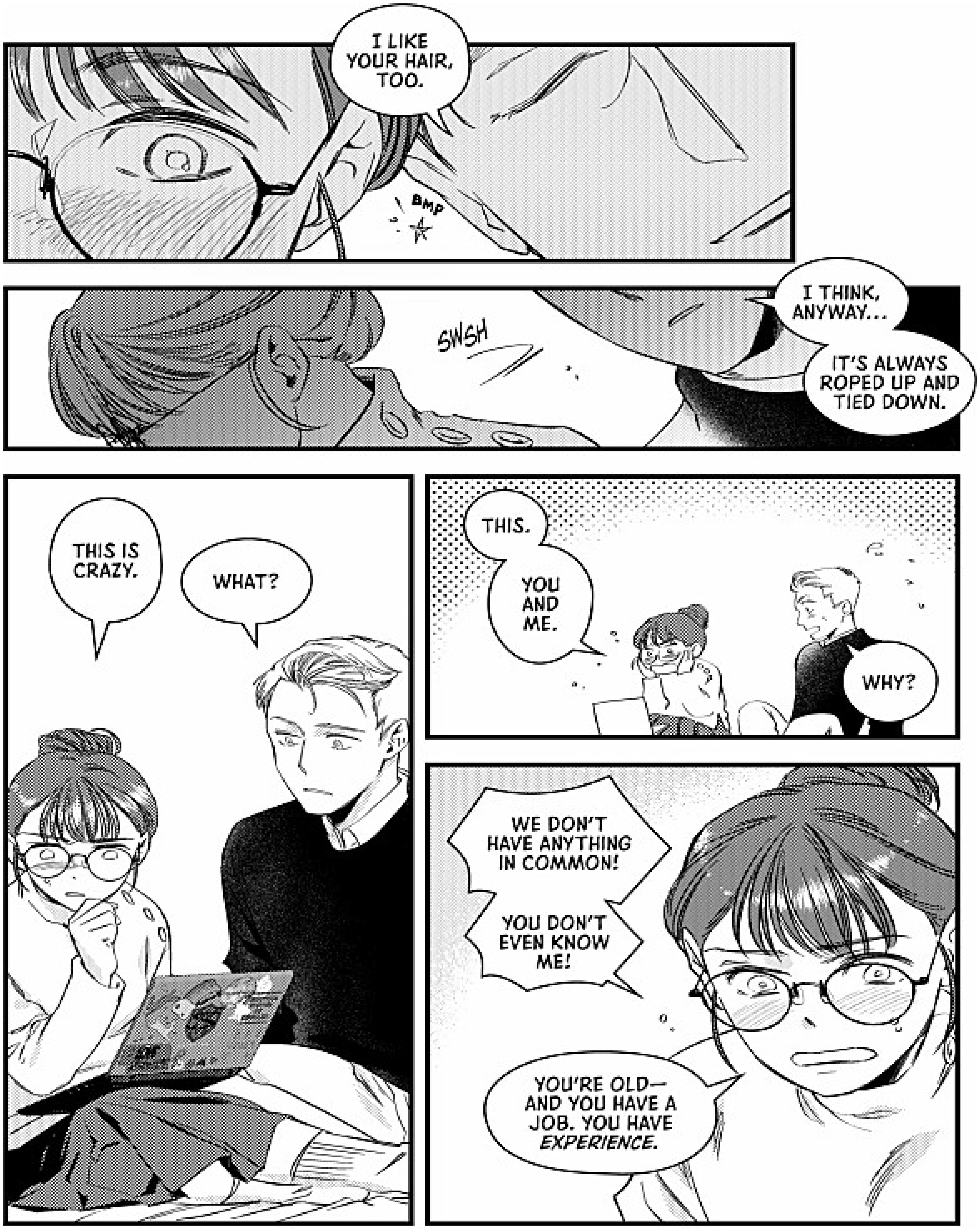

SHFF
ALL RIGHT?
*BAZ LICKED HIS LIPS AGAIN AND NODDED HIS HEAD, TAKING SIMON'S HAND."
*'GOOD,' SIMON SAID. AND REALIZED THAT HE MEANT IT."
PHEW

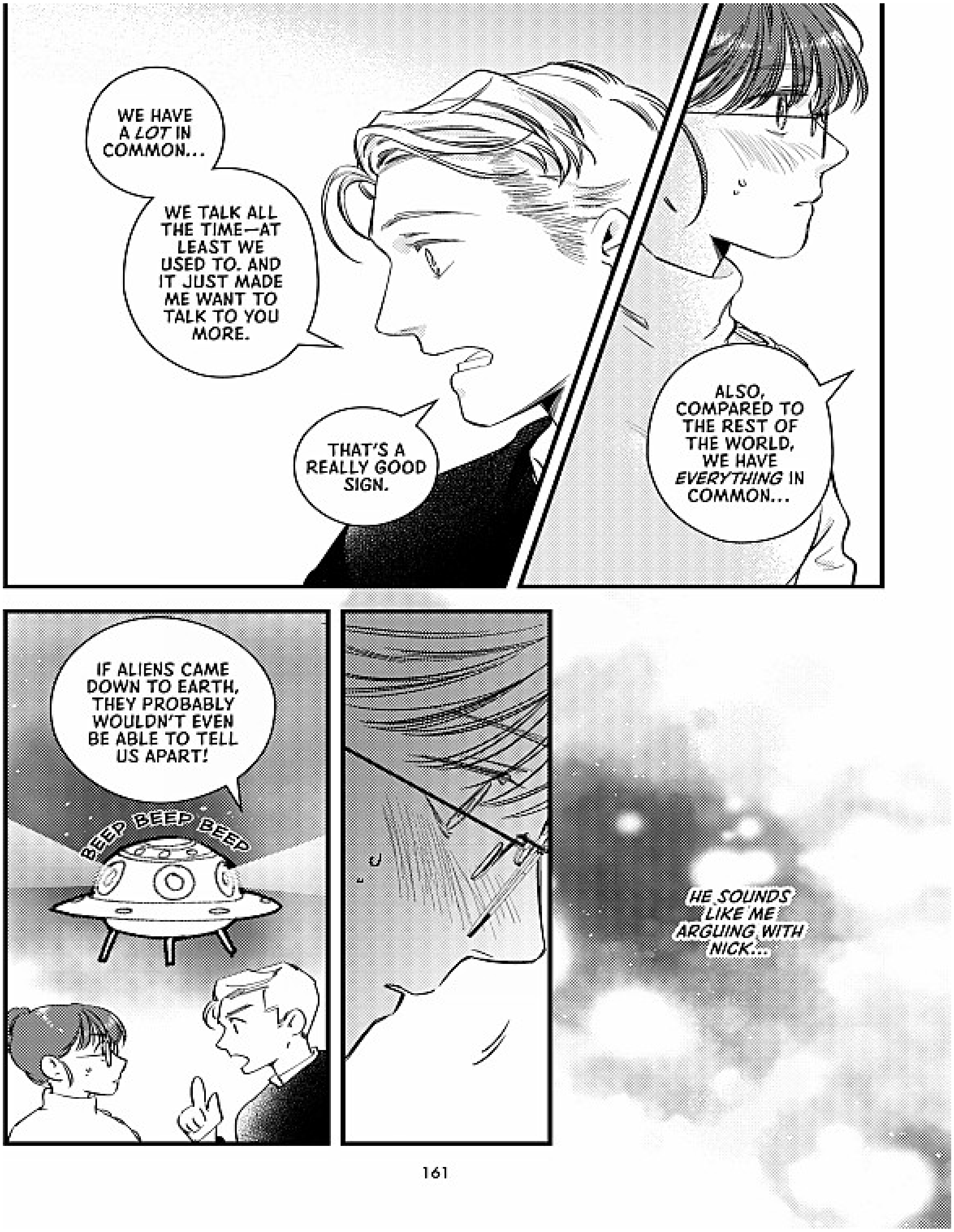

IS THAT THE END?
NO.
IS THIS WHY YOU LIKE ME?
WHAT?
BECAUSE I READ TO YOU?
ONLY PARTLY.

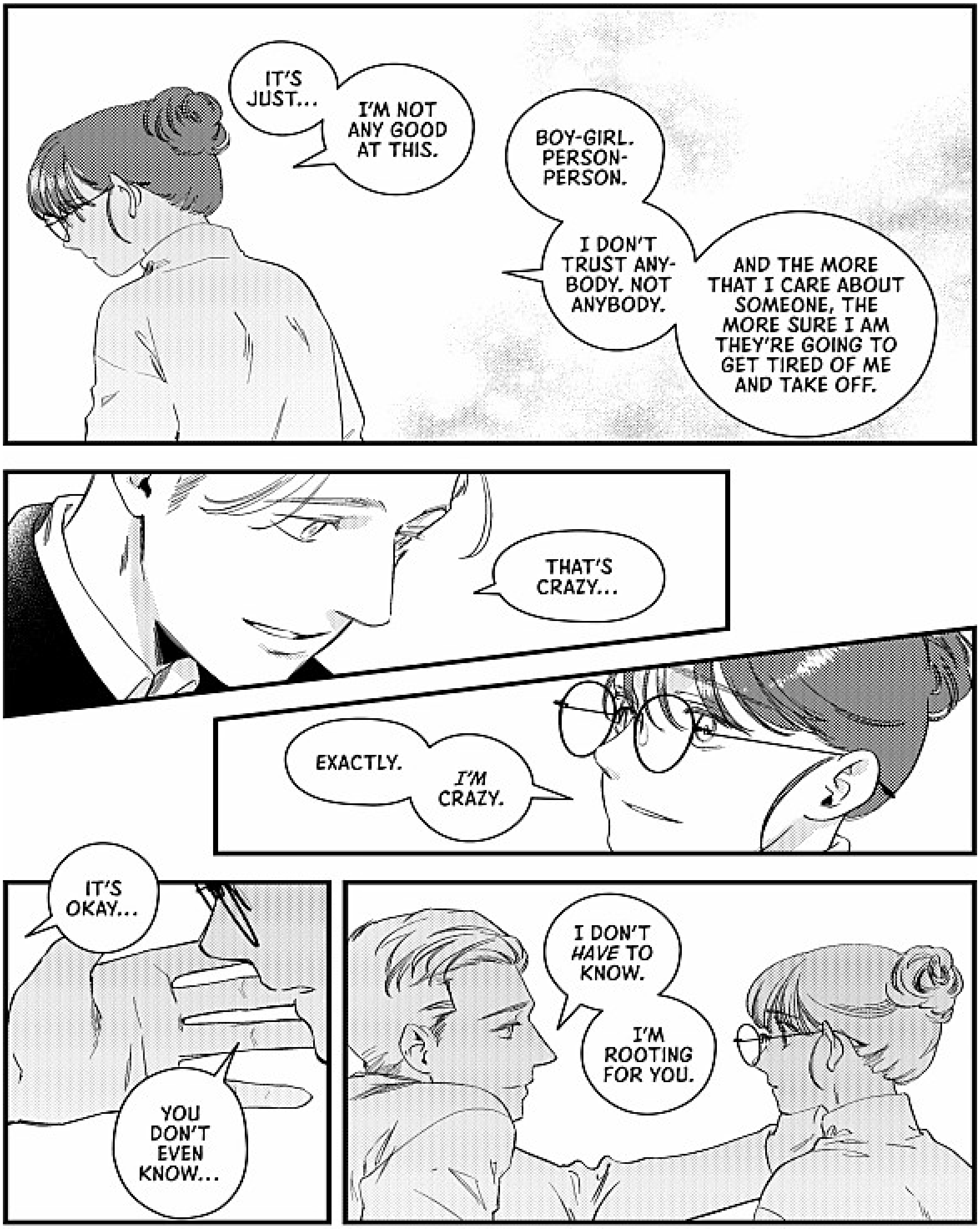

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO TELL REAGAN ABOUT…US?
IS SHE GOING TO BE UPSET?
I DON'T THINK SO.
REAGAN AND I HAVEN'T BEEN TOGETHER SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.
HOW LONG DID YOU GUYS DATE?
THREE YEARS.
WERE YOU IN LOVE?
DESPERATELY.
OH.
IT WAS A SMALL TOWN, THERE WERE 11 PEOPLE IN OUR CLASS…
THERE WAS NOBODY ELSE IN A 200-MILE RADIUS THAT EITHER OF US WOULD HAVE EVEN *CONSIDERED* DATING.

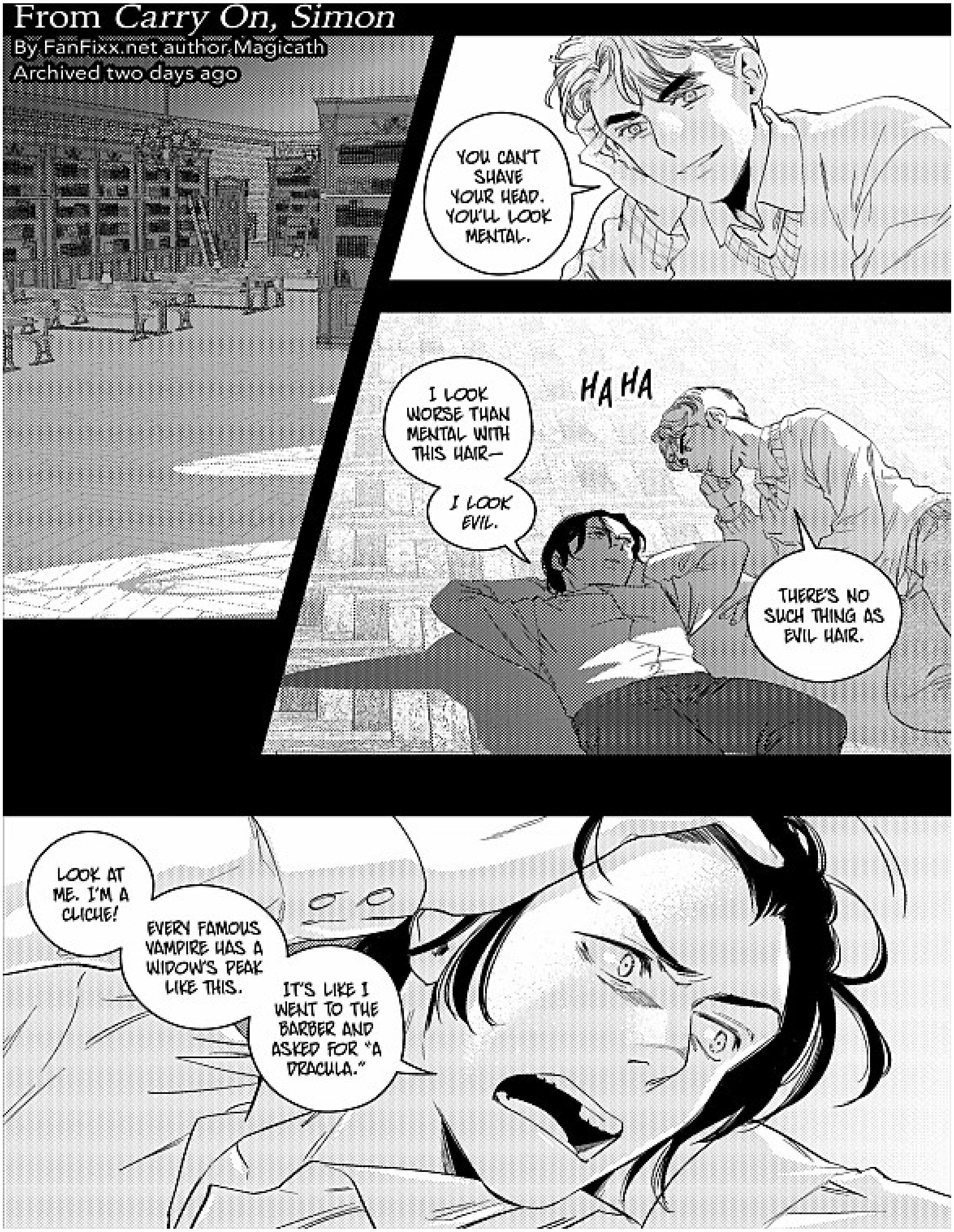

WHAT HAPPENED?
WE CAME HERE...
...AND REALIZED THAT WE WEREN'T THE ONLY TWO DATABLE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET.
REAGAN SAID SHE CHEATED ON YOU...
...
ALSO THAT.

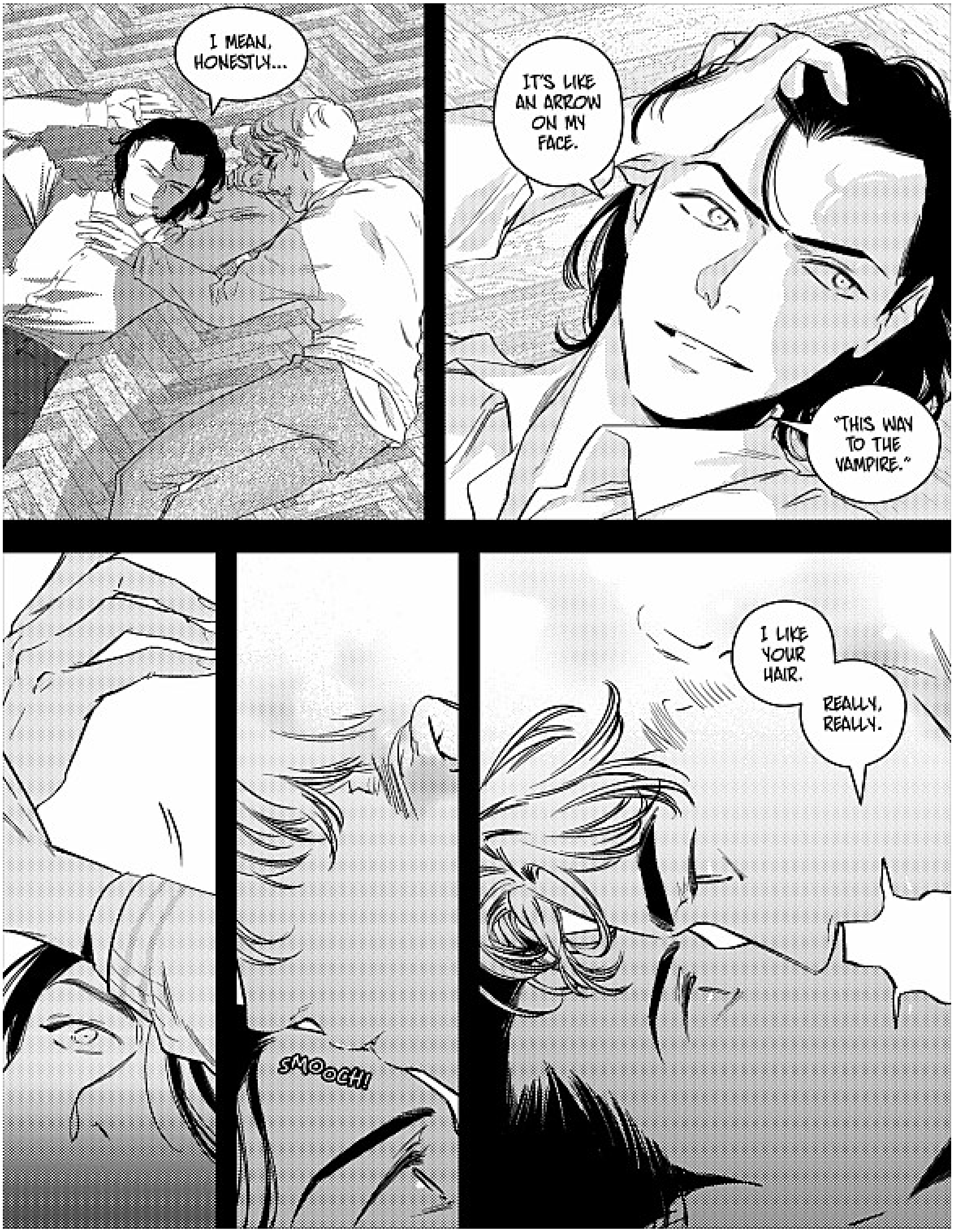

LEVI, HOW OLD ARE YOU?
TWENTY-ONE.
YOU SEEM OLDER.
IT'S THE HAIR.
I LOVE YOUR HAIR!
FWP

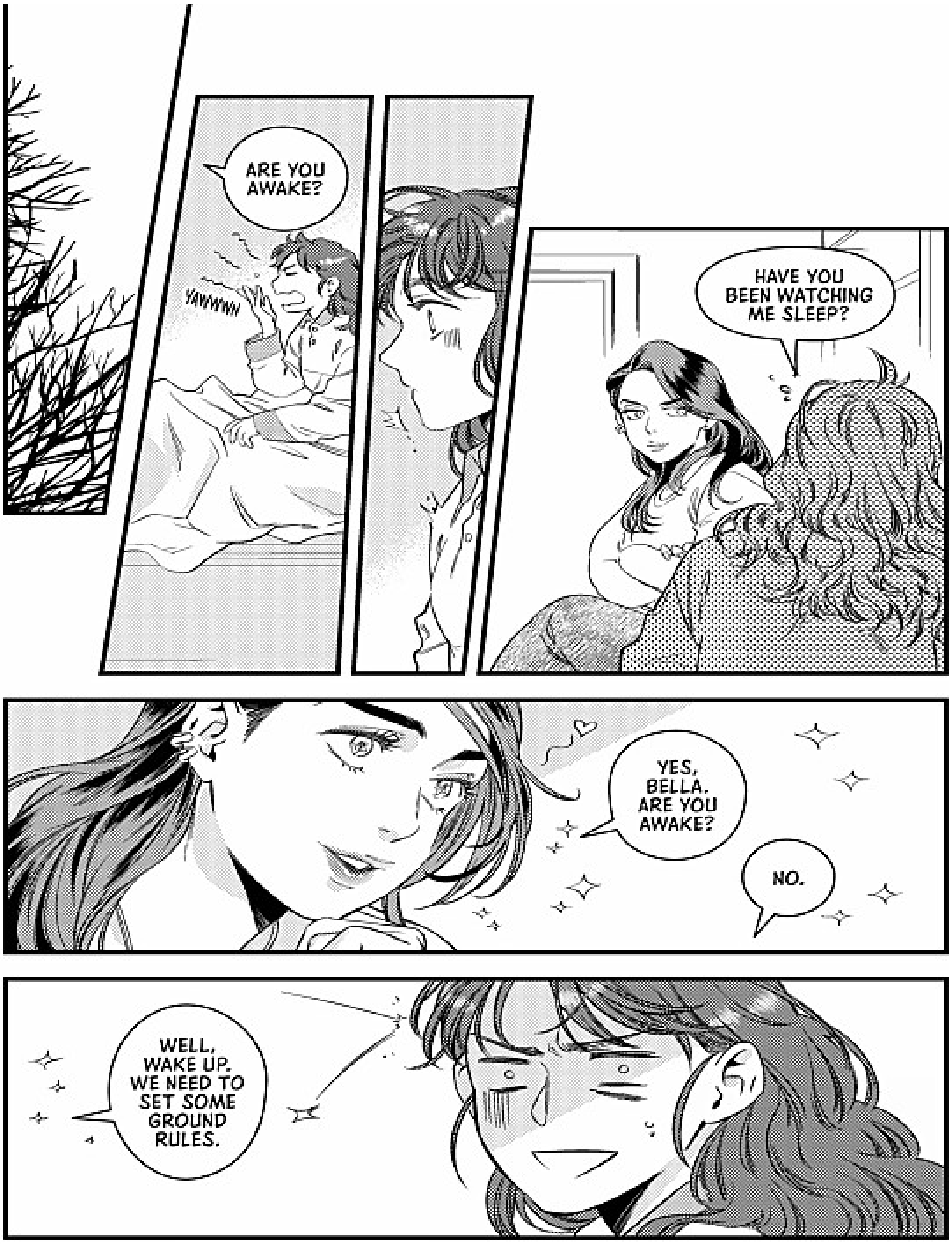

I LIKE YOUR HAIR, TOO.
BMP
SWSH
I THINK, ANYWAY...
IT'S ALWAYS ROPED UP AND TIED DOWN.
THIS IS CRAZY.
WHAT?
THIS.
YOU AND ME.
WHY?
WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING IN COMMON!
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME!
YOU'RE OLD— AND YOU HAVE A JOB. YOU HAVE *EXPERIENCE*.

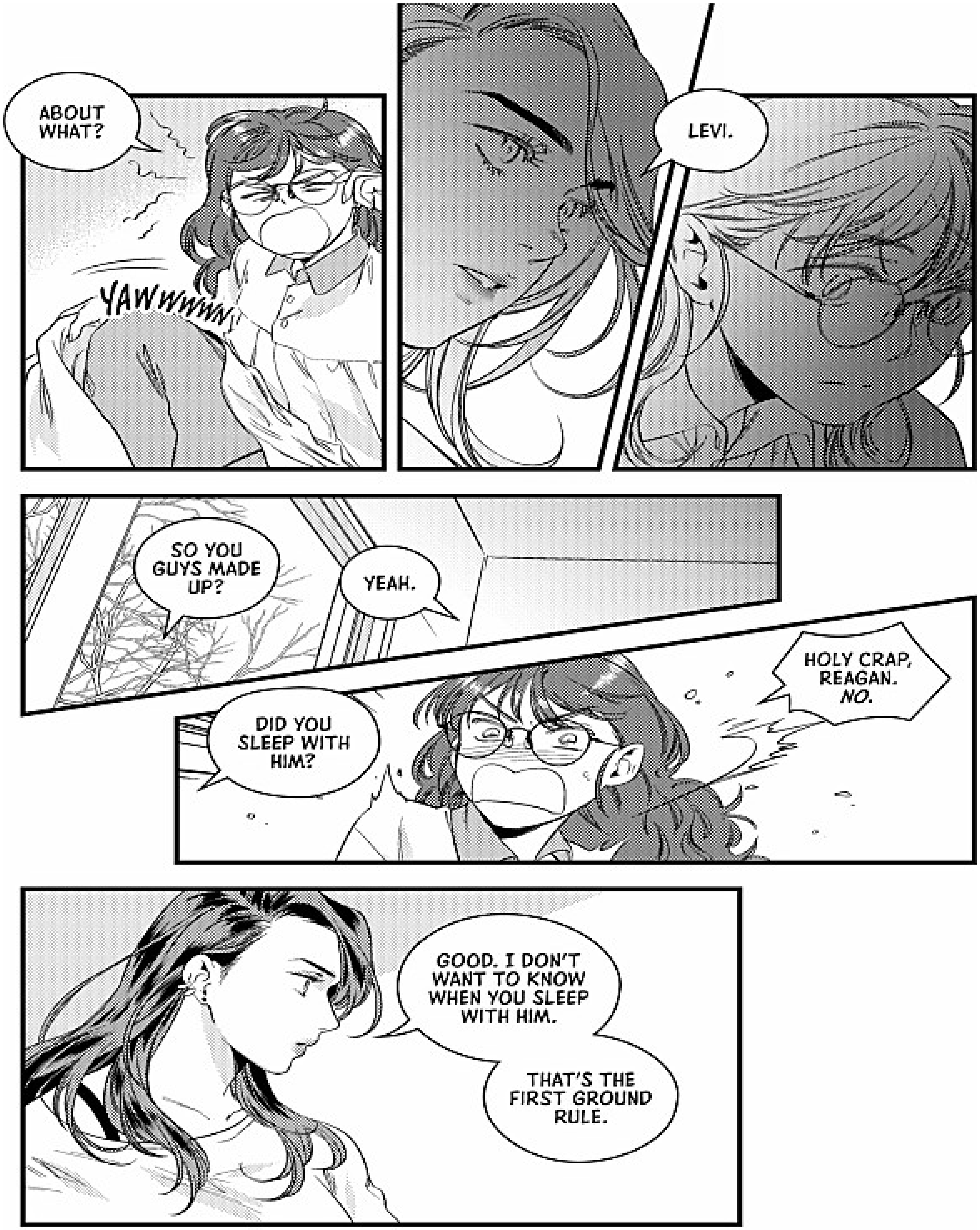

WE HAVE A *LOT* IN COMMON...
WE TALK ALL THE TIME—AT LEAST WE USED TO. AND IT JUST MADE ME WANT TO TALK TO YOU MORE.
THAT'S A REALLY GOOD SIGN.
ALSO, COMPARED TO THE REST OF THE WORLD, WE HAVE *EVERYTHING* IN COMMON...
IF ALIENS CAME DOWN TO EARTH, THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO TELL US APART!
BEEP BEEP BEEP
HE SOUNDS LIKE ME ARGUING WITH NICK...

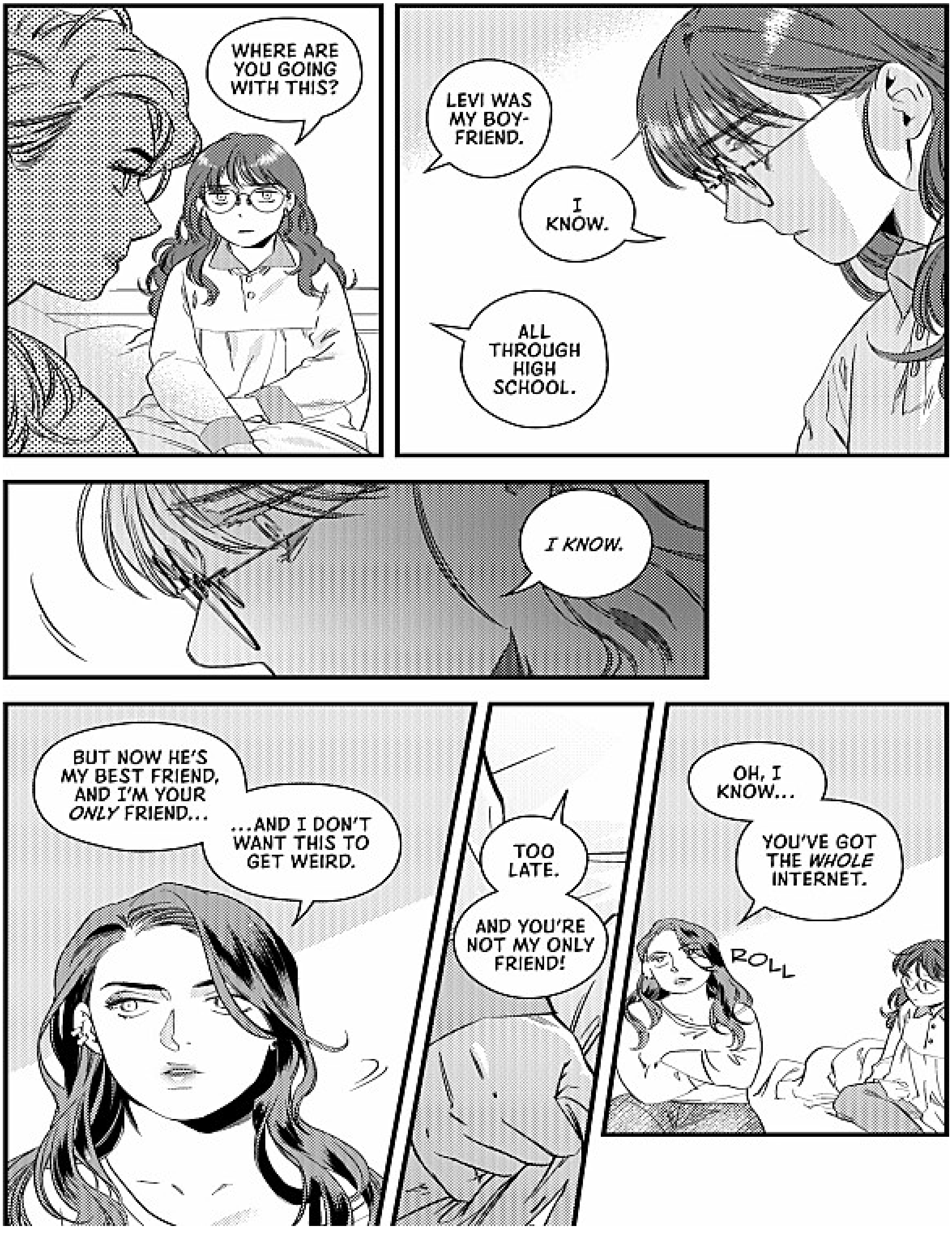

IT'S JUST...
I'M NOT ANY GOOD AT THIS.
BOY-GIRL. PERSON-PERSON.
I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY. NOT ANYBODY.
AND THE MORE THAT I CARE ABOUT *SOMEONE*, THE MORE SURE I AM THEY'RE GOING TO GET TIRED OF ME AND TAKE OFF.
THAT'S CRAZY...
EXACTLY. *I'M* CRAZY.
IT'S OKAY...
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW...
I DON'T *HAVE* TO KNOW.
I'M ROOTING FOR YOU.

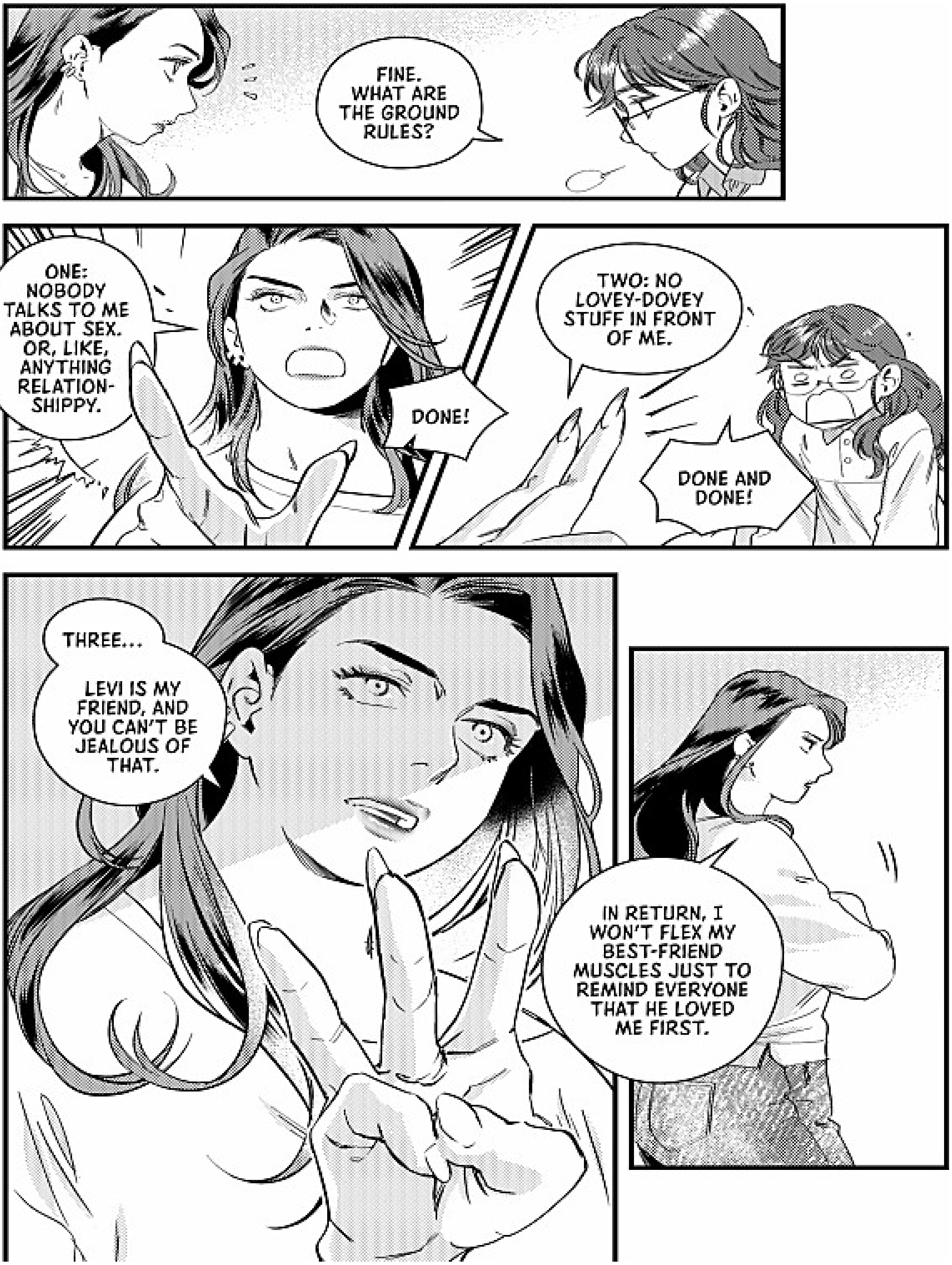

From *Carry On, Simon*
By FanFixx.net author Magicath
Archived two days ago
YOU CAN'T SHAVE YOUR HEAD. YOU'LL LOOK MENTAL.
I LOOK WORSE THAN MENTAL WITH THIS HAIR—
HA HA
I LOOK EVIL.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS EVIL HAIR.
LOOK AT ME. I'M A CLICHE!
EVERY FAMOUS VAMPIRE HAS A WIDOW'S PEAK LIKE THIS.
IT'S LIKE I WENT TO THE BARBER AND ASKED FOR "A DRACULA."

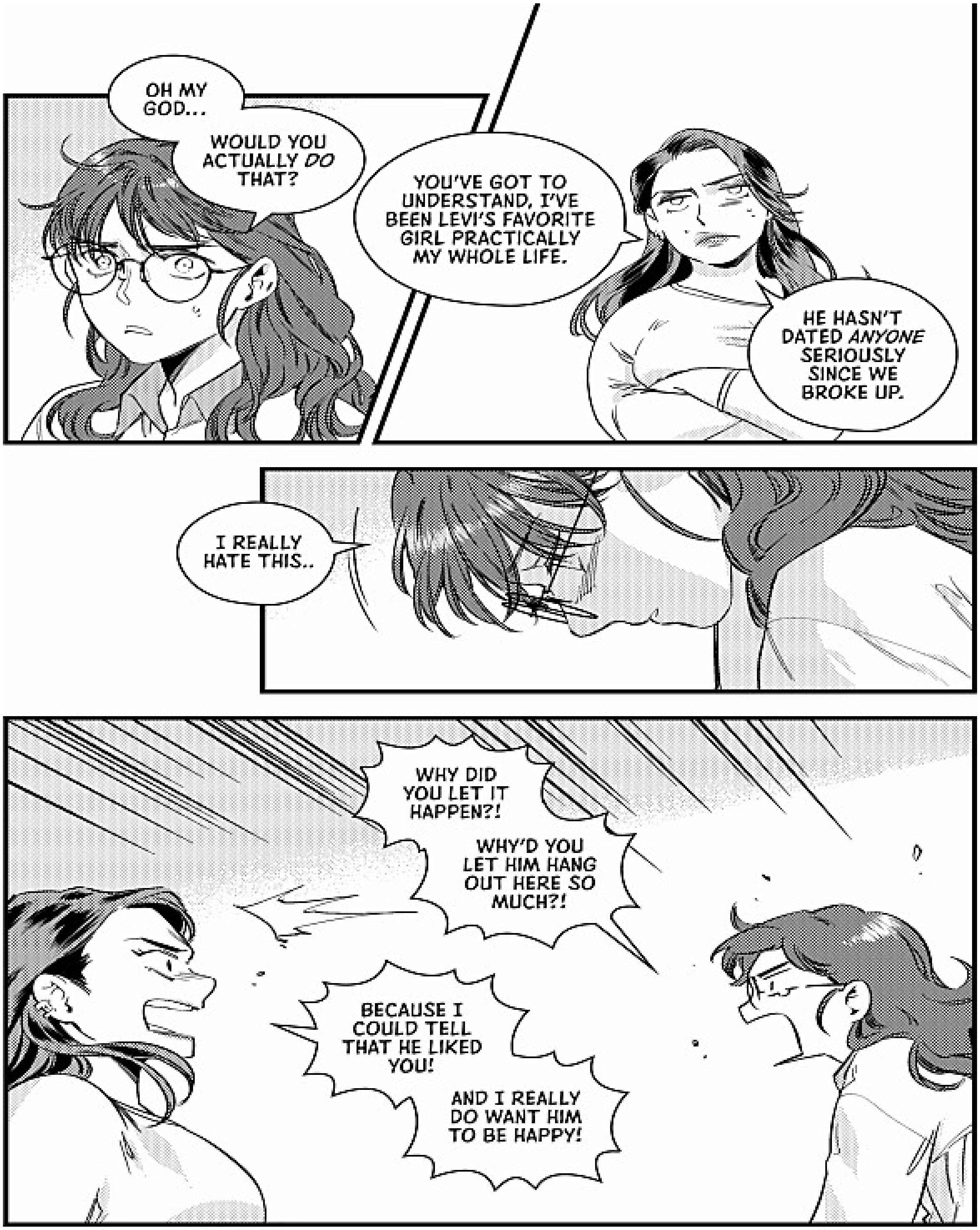

I MEAN, HONESTLY...
IT'S LIKE AN ARROW ON MY FACE.
"THIS WAY TO THE VAMPIRE."
SMOOCH!
I LIKE YOUR HAIR.
REALLY, REALLY.

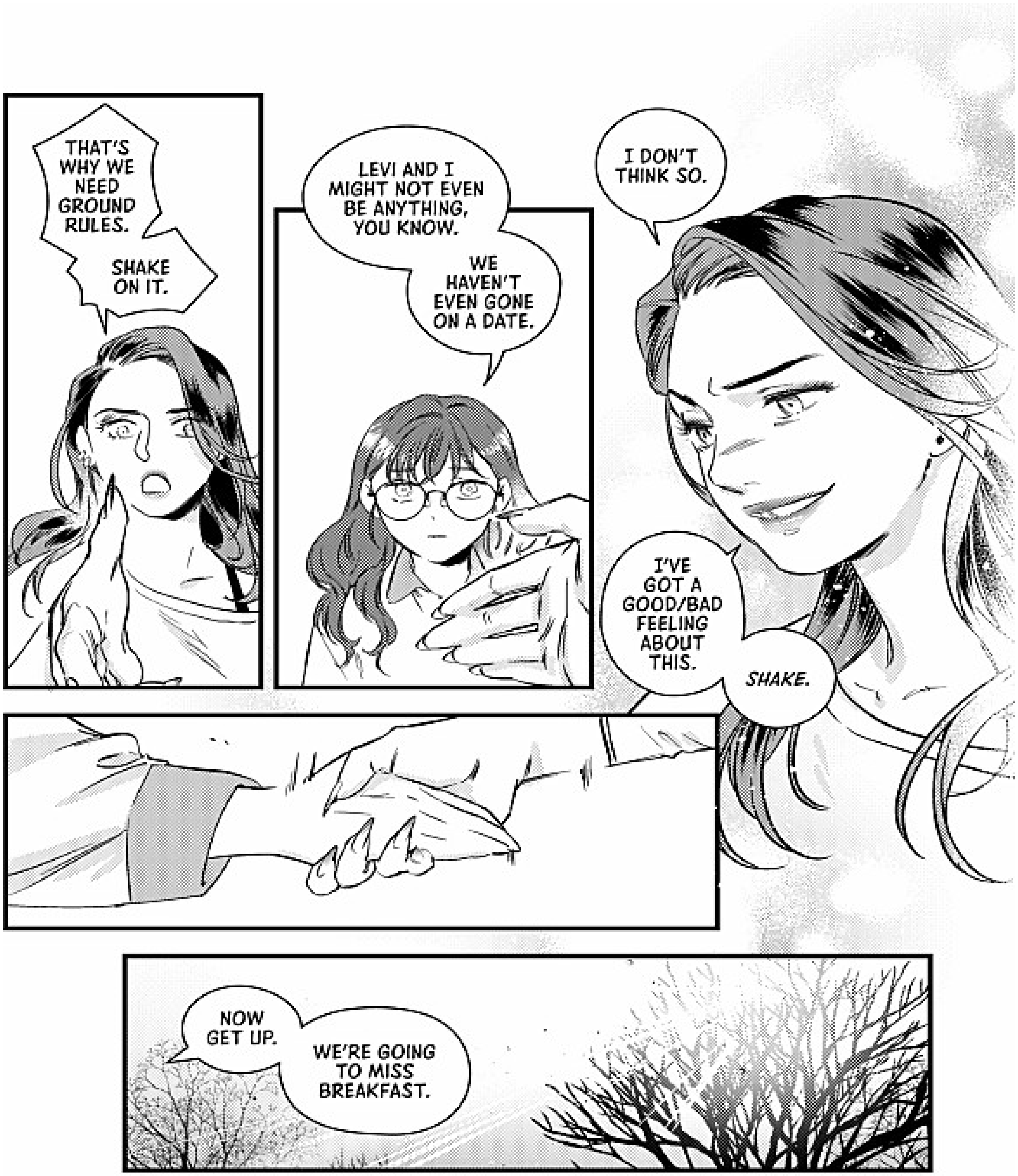

ARE YOU AWAKE?
YAWWNN
HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING ME *SLEEP?*
YES, BELLA. ARE YOU AWAKE?
NO.
WELL, WAKE UP. WE NEED TO SET *SOME* GROUND RULES.

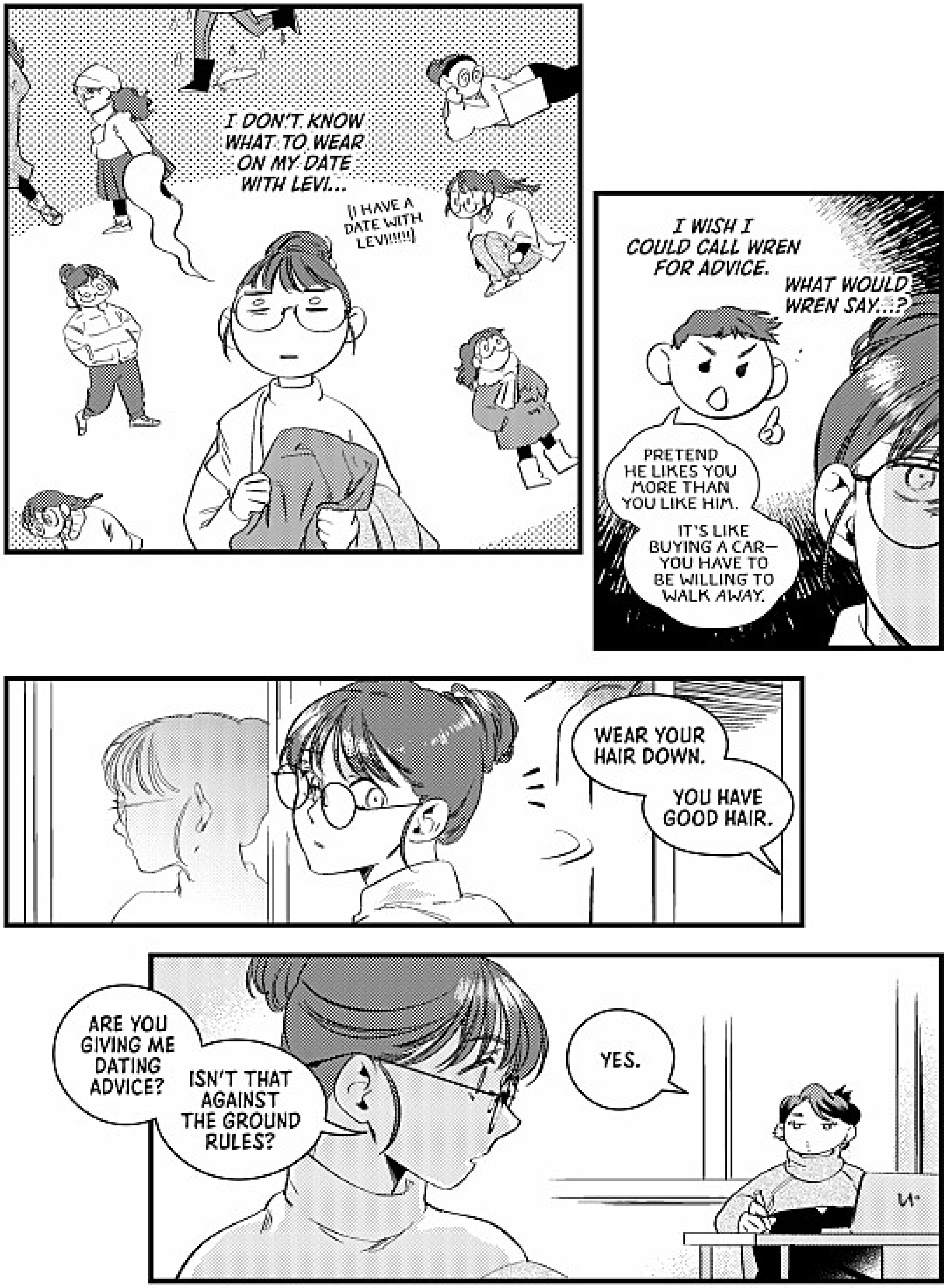

ABOUT WHAT?
YAWWWWN
LEVI.
SO YOU GUYS MADE UP?
YEAH.
DID YOU SLEEP WITH HIM?
HOLY CRAP, REAGAN. *NO.*
GOOD. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHEN YOU SLEEP WITH HIM.
THAT'S THE FIRST GROUND RULE.

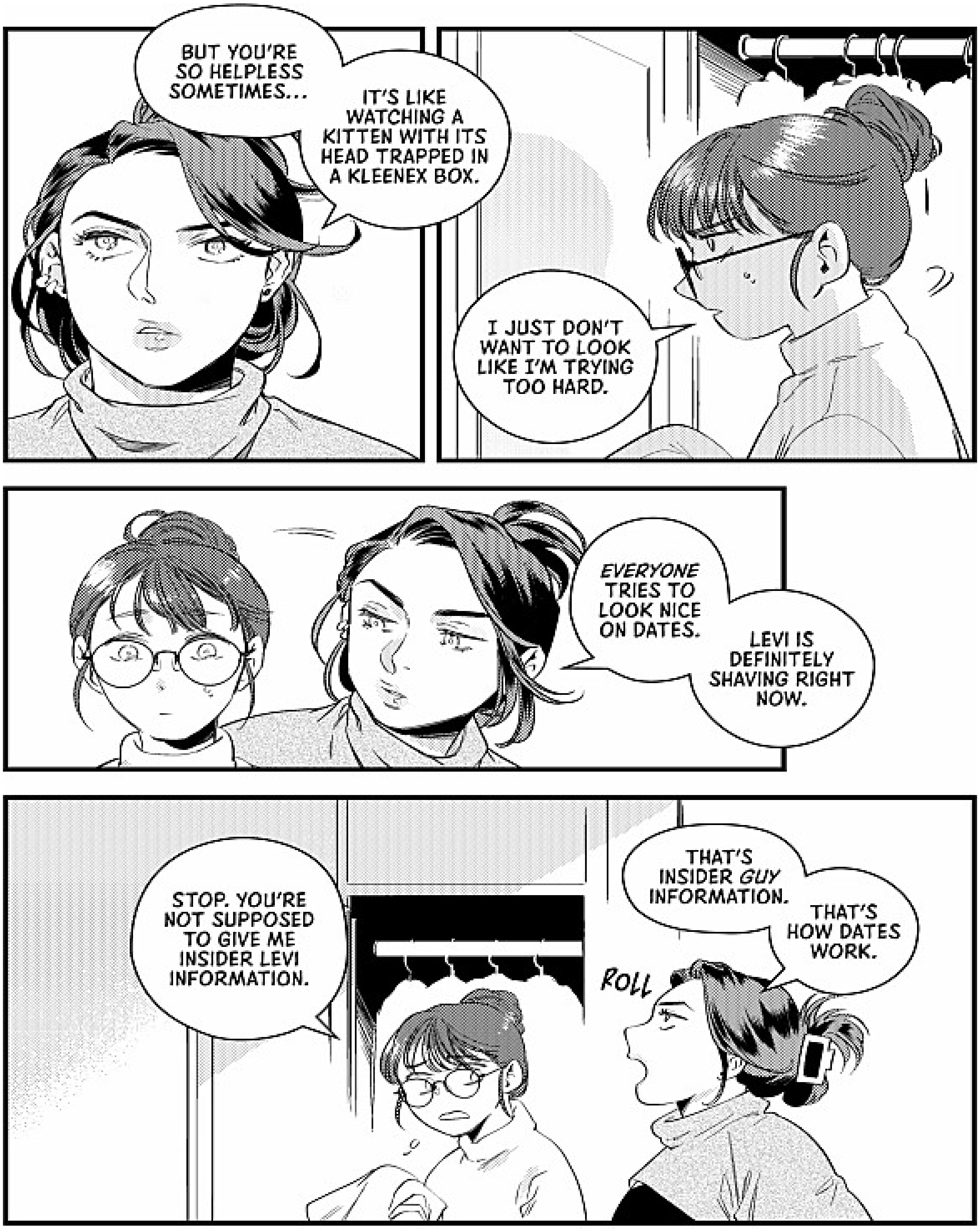

WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THIS?
LEVI WAS MY BOYFRIEND.
I KNOW.
ALL THROUGH HIGH *SCHOOL*.
I KNOW.
BUT NOW HE'S MY BEST FRIEND, AND I'M YOUR *ONLY* FRIEND...
...AND I DON'T WANT THIS TO GET WEIRD.
TOO LATE.
AND YOU'RE NOT MY ONLY FRIEND!
OH, I KNOW...
YOU'VE GOT THE *WHOLE* INTERNET.
ROLL

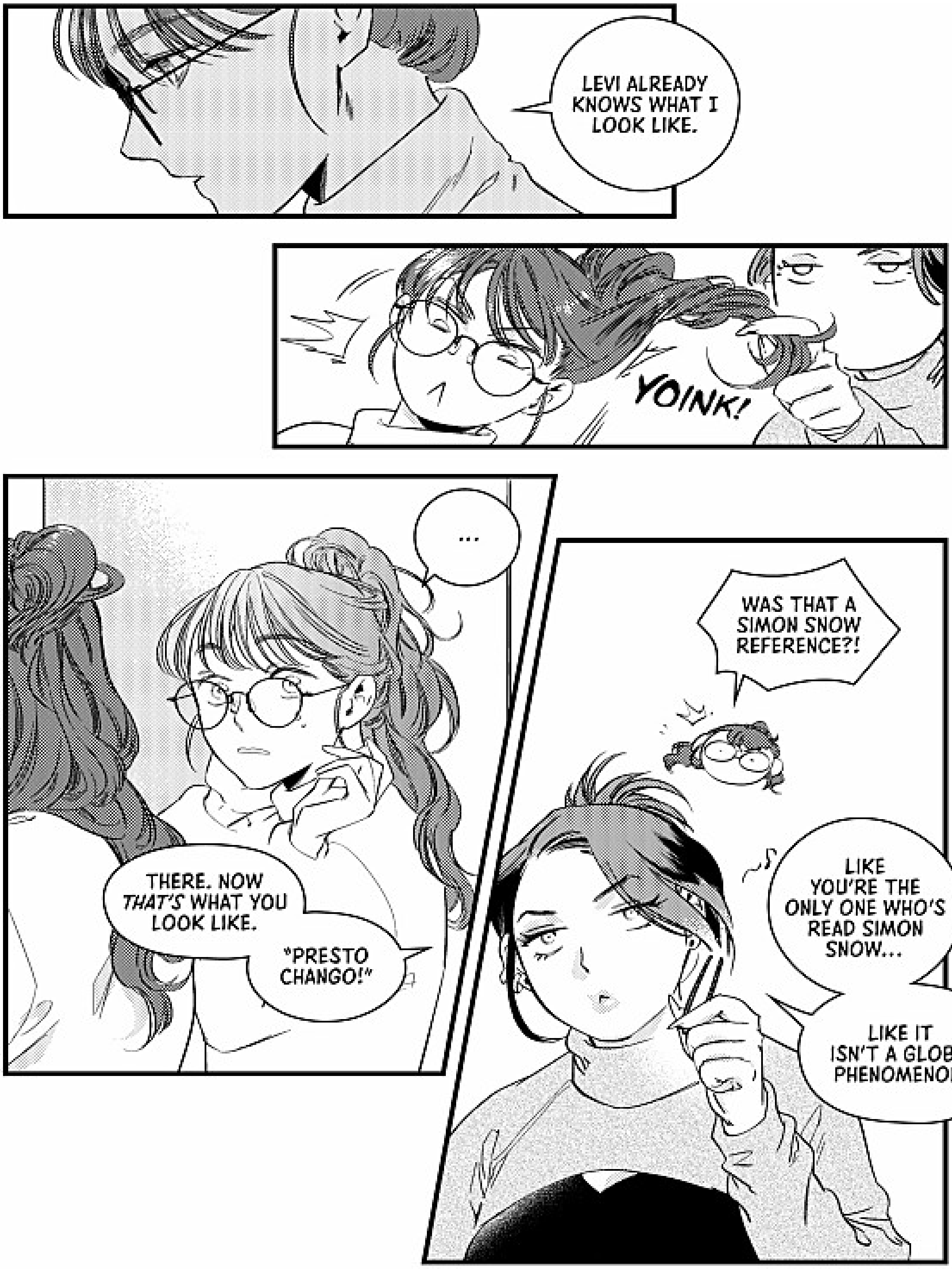

FINE. WHAT ARE THE GROUND RULES?
ONE: NOBODY TALKS TO ME ABOUT SEX. OR, LIKE, ANYTHING RELATIONSHIPPY.
DONE!
TWO: NO LOVEY-DOVEY STUFF IN FRONT OF ME.
DONE AND DONE!
THREE...
LEVI IS MY FRIEND, AND YOU CAN'T BE JEALOUS OF THAT.
IN RETURN, I WON'T FLEX MY BEST-FRIEND MUSCLES JUST TO REMIND EVERYONE THAT HE LOVED ME FIRST.

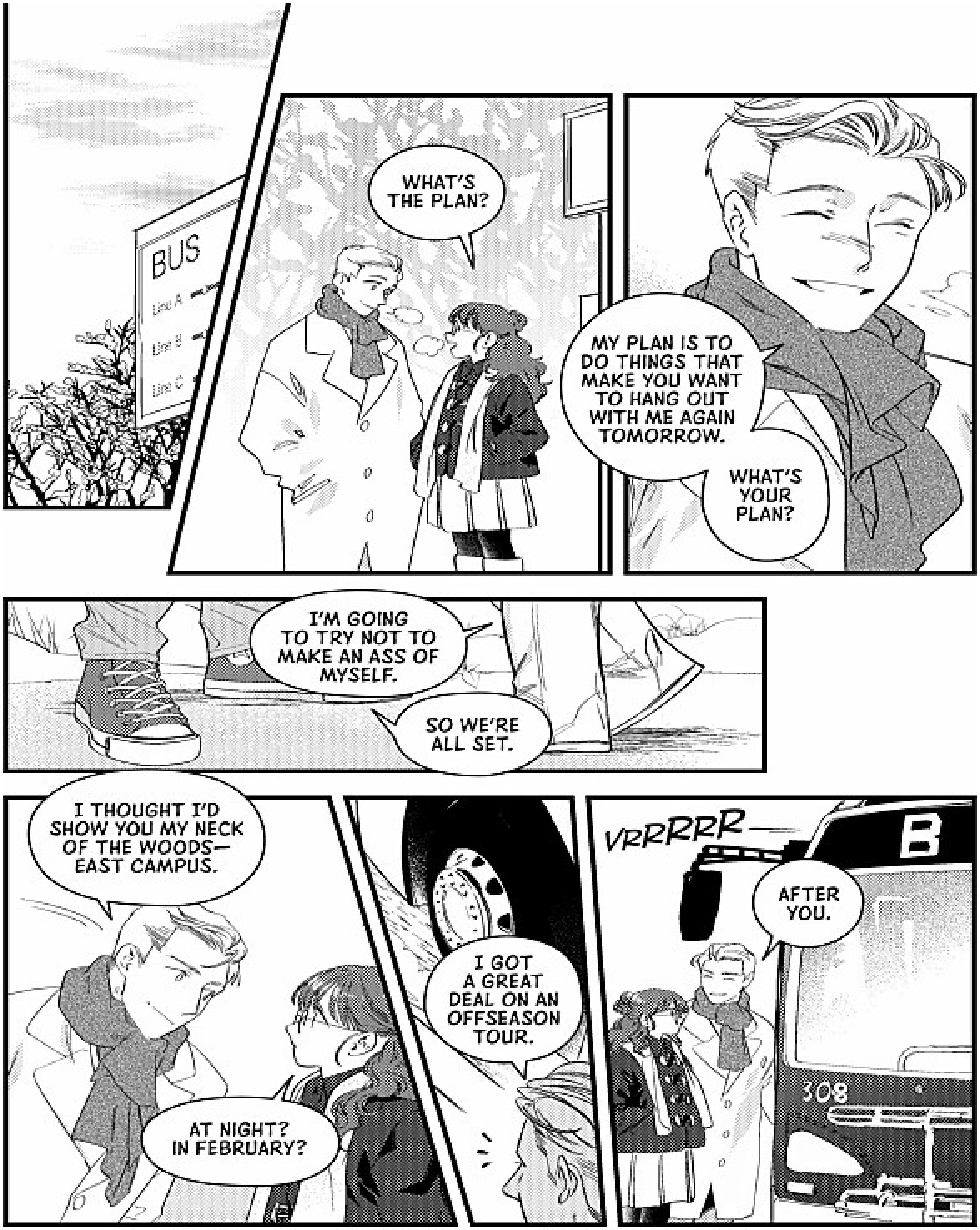

OH MY GOD...
WOULD YOU ACTUALLY *DO* THAT?
YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, I'VE BEEN LEVI'S FAVORITE GIRL PRACTICALLY MY WHOLE LIFE.
HE HASN'T DATED *ANYONE* SERIOUSLY SINCE WE BROKE UP.
I REALLY HATE THIS..
WHY DID YOU LET IT HAPPEN?!
WHY'D YOU LET HIM HANG OUT HERE *SO* MUCH?!
BECAUSE I COULD TELL THAT HE LIKED YOU!
AND I REALLY DO WANT HIM TO BE HAPPY!

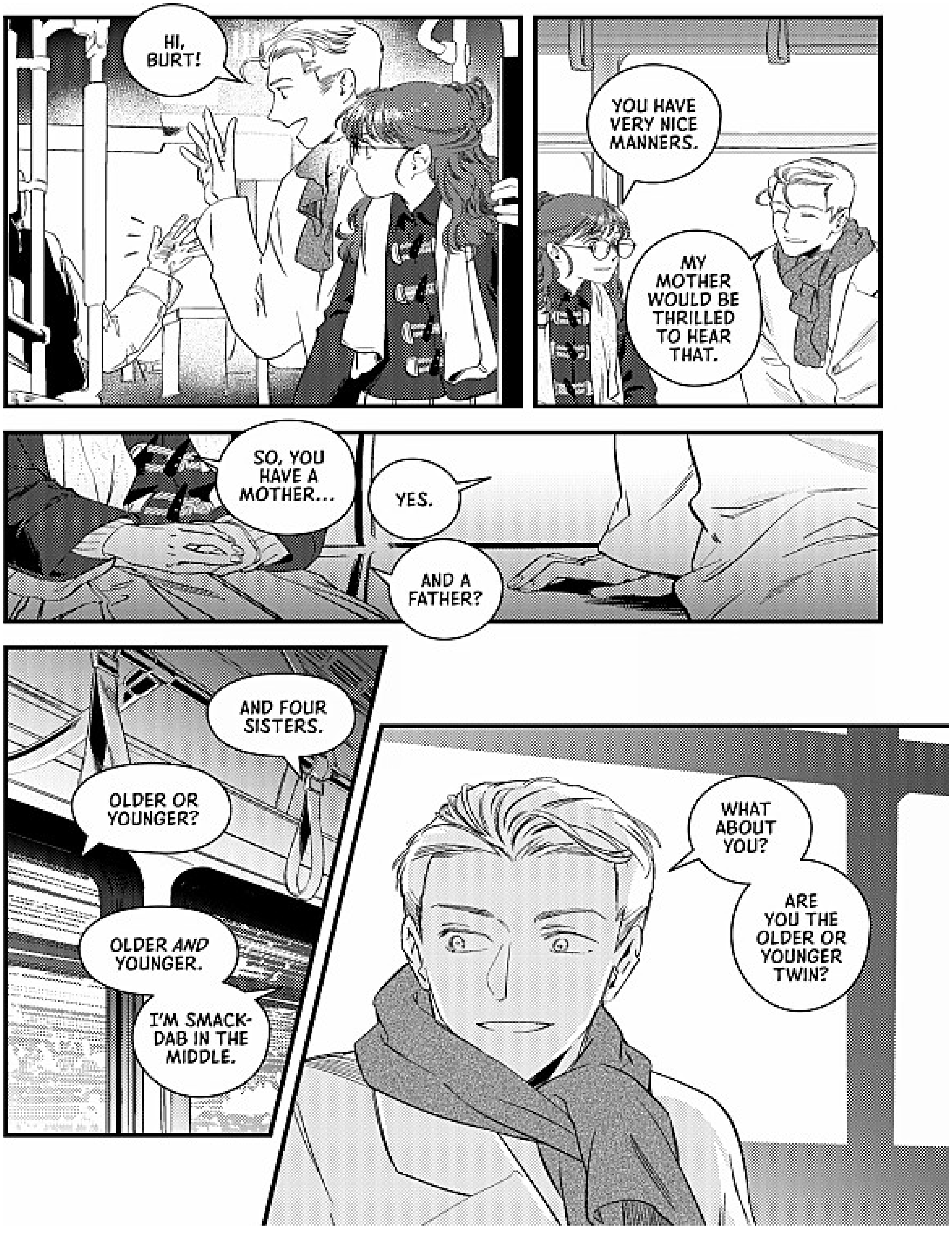

THAT'S WHY WE NEED GROUND RULES.
SHAKE ON IT.
LEVI AND I MIGHT NOT EVEN BE ANYTHING, YOU KNOW.
WE HAVEN'T EVEN GONE ON A DATE.
I DON'T THINK SO.
I'VE GOT A GOOD/BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
SHAKE.
NOW GET UP.
WE'RE GOING TO MISS BREAKFAST.

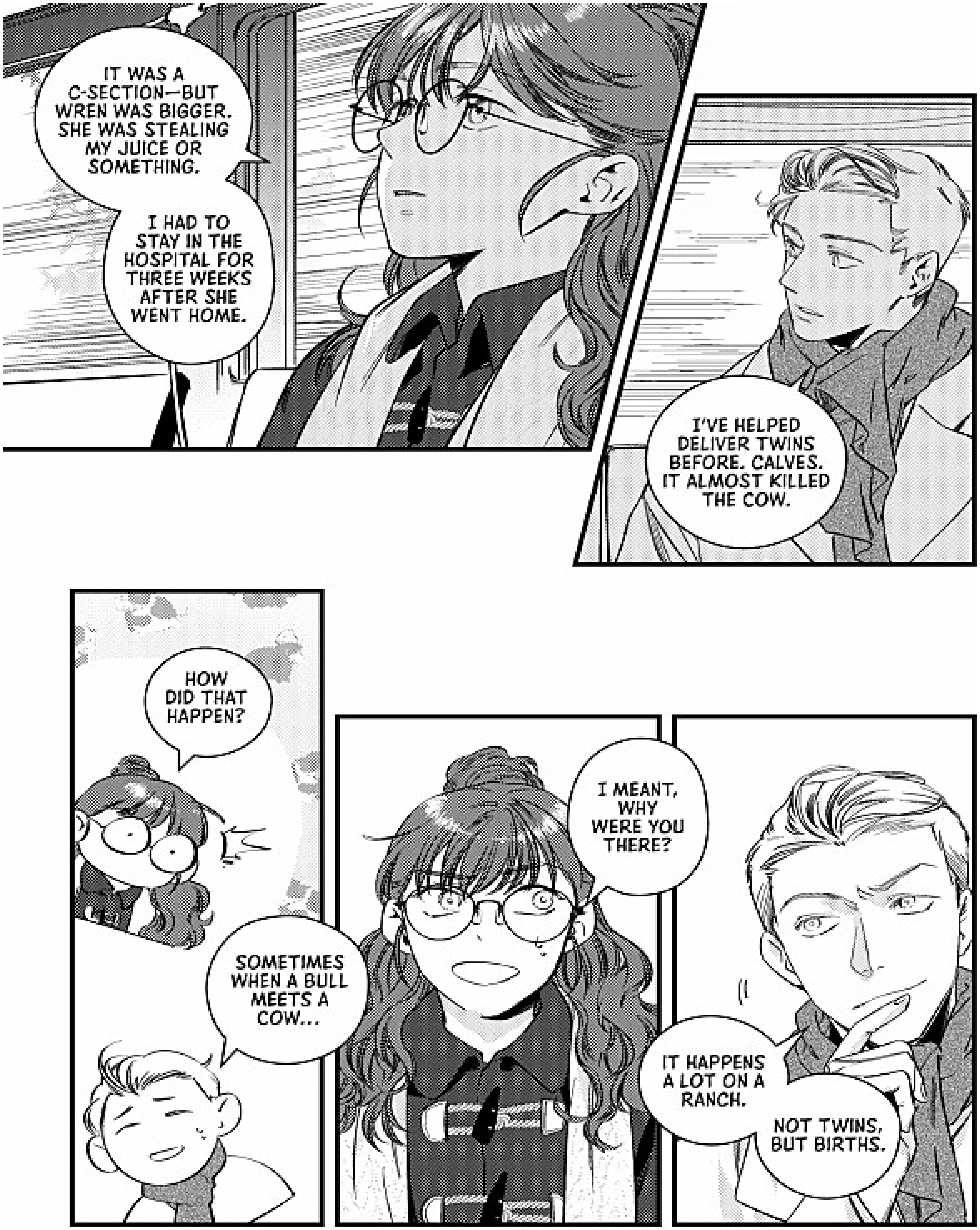

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WEAR ON MY DATE WITH LEVI...
(I HAVE A DATE WITH LEVI!!!!!)
I WISH I COULD CALL WREN FOR ADVICE.
WHAT WOULD WREN SAY...?
PRETEND HE LIKES YOU MORE THAN YOU LIKE HIM.
IT'S LIKE BUYING A CAR— YOU HAVE TO BE WILLING TO WALK AWAY.
WEAR YOUR HAIR DOWN.
YOU HAVE GOOD HAIR.
ARE YOU GIVING ME DATING ADVICE?
ISN'T THAT AGAINST THE GROUND RULES?
YES.

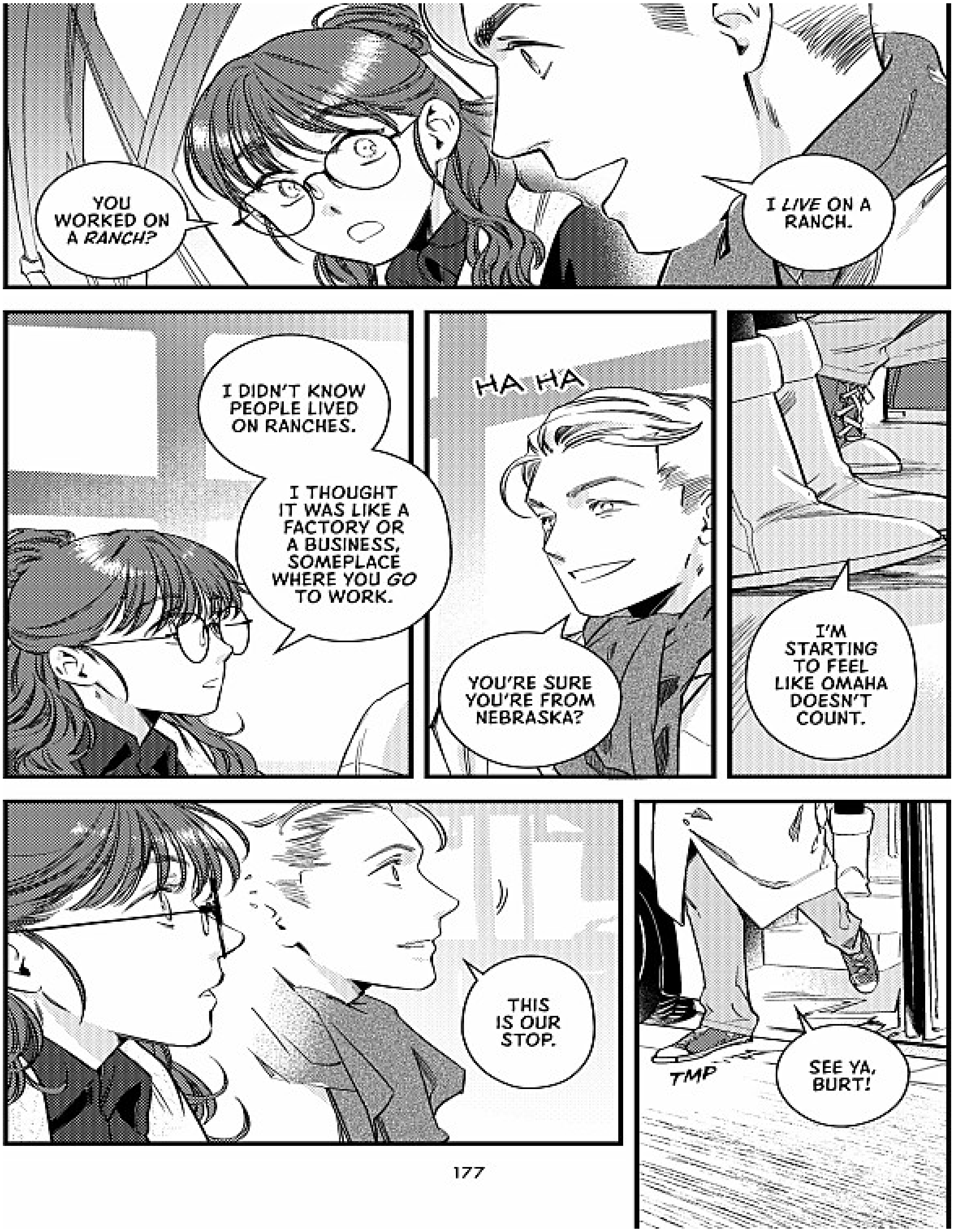

BUT YOU'RE *SO* HELPLESS SOMETIMES...
IT'S LIKE WATCHING A KITTEN WITH ITS HEAD TRAPPED IN A KLEENEX BOX.
I JUST DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE I'M TRYING TOO HARD.
EVERYONE TRIES TO LOOK NICE ON DATES.
LEVI IS DEFINITELY SHAVING RIGHT NOW.
STOP. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO GIVE ME INSIDER LEVI INFORMATION.
ROLL
THAT'S INSIDER *GUY* INFORMATION.
THAT'S HOW DATES WORK.

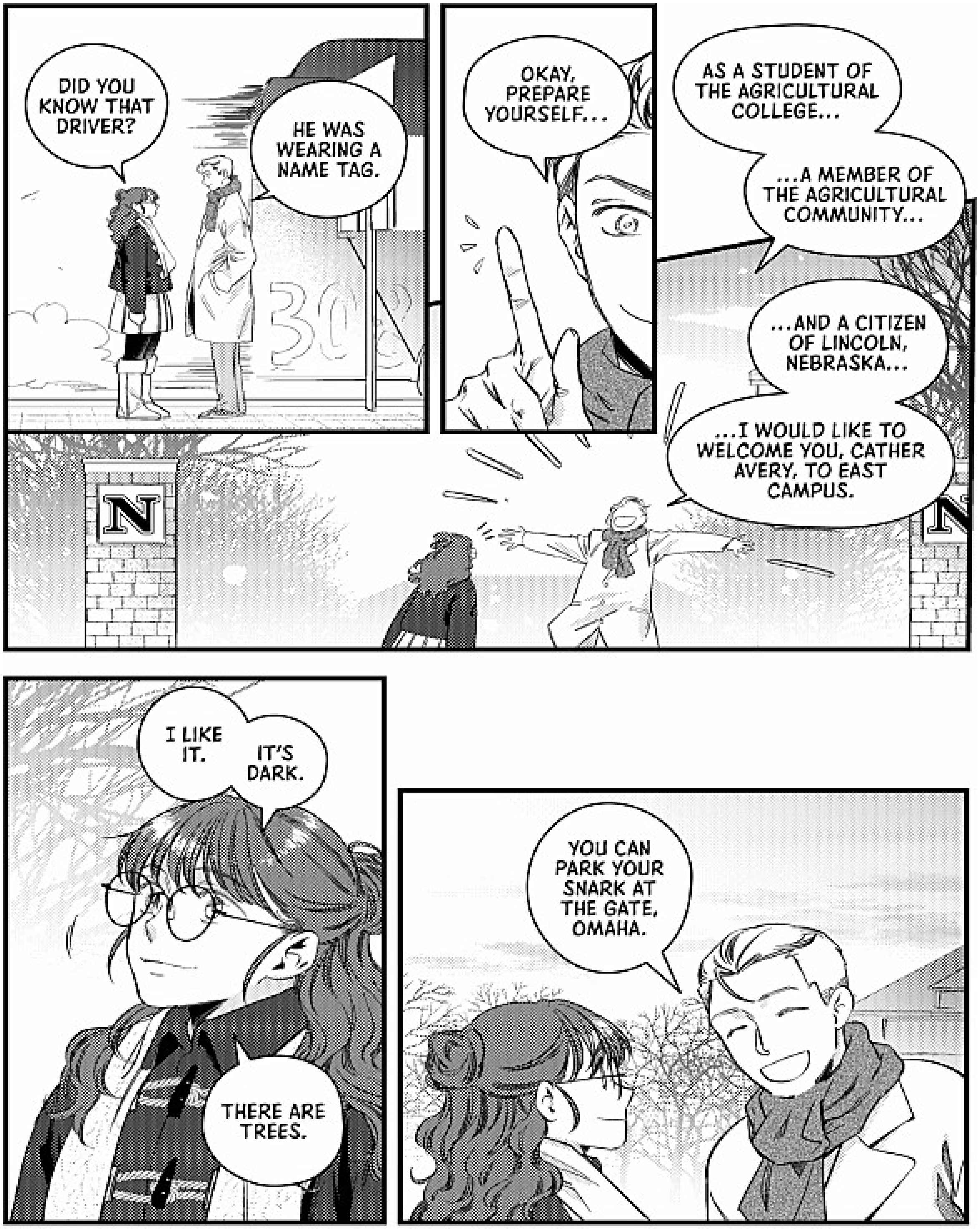

LEVI ALREADY KNOWS WHAT I LOOK LIKE.
YOINK!
...
THERE. NOW *THAT'S* WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.
"PRESTO CHANGO!"
WAS THAT A SIMON SNOW REFERENCE?!
LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S READ SIMON SNOW...
LIKE IT ISN'T A GLOBAL PHENOMENON.

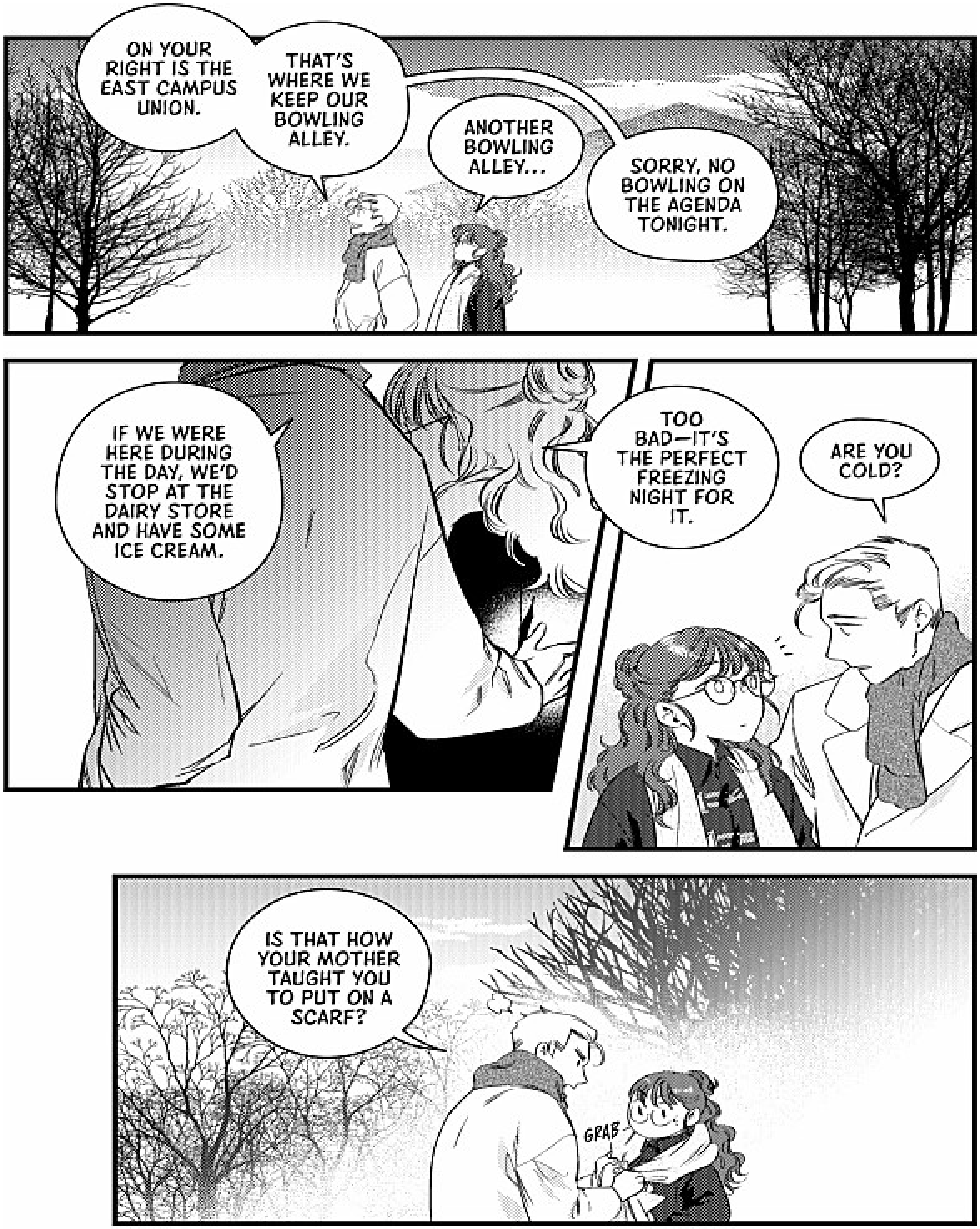

BUS
Line A
Line B
Line C
WHAT'S THE PLAN?
MY PLAN IS TO DO THINGS THAT MAKE YOU WANT TO HANG OUT WITH ME AGAIN TOMORROW.
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
I'M GOING TO TRY NOT TO MAKE AN ASS OF MYSELF.
SO WE'RE ALL SET.
I THOUGHT I'D SHOW YOU MY NECK OF THE WOODS— EAST CAMPUS.
AT NIGHT? IN FEBRUARY?
I GOT A GREAT DEAL ON AN OFFSEASON TOUR.
VRRRRR—
B
AFTER YOU.
308

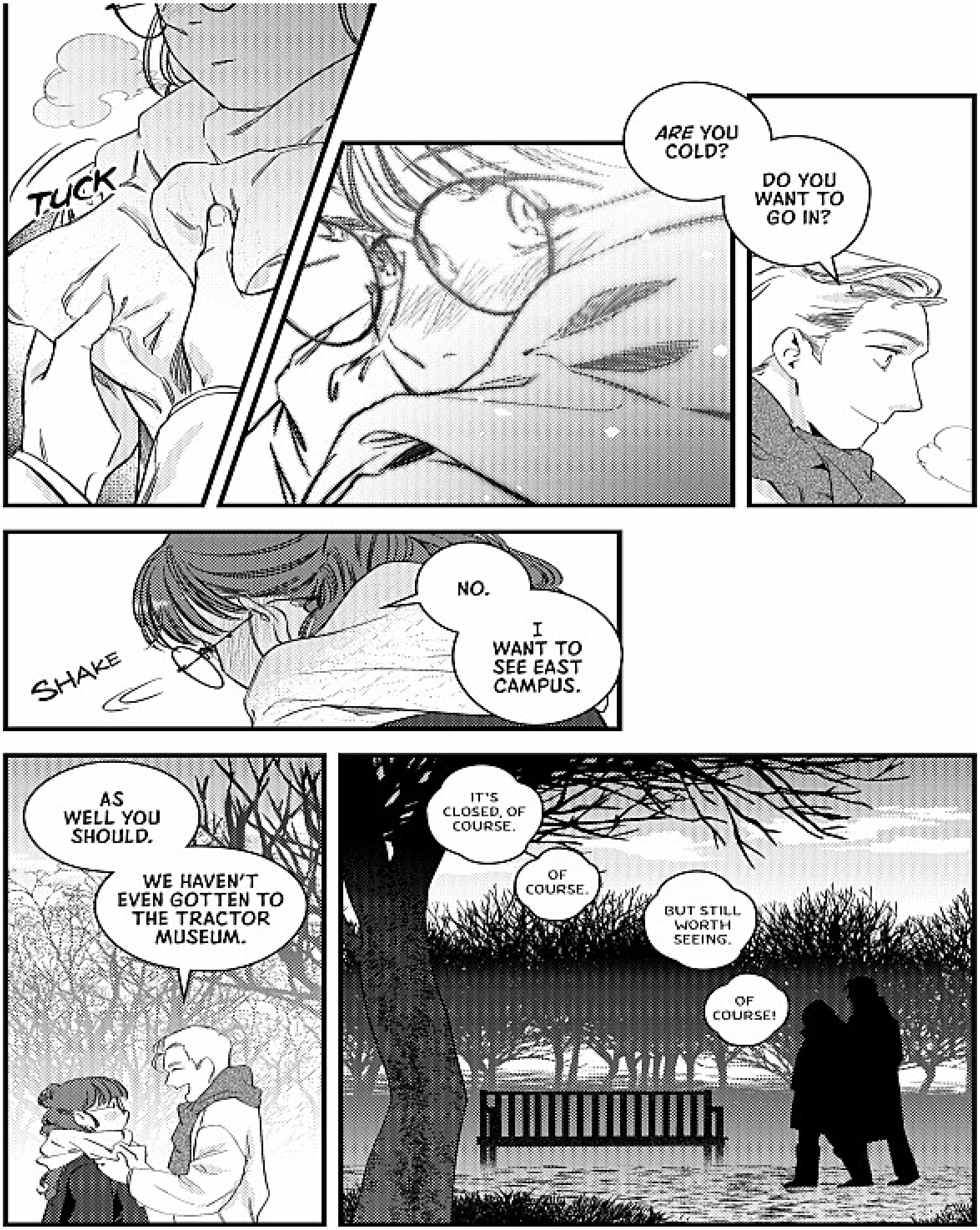

HI, BURT!
YOU HAVE VERY NICE MANNERS.
MY MOTHER WOULD BE THRILLED TO HEAR THAT.
SO, YOU HAVE A MOTHER...
YES.
AND A FATHER?
AND FOUR SISTERS.
OLDER OR YOUNGER?
OLDER *AND* YOUNGER.
I'M SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
ARE YOU THE OLDER OR YOUNGER TWIN?

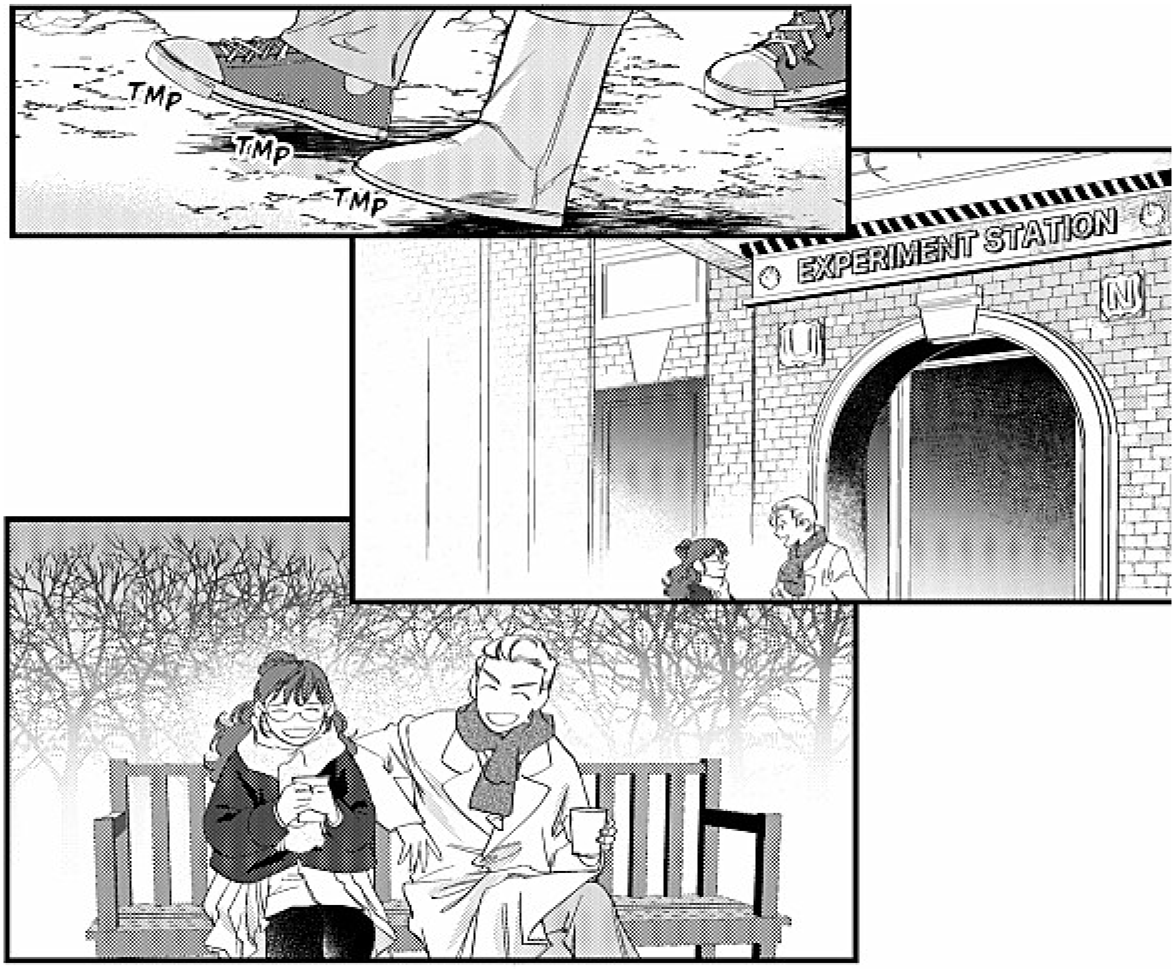

IT WAS A C-SECTION—BUT WREN WAS BIGGER. SHE WAS STEALING MY JUICE OR SOMETHING.
I HAD TO STAY IN THE HOSPITAL FOR THREE WEEKS AFTER SHE WENT HOME.
I'VE HELPED DELIVER TWINS BEFORE. CALVES. IT ALMOST KILLED THE COW.
HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
SOMETIMES WHEN A BULL MEETS A COW...
I MEANT, WHY WERE YOU THERE?
IT HAPPENS A LOT ON A RANCH.
NOT TWINS, BUT BIRTHS.

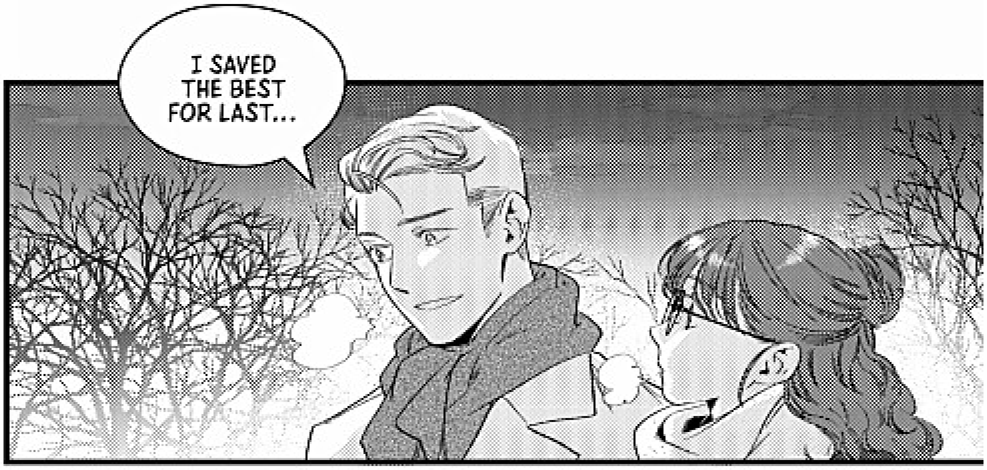

YOU WORKED ON A *RANCH?*
I *LIVE* ON A RANCH.
I DIDN'T KNOW PEOPLE LIVED ON RANCHES.
I THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE A FACTORY OR A BUSINESS, *SOMEPLACE* WHERE YOU *GO* TO WORK.
HA HA
YOU'RE *SURE* YOU'RE FROM NEBRASKA?
I'M *STARTING* TO FEEL LIKE OMAHA DOESN'T COUNT.
THIS IS *OUR* STOP.
TMP
SEE YA, BURT!

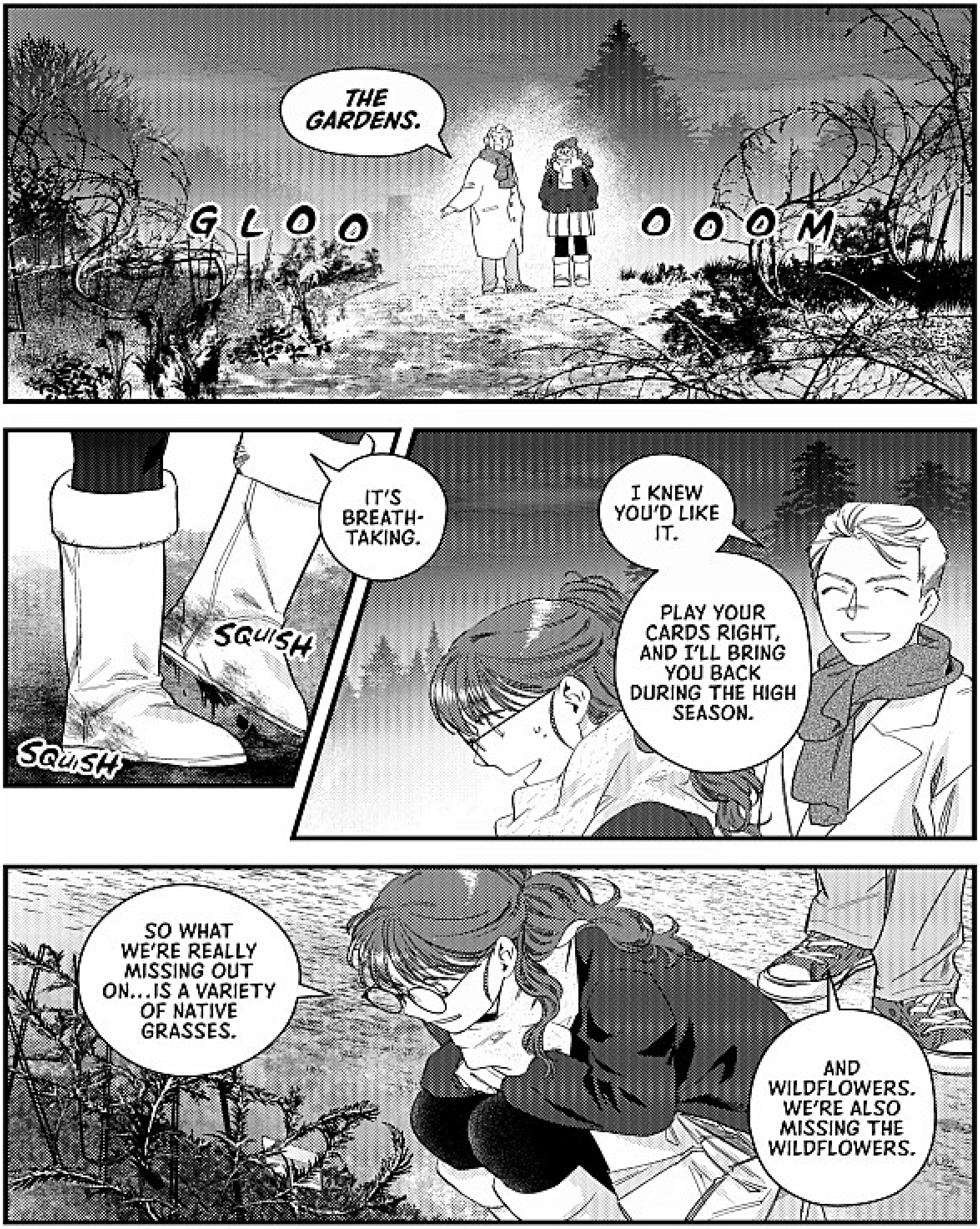

DID YOU KNOW THAT DRIVER?
HE WAS WEARING A NAME TAG.
OKAY, PREPARE YOURSELF...
AS A STUDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE...
...A MEMBER OF THE AGRICULTURAL COMMUNITY...
...AND A CITIZEN OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA...
...I WOULD LIKE TO WELCOME YOU, CATHER AVERY, TO EAST CAMPUS.
N
N
I LIKE IT.
IT'S DARK.
THERE ARE TREES.
YOU CAN PARK YOUR SNARK AT THE GATE, OMAHA.

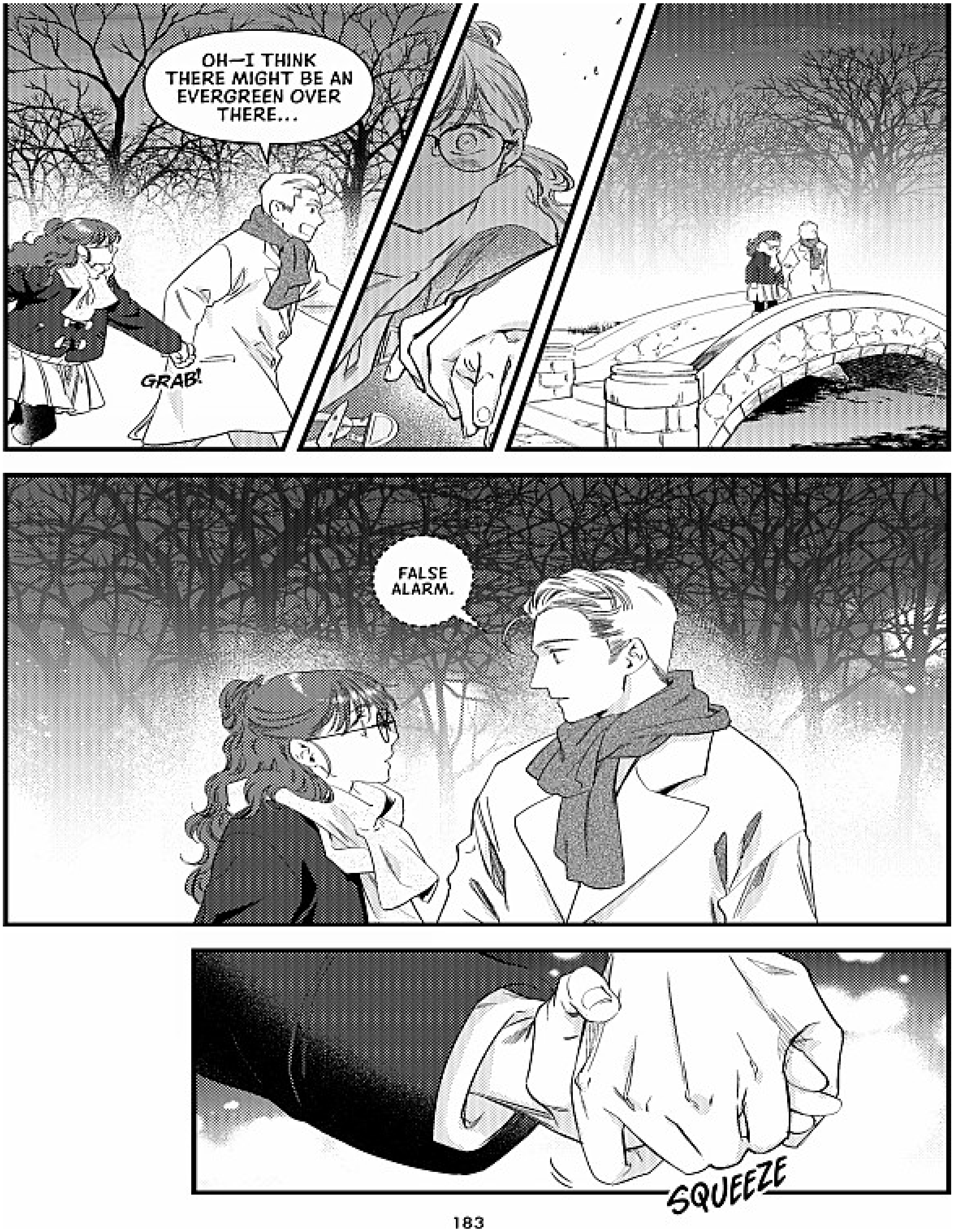

ON YOUR RIGHT IS THE EAST CAMPUS UNION.
THAT'S WHERE WE KEEP OUR BOWLING ALLEY.
ANOTHER BOWLING ALLEY...
SORRY, NO BOWLING ON THE AGENDA TONIGHT.
IF WE WERE HERE DURING THE DAY, WE'D *STOP* AT THE DAIRY STORE AND HAVE *SOME* ICE CREAM.
TOO BAD—IT'S THE PERFECT FREEZING NIGHT FOR IT.
ARE YOU COLD?
IS THAT HOW YOUR MOTHER TAUGHT YOU TO PUT ON A SCARF?
GRAB

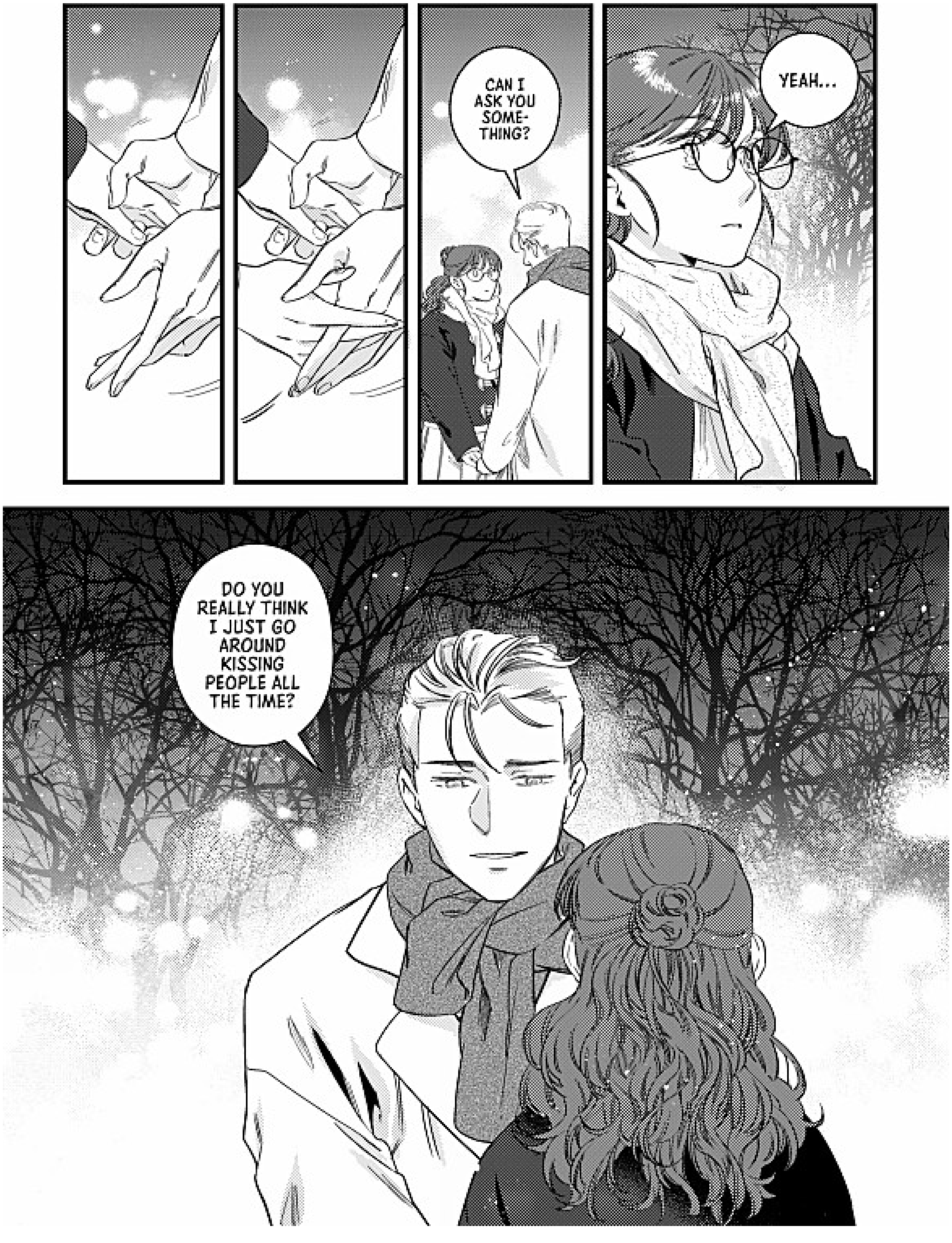

TUCK
ARE YOU COLD?
DO YOU WANT TO GO IN?
SHAKE
NO.
I WANT TO SEE EAST CAMPUS.
AS WELL YOU SHOULD.
WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO THE TRACTOR MUSEUM.
IT'S CLOSED, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE.
BUT STILL WORTH SEEING.
OF COURSE!

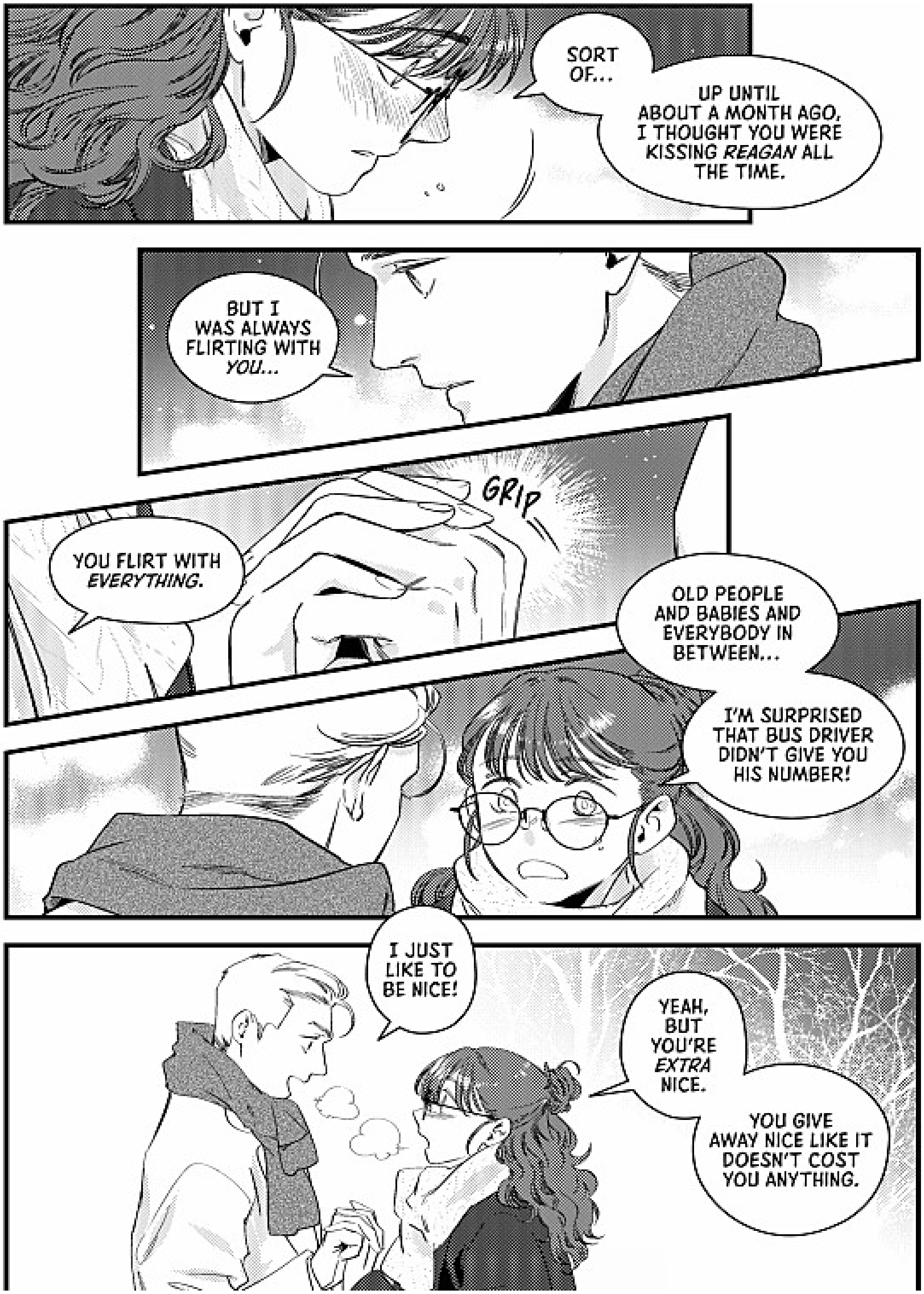

TMP
TMP
TMP
EXPERIMENT STATION
U
N

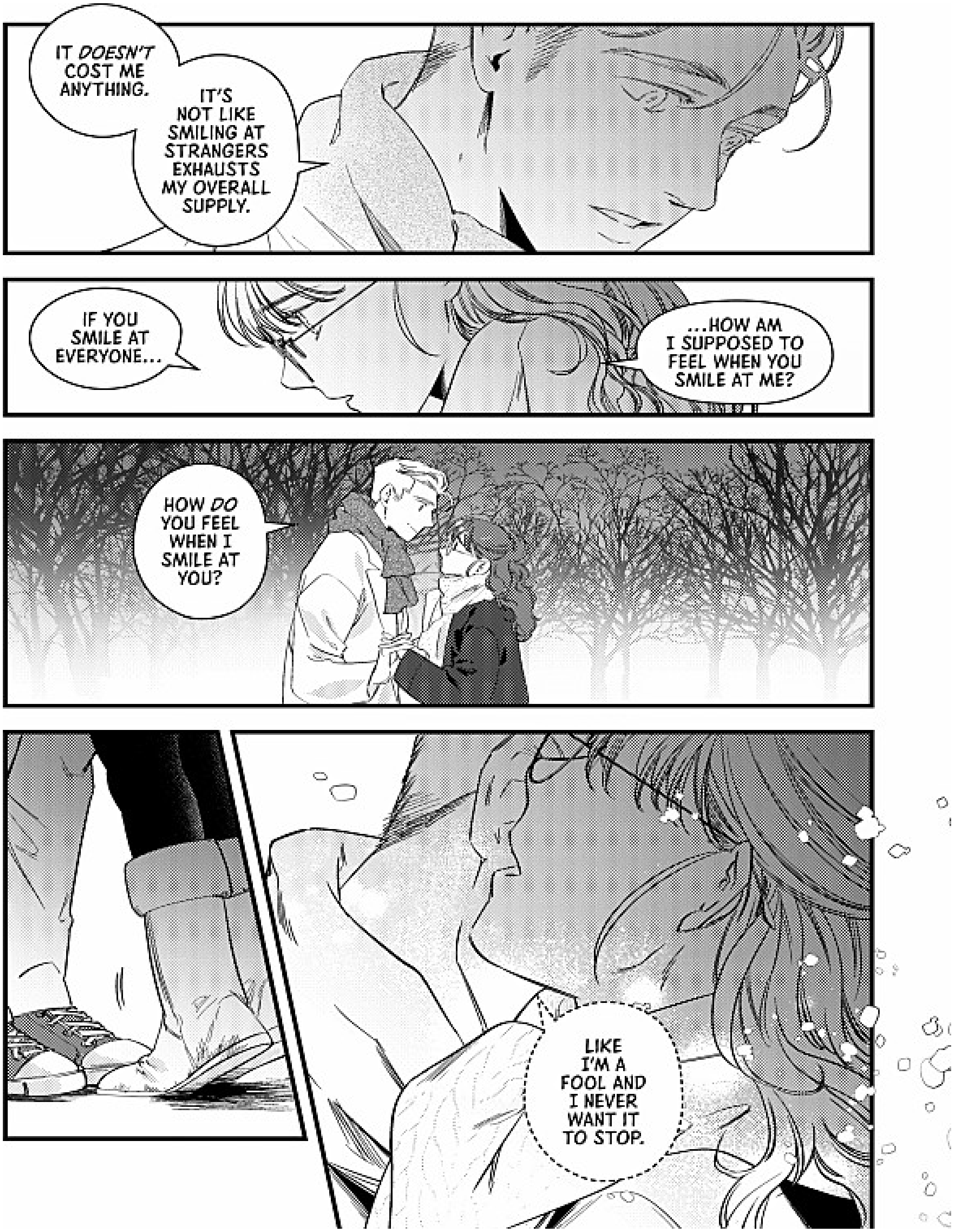

I SAVED THE BEST FOR LAST...

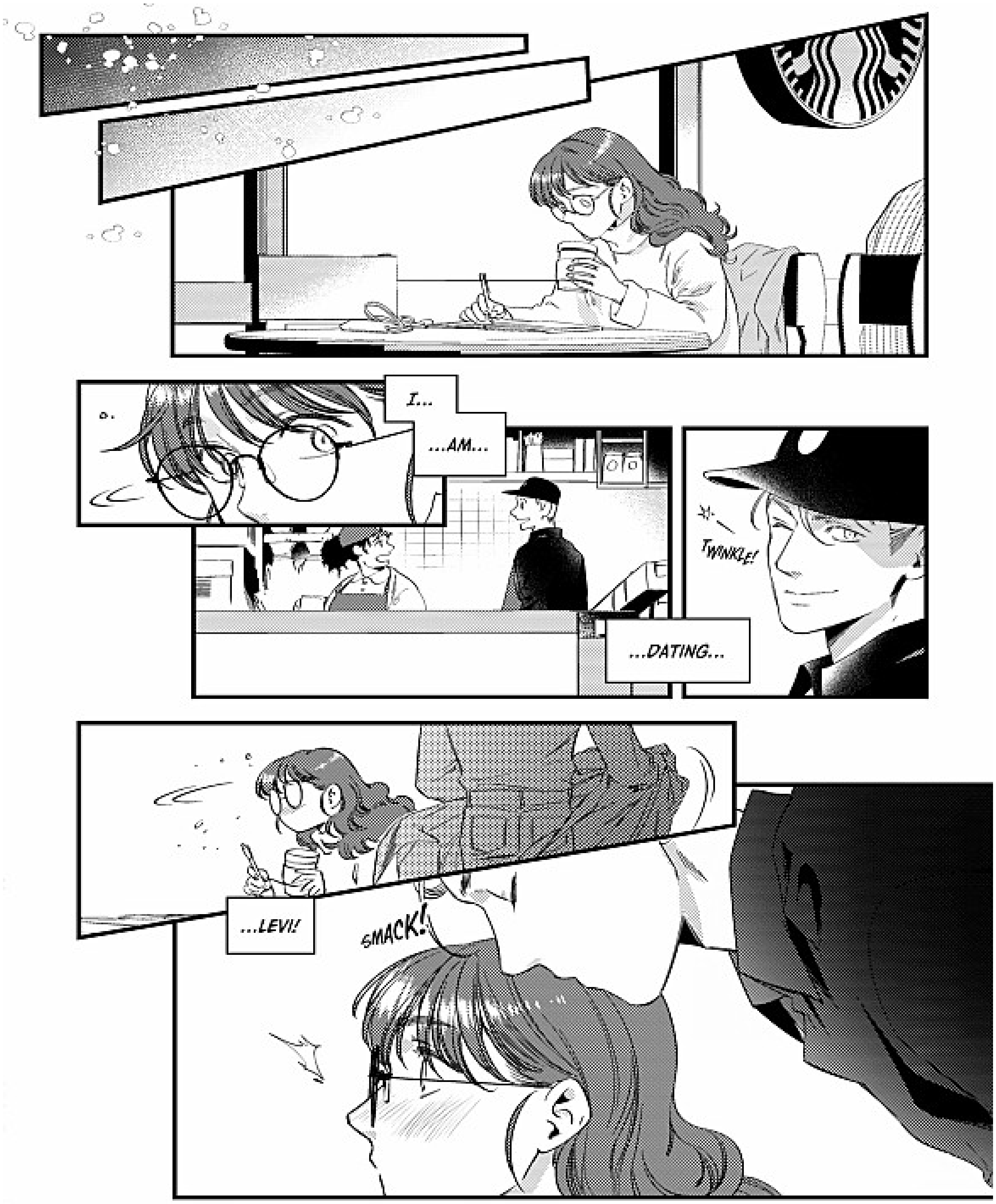

THE GARDENS.
GLOO OOOM
IT'S BREATHTAKING.
SQUISH
SQUISH
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT.
PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, AND I'LL BRING YOU BACK DURING THE HIGH SEASON.
SO WHAT WE'RE REALLY MISSING OUT ON...IS A VARIETY OF NATIVE GRASSES.
AND WILDFLOWERS. WE'RE ALSO MISSING THE WILDFLOWERS.

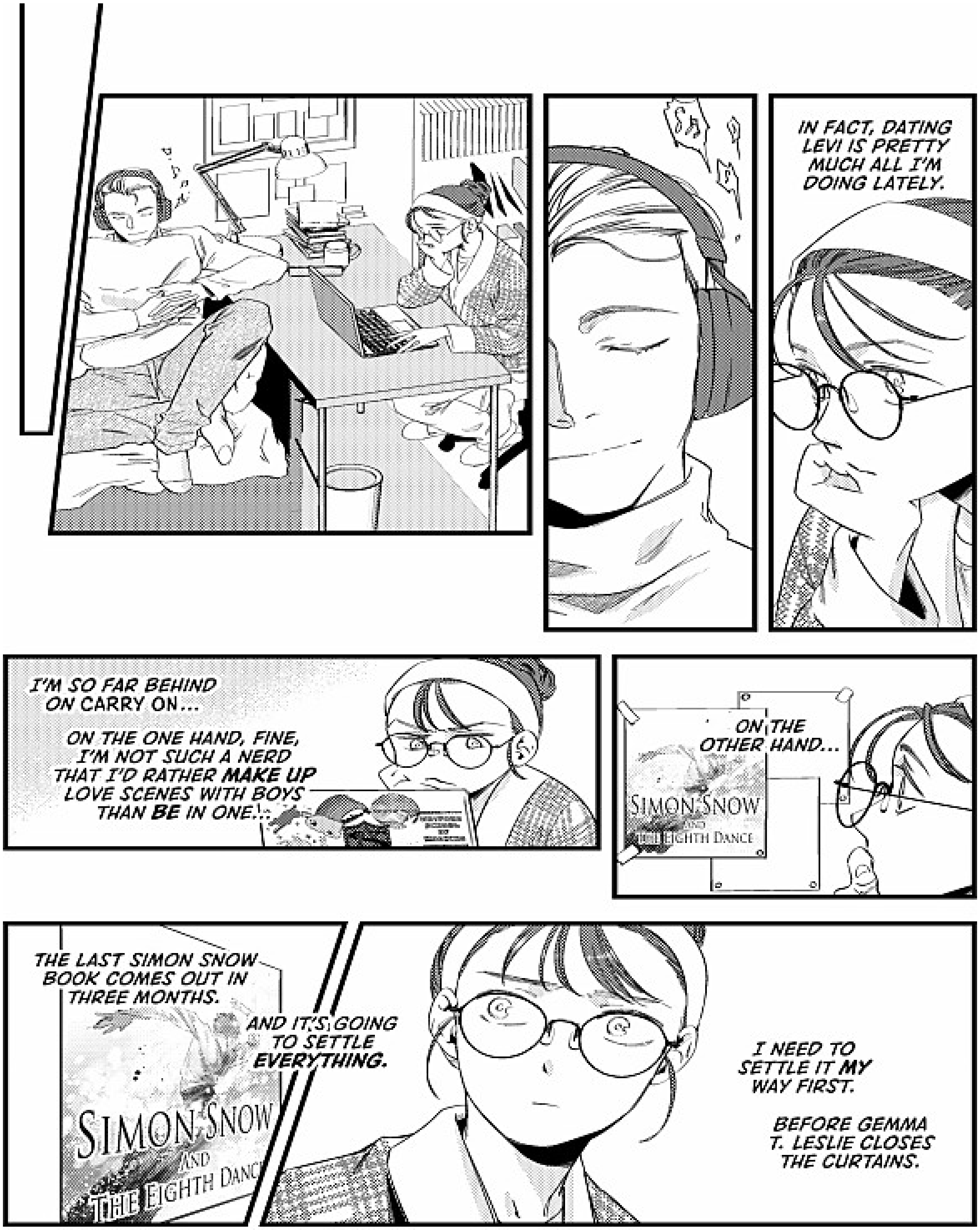

OH—I THINK THERE MIGHT BE AN EVERGREEN OVER THERE...
GRAB!
FALSE ALARM.
SQUEEZE

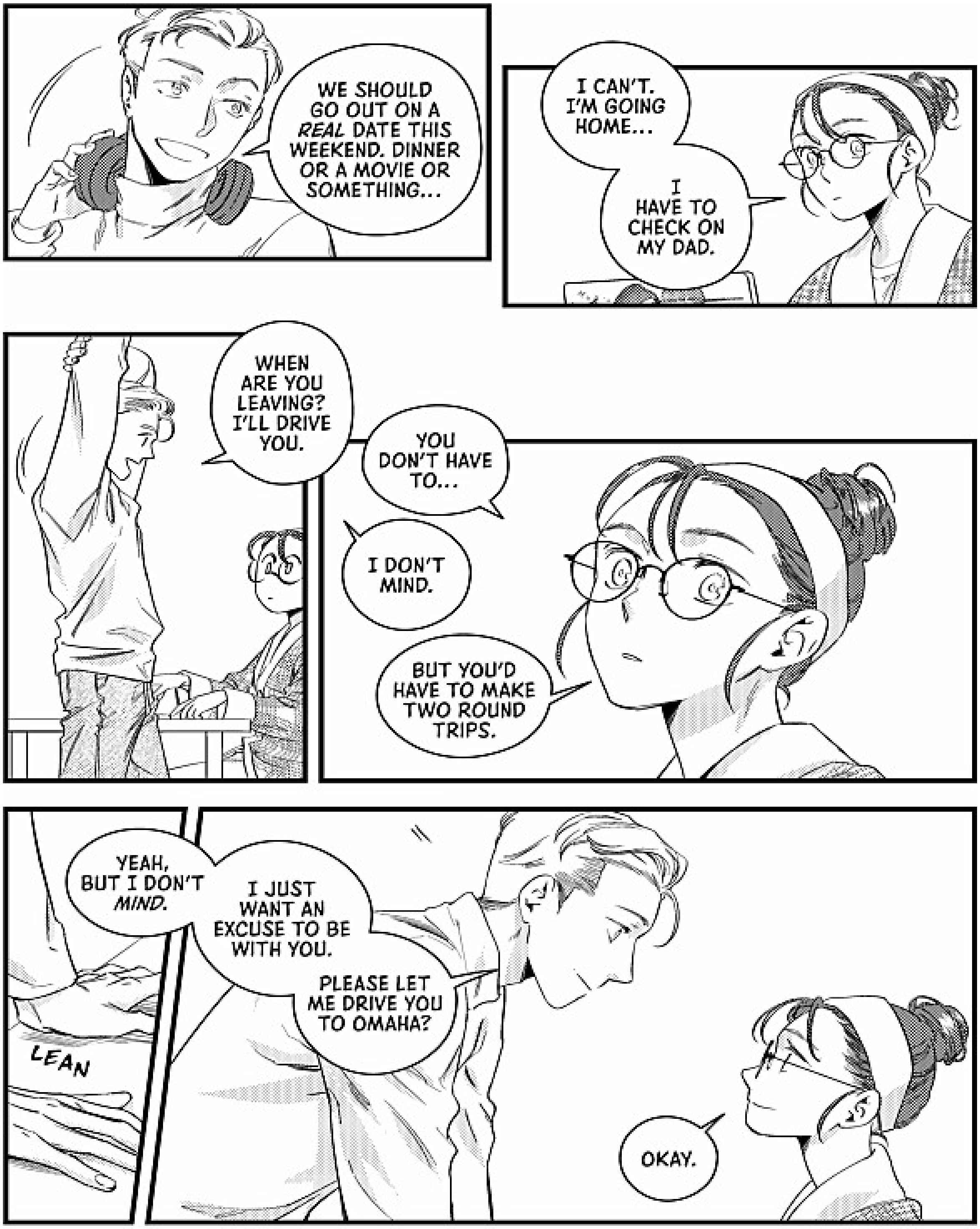

CAN I ASK YOU SOME-THING?
YEAH...
DO YOU REALLY THINK I JUST GO AROUND KISSING PEOPLE ALL THE TIME?

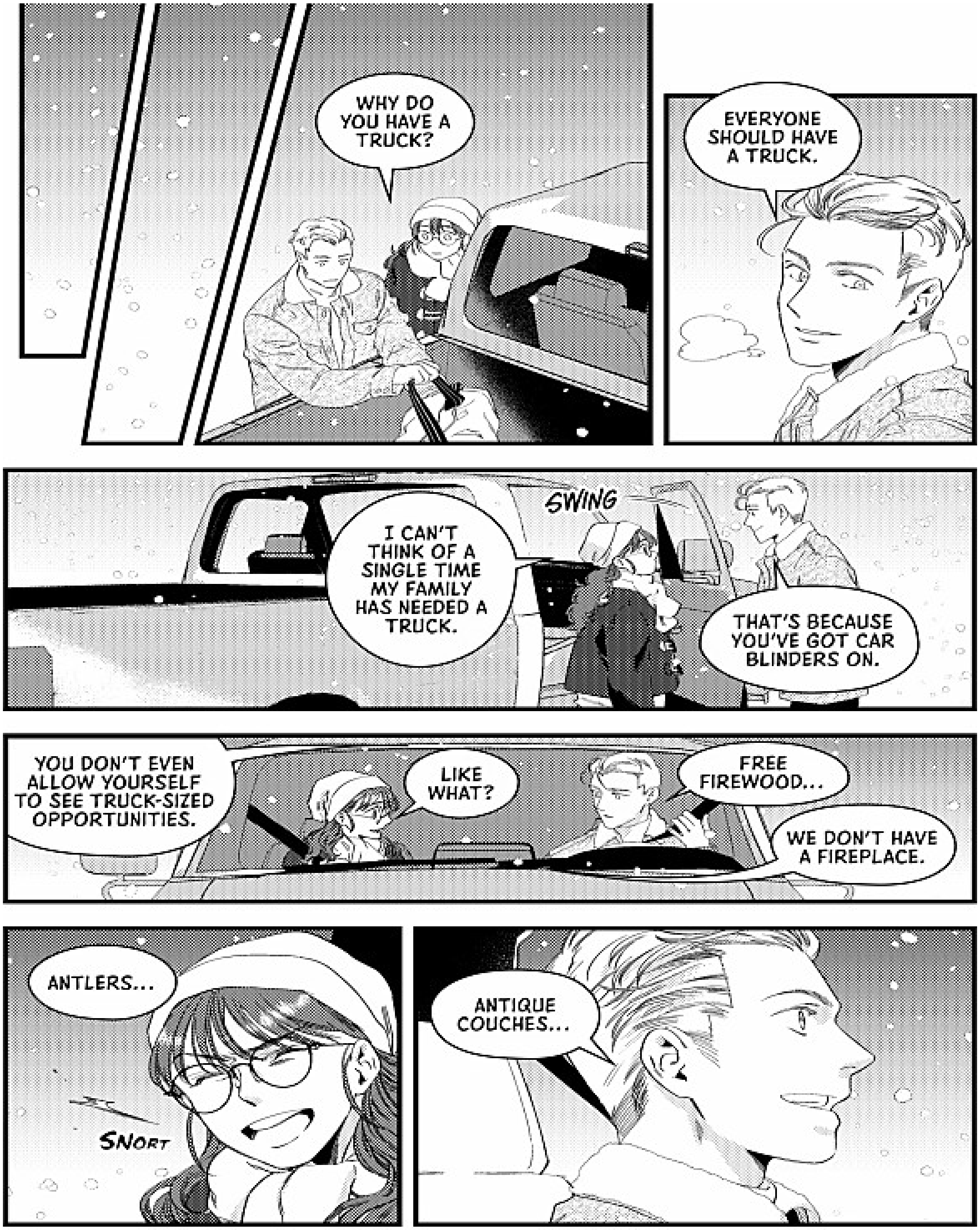

SORT OF...
UP UNTIL ABOUT A MONTH AGO, I THOUGHT YOU WERE KISSING *REAGAN* ALL THE TIME.
BUT I WAS ALWAYS FLIRTING WITH *YOU*...
GRIP
YOU FLIRT WITH *EVERYTHING*.
OLD PEOPLE AND BABIES AND EVERYBODY IN BETWEEN...
I'M SURPRISED THAT BUS DRIVER DIDN'T GIVE YOU HIS NUMBER!
I JUST LIKE TO BE NICE!
YEAH, BUT YOU'RE *EXTRA* NICE.
YOU GIVE AWAY NICE LIKE IT DOESN'T COST YOU ANYTHING.

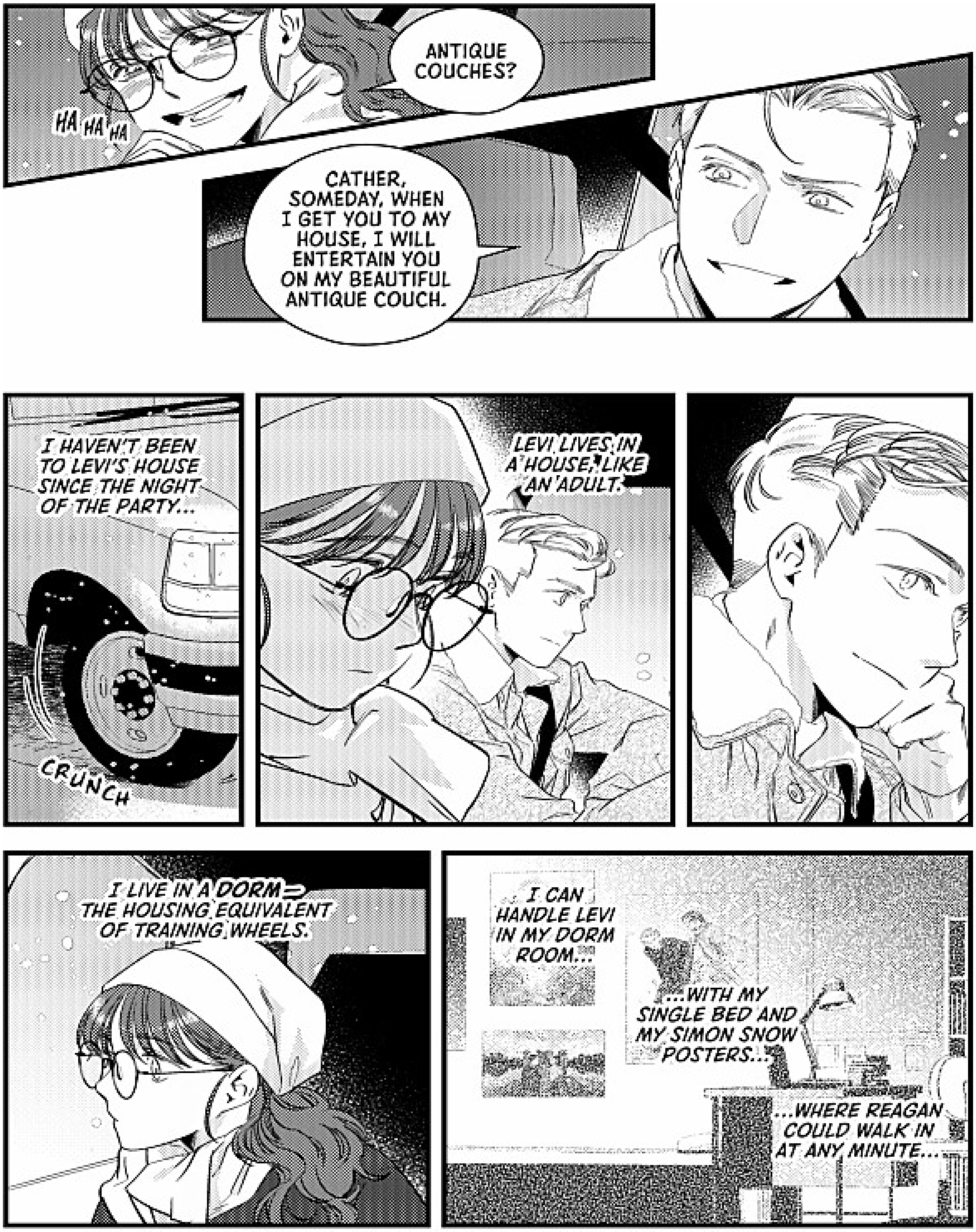

IT *DOESN'T* COST ME ANYTHING.
IT'S NOT LIKE SMILING AT STRANGERS EXHAUSTS MY OVERALL SUPPLY.
IF YOU SMILE AT EVERYONE...
...HOW AM I *SUPPOSED* TO FEEL WHEN YOU SMILE AT ME?
HOW *DO* YOU FEEL WHEN I SMILE AT YOU?
LIKE I'M A FOOL AND I NEVER WANT IT TO STOP.

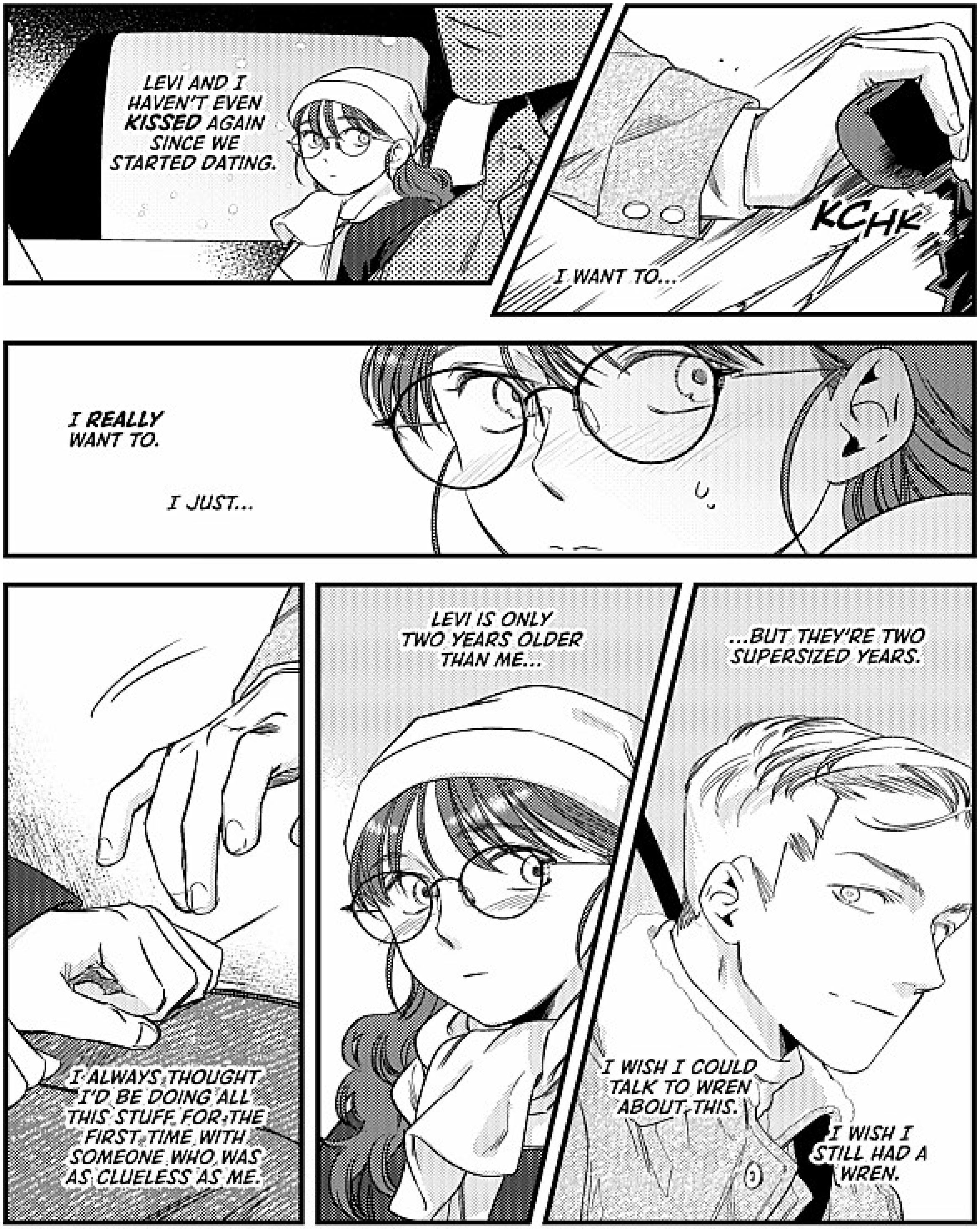

I...
...AM...
TWINKLE!
...DATING...
...LEVI!
SMACK!

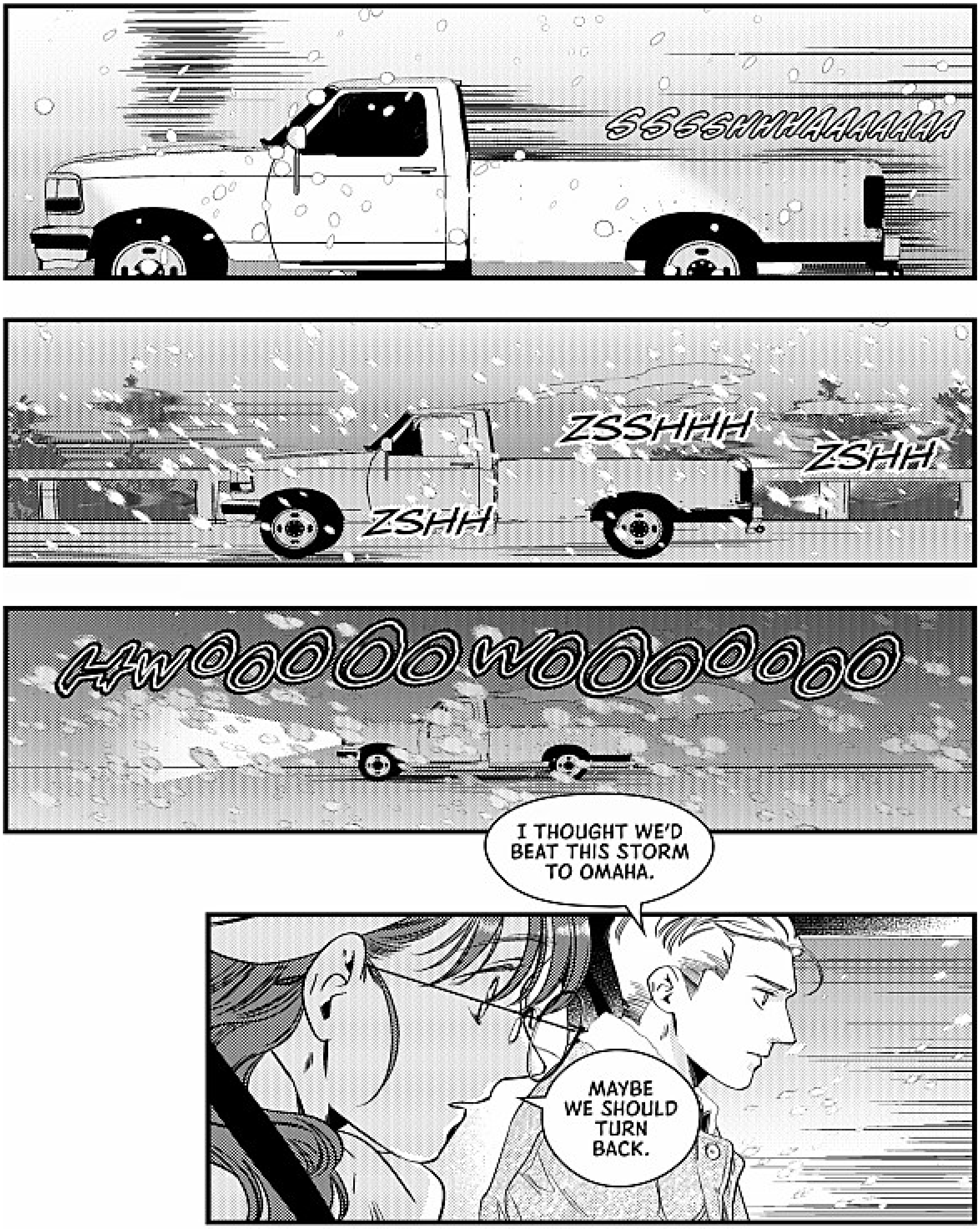

IN FACT, DATING LEVI IS PRETTY MUCH ALL I'M DOING LATELY.
I'M SO FAR BEHIND ON CARRY ON...
ON THE ONE HAND, FINE, I'M NOT SUCH A NERD THAT I'D RATHER **MAKE UP** LOVE SCENES WITH BOYS THAN **BE** IN ONE...
ON THE OTHER HAND...
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
THE LAST SIMON SNOW BOOK COMES OUT IN THREE MONTHS.
AND IT'S GOING TO SETTLE **EVERYTHING.**
SIMON SNOW AND THE EIGHTH DANCE
I NEED TO SETTLE IT **MY** WAY FIRST.
BEFORE GEMMA T. LESLIE CLOSES THE CURTAINS.

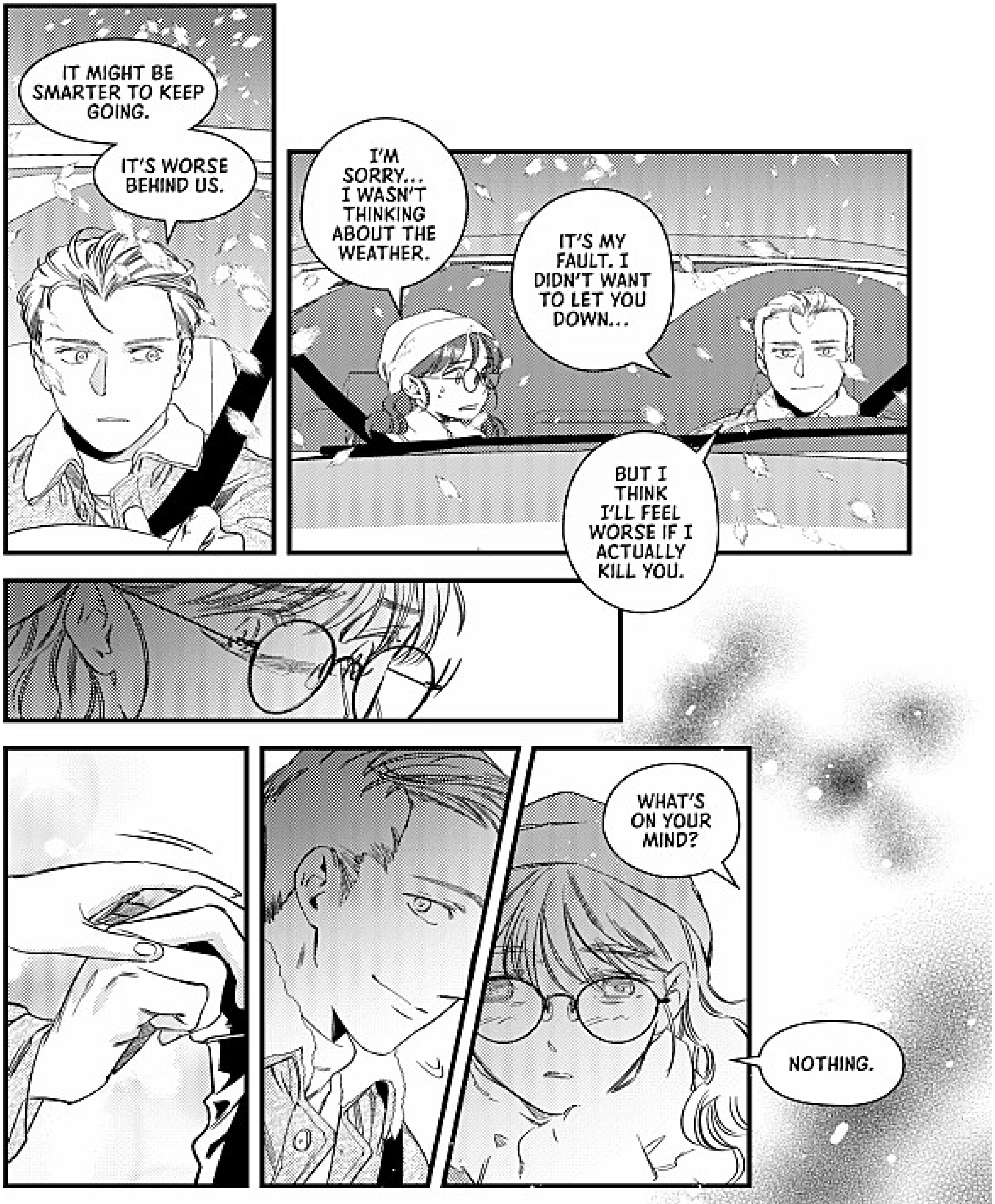

WE SHOULD GO OUT ON A *REAL* DATE THIS WEEKEND. DINNER OR A MOVIE OR SOMETHING...
I CAN'T. I'M GOING HOME...
I HAVE TO CHECK ON MY DAD.
WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? I'LL DRIVE YOU.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
I DON'T MIND.
BUT YOU'D HAVE TO MAKE TWO ROUND TRIPS.
YEAH, BUT I DON'T *MIND*.
LEAN
I JUST WANT AN EXCUSE TO BE WITH YOU.
PLEASE LET ME DRIVE YOU TO OMAHA?
OKAY.

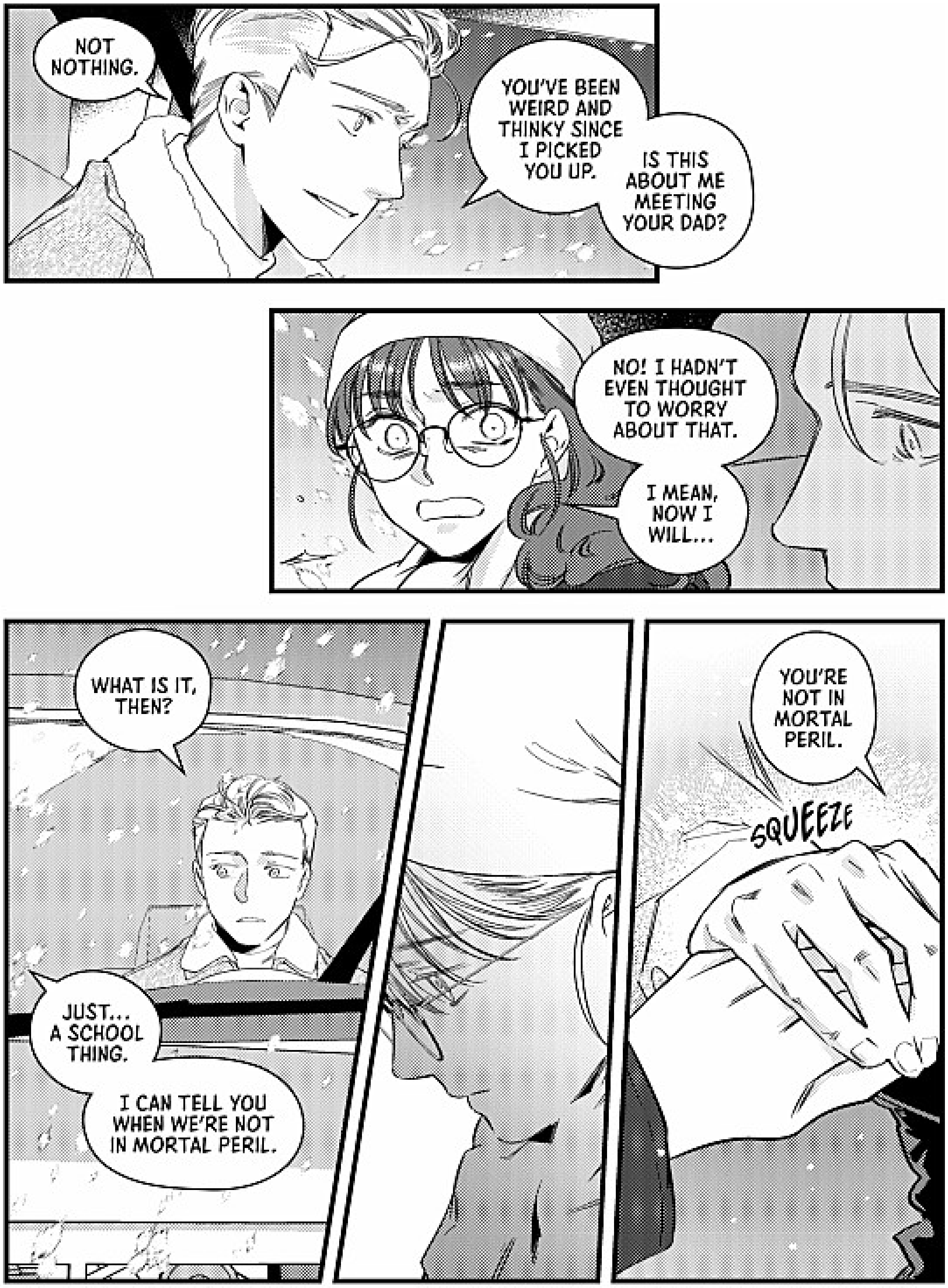

WHY DO YOU HAVE A TRUCK?
EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A TRUCK.
SWING
I CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE TIME MY FAMILY HAS NEEDED A TRUCK.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT CAR BLINDERS ON.
YOU DON'T EVEN ALLOW YOURSELF TO SEE TRUCK-SIZED OPPORTUNITIES.
LIKE WHAT?
FREE FIREWOOD...
WE DON'T HAVE A FIREPLACE.
ANTLERS...
SNORT
ANTIQUE COUCHES...

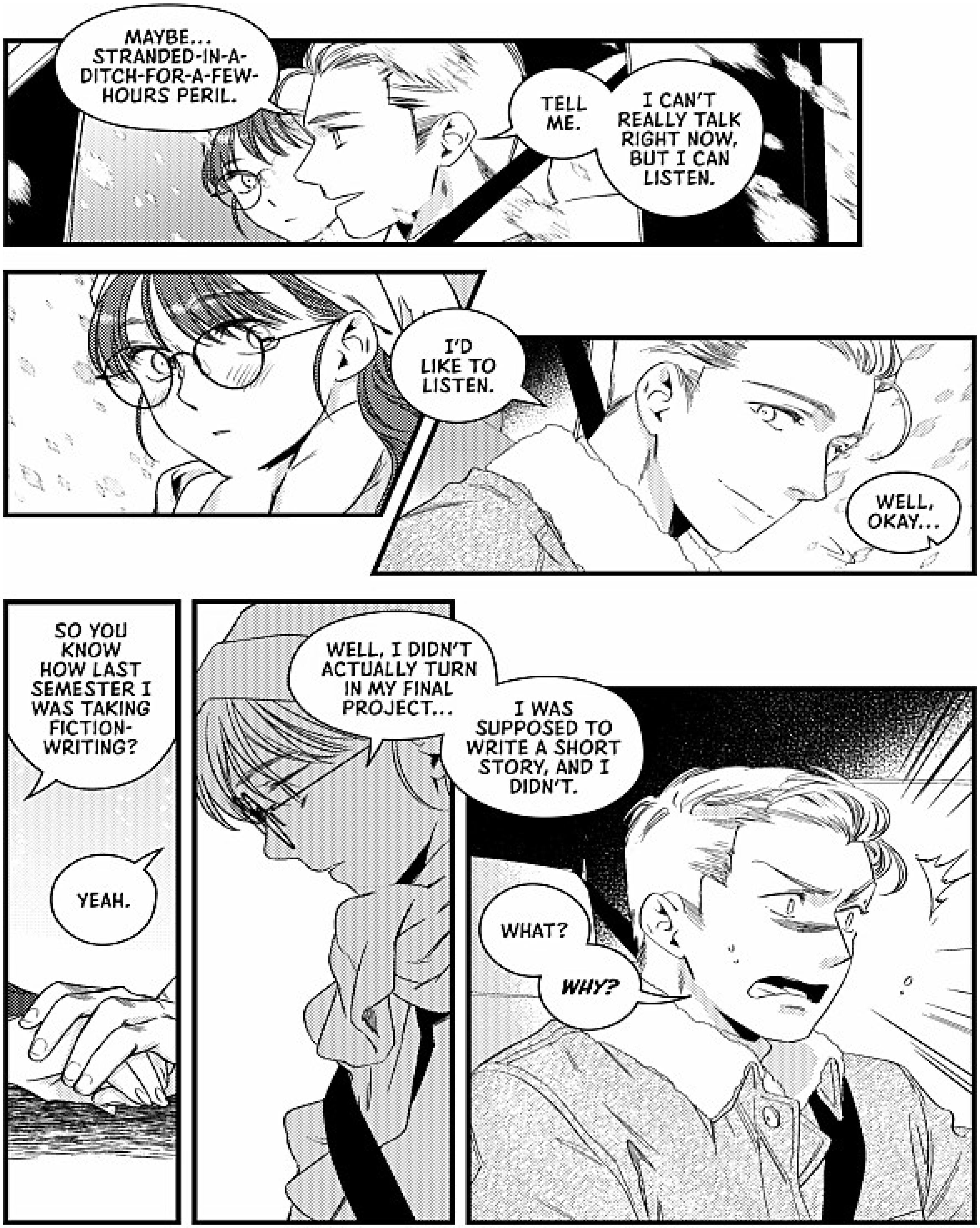

ANTIQUE COUCHES?
HA HA HA
CATHER, SOMEDAY, WHEN I GET YOU TO MY HOUSE, I WILL ENTERTAIN YOU ON MY BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUE COUCH.
I HAVEN'T BEEN TO LEVI'S HOUSE SINCE THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...
CRUNCH
LEVI LIVES IN A HOUSE, LIKE AN ADULT.
I LIVE IN A DORM— THE HOUSING EQUIVALENT OF TRAINING WHEELS.
...I CAN HANDLE LEVI IN MY DORM ROOM...
...WITH MY SINGLE BED AND MY SIMON SNOW POSTERS...
...WHERE REAGAN COULD WALK IN AT ANY MINUTE...

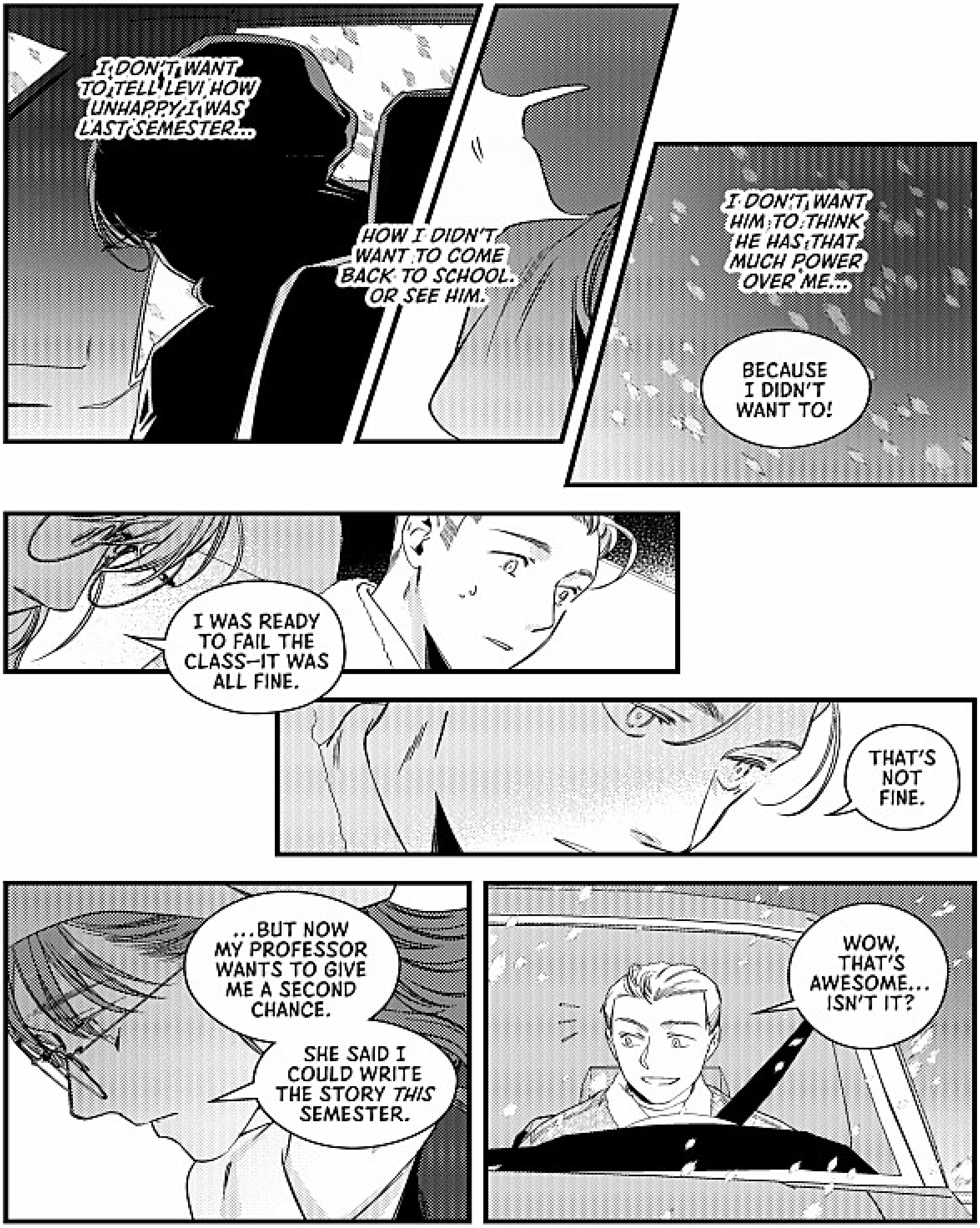

LEVI AND I HAVEN'T EVEN **KISSED** AGAIN SINCE WE STARTED DATING.
KCHK
I WANT TO...
I **REALLY** WANT TO.
I JUST...
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D BE DOING ALL THIS STUFF FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH SOMEONE WHO WAS AS CLUELESS AS ME.
LEVI IS ONLY TWO YEARS OLDER THAN ME...
...BUT THEY'RE TWO SUPERSIZED YEARS.
I WISH I COULD TALK TO WREN ABOUT THIS.
I WISH I STILL HAD A WREN.

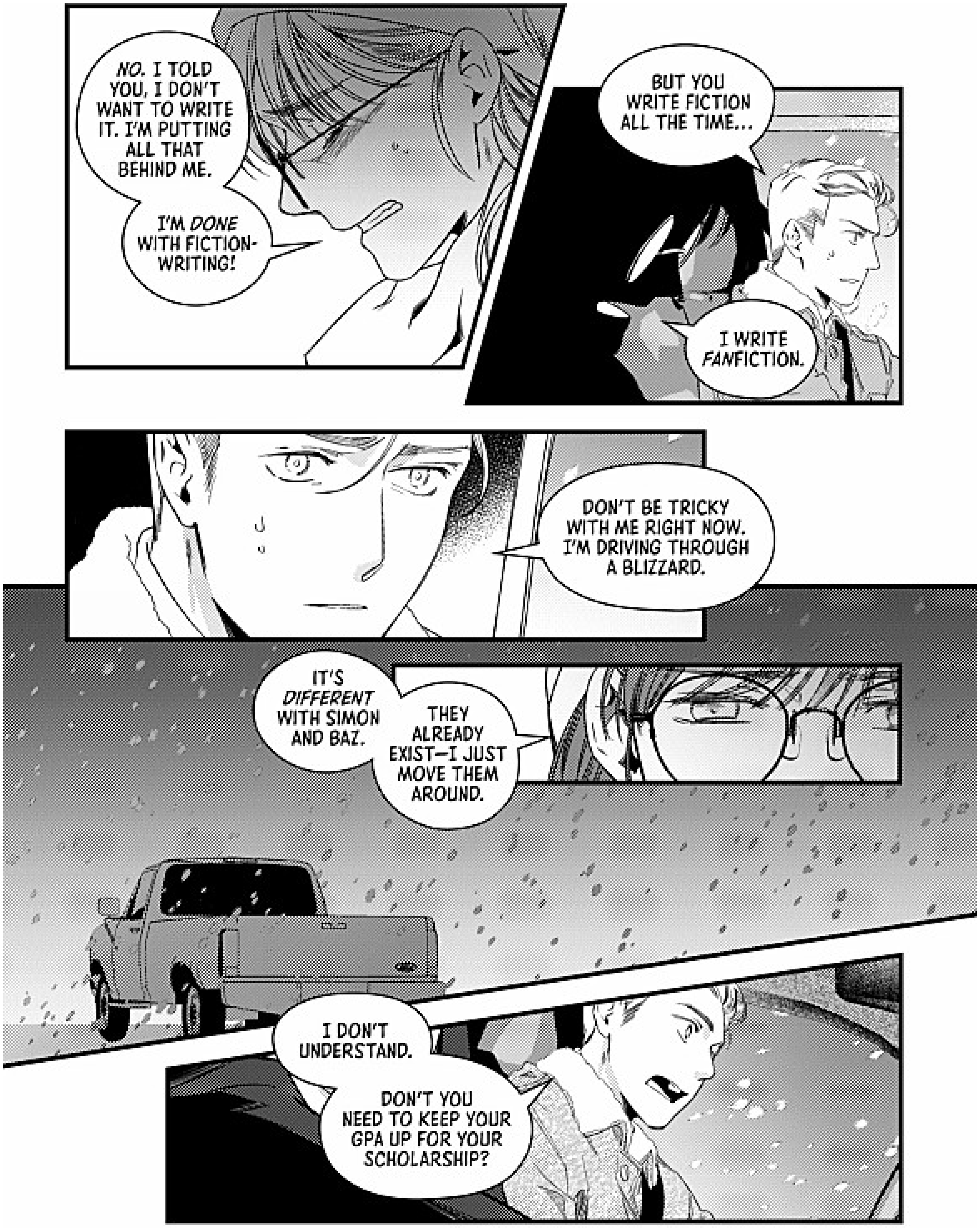

SSSSHHHAAAAAAA
ZSSHHH
ZSHH
ZSHH
HWOOOOO WOOOOOOO
I THOUGHT WE'D BEAT THIS STORM TO OMAHA.
MAYBE WE SHOULD TURN BACK.

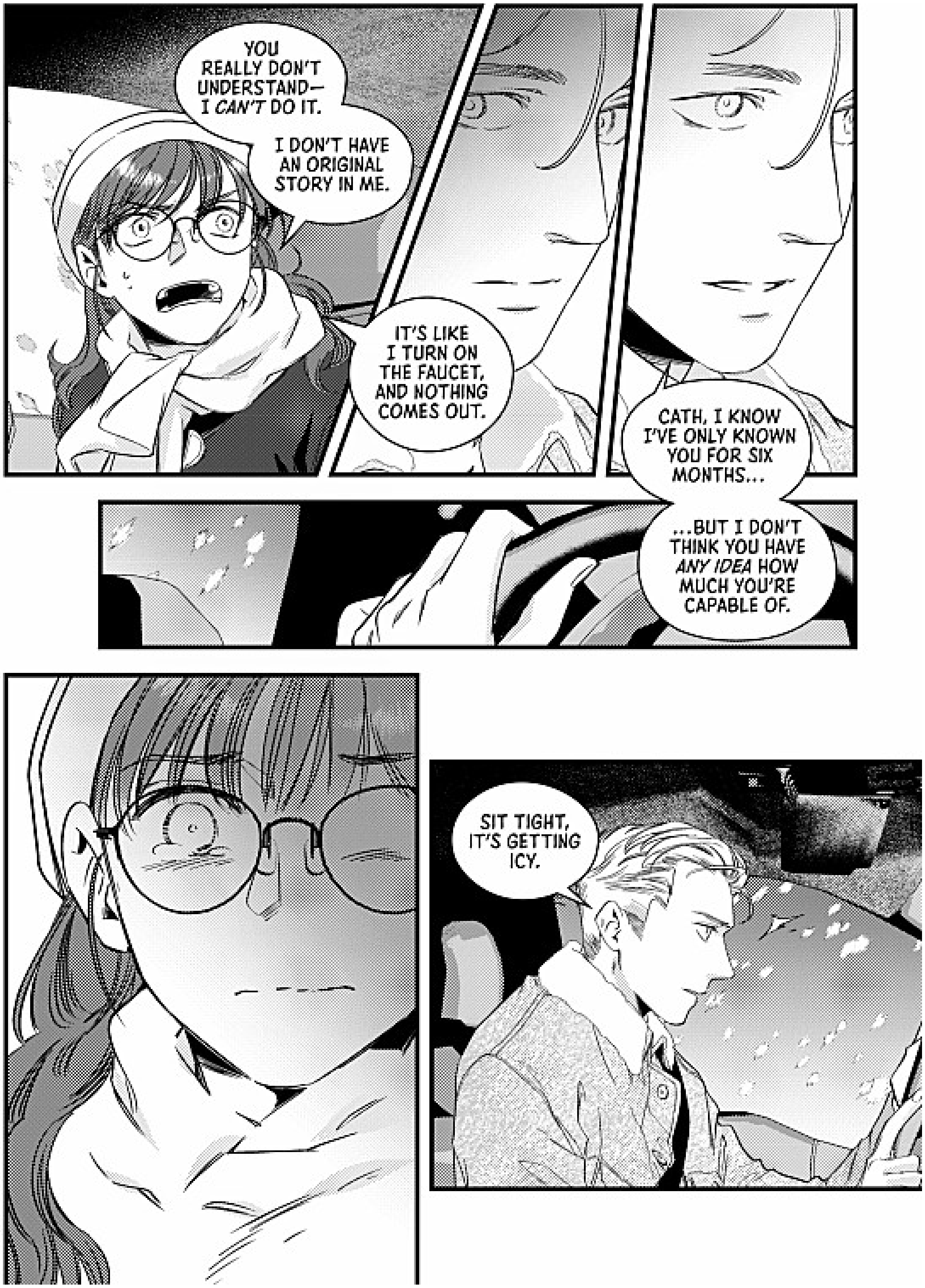

IT MIGHT BE SMARTER TO KEEP GOING.
IT'S WORSE BEHIND US.
I'M SORRY... I WASN'T THINKING ABOUT THE WEATHER.
IT'S MY FAULT. I DIDN'T WANT TO LET YOU DOWN...
BUT I THINK I'LL FEEL WORSE IF I ACTUALLY KILL YOU.
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
NOTHING.

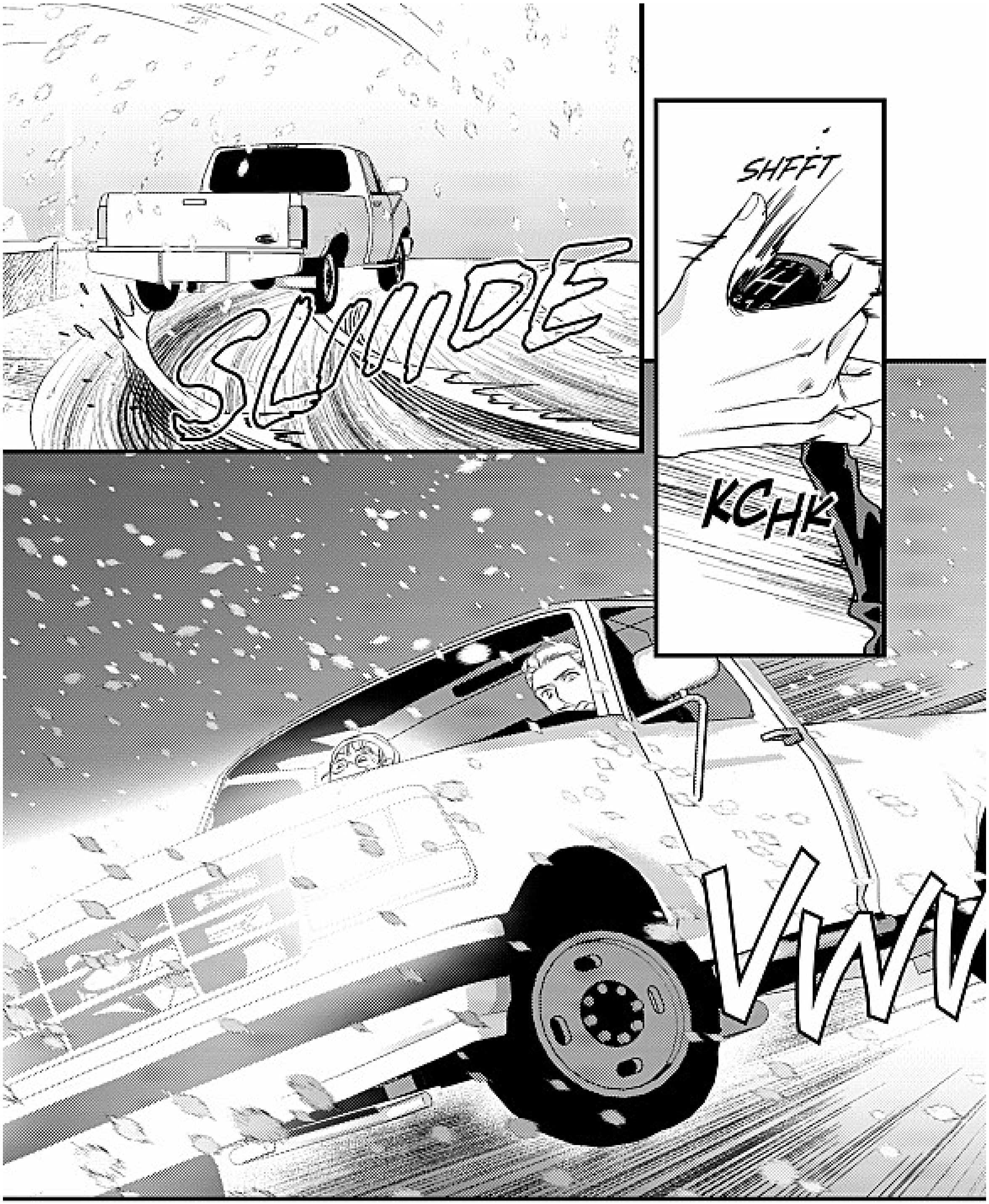

NOT NOTHING.
YOU'VE BEEN WEIRD AND THINKY SINCE I PICKED YOU UP.
IS THIS ABOUT ME MEETING YOUR DAD?
NO! I HADN'T EVEN THOUGHT TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.
I MEAN, NOW I WILL...
WHAT IS IT, THEN?
JUST... A SCHOOL THING.
I CAN TELL YOU WHEN WE'RE NOT IN MORTAL PERIL.
YOU'RE NOT IN MORTAL PERIL.
SQUEEZE

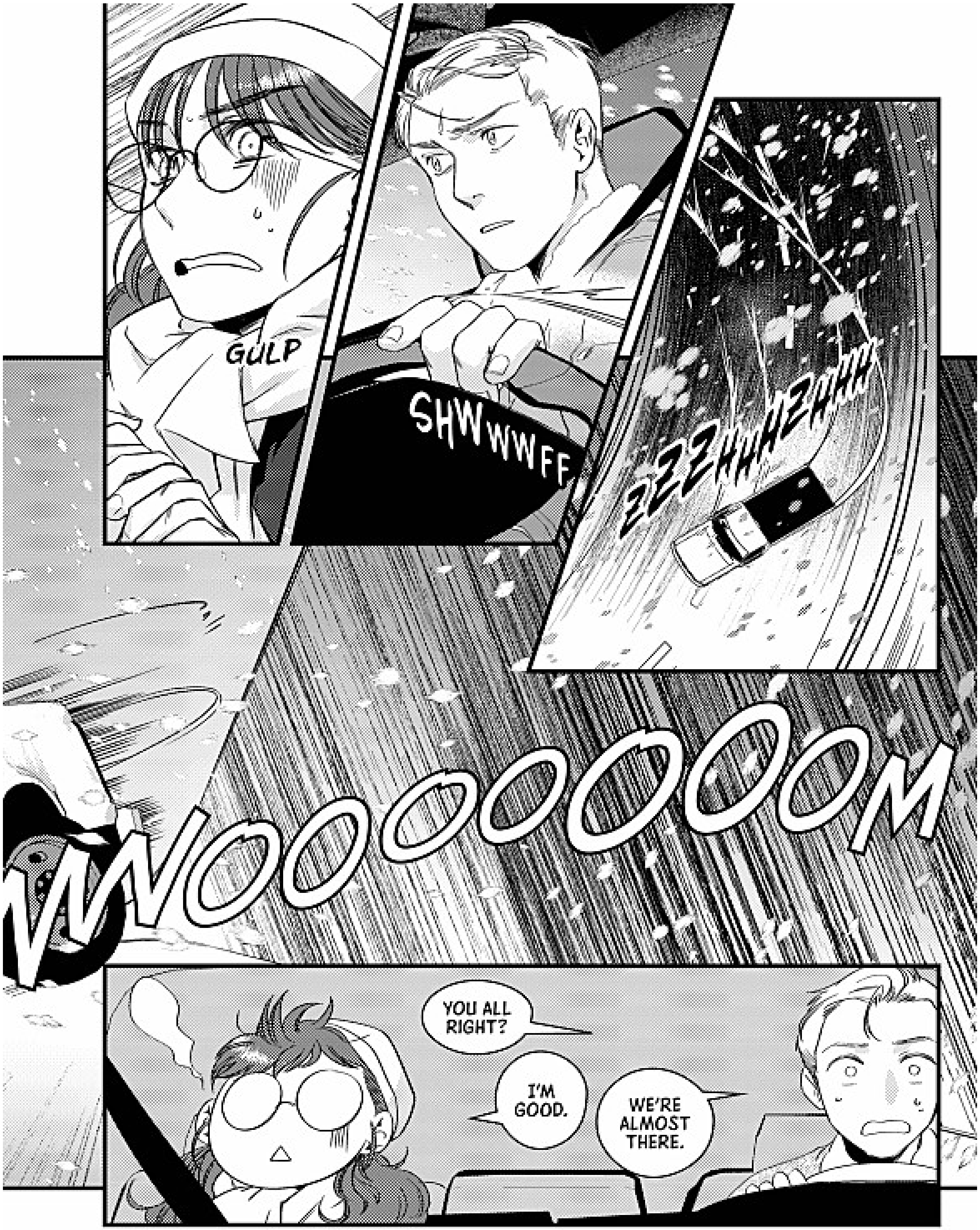

MAYBE... STRANDED-IN-A-DITCH-FOR-A-FEW-HOURS PERIL.
TELL ME.
I CAN'T REALLY TALK RIGHT NOW, BUT I CAN LISTEN.
I'D LIKE TO LISTEN.
WELL, OKAY...
SO YOU KNOW HOW LAST SEMESTER I WAS TAKING FICTION-WRITING?
YEAH.
WELL, I DIDN'T ACTUALLY TURN IN MY FINAL PROJECT...
I WAS SUPPOSED TO WRITE A SHORT STORY, AND I DIDN'T.
WHAT?
WHY?

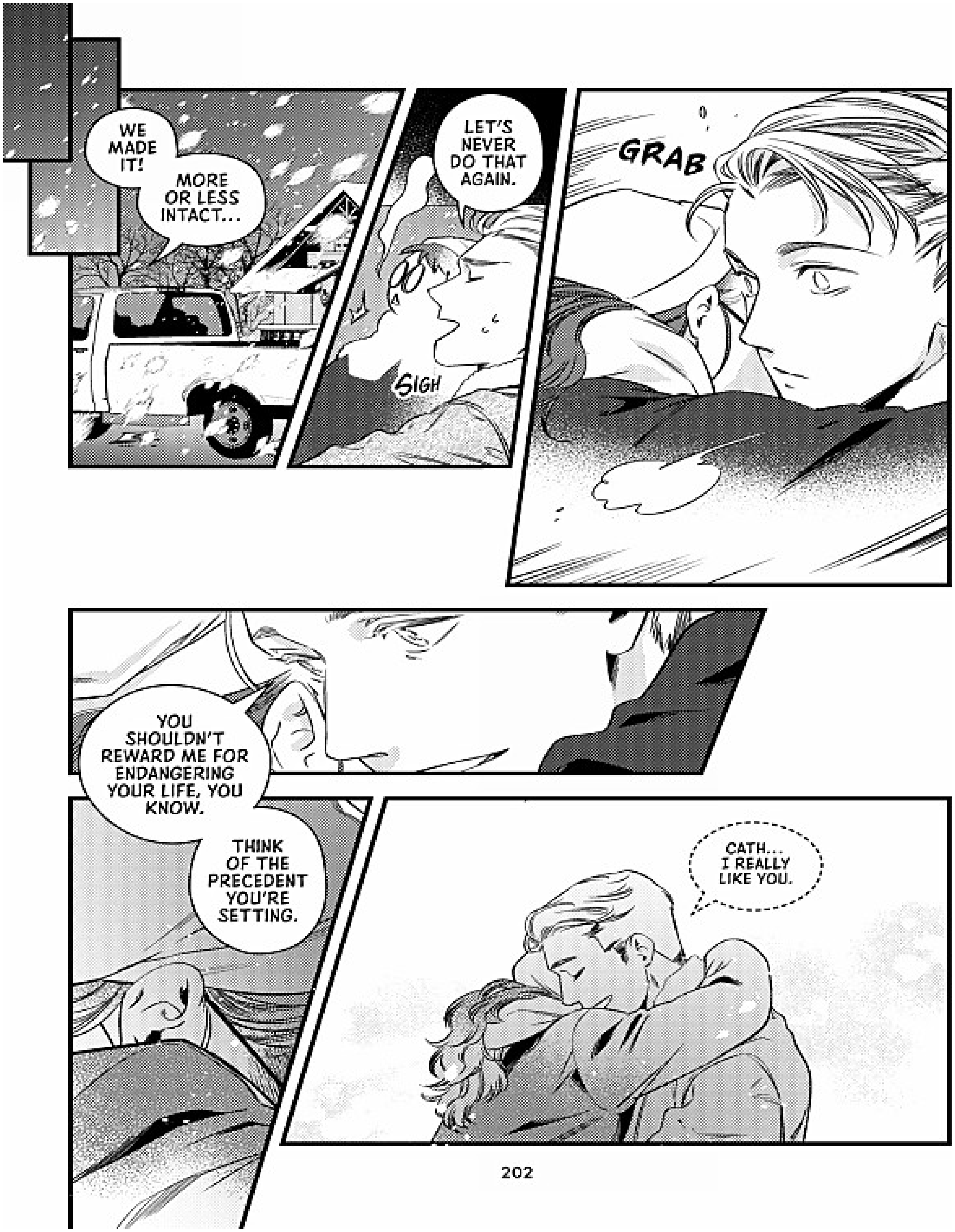

I DON'T WANT TO TELL LEVI HOW UNHAPPY I WAS LAST SEMESTER...
HOW I DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK TO SCHOOL. OR SEE HIM.
I DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK HE HAS THAT MUCH POWER OVER ME...
BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO!
I WAS READY TO FAIL THE CLASS—IT WAS ALL FINE.
THAT'S NOT FINE.
...BUT NOW MY PROFESSOR WANTS TO GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.
SHE SAID I COULD WRITE THE STORY *THIS* SEMESTER.
WOW, THAT'S AWESOME... ISN'T IT?

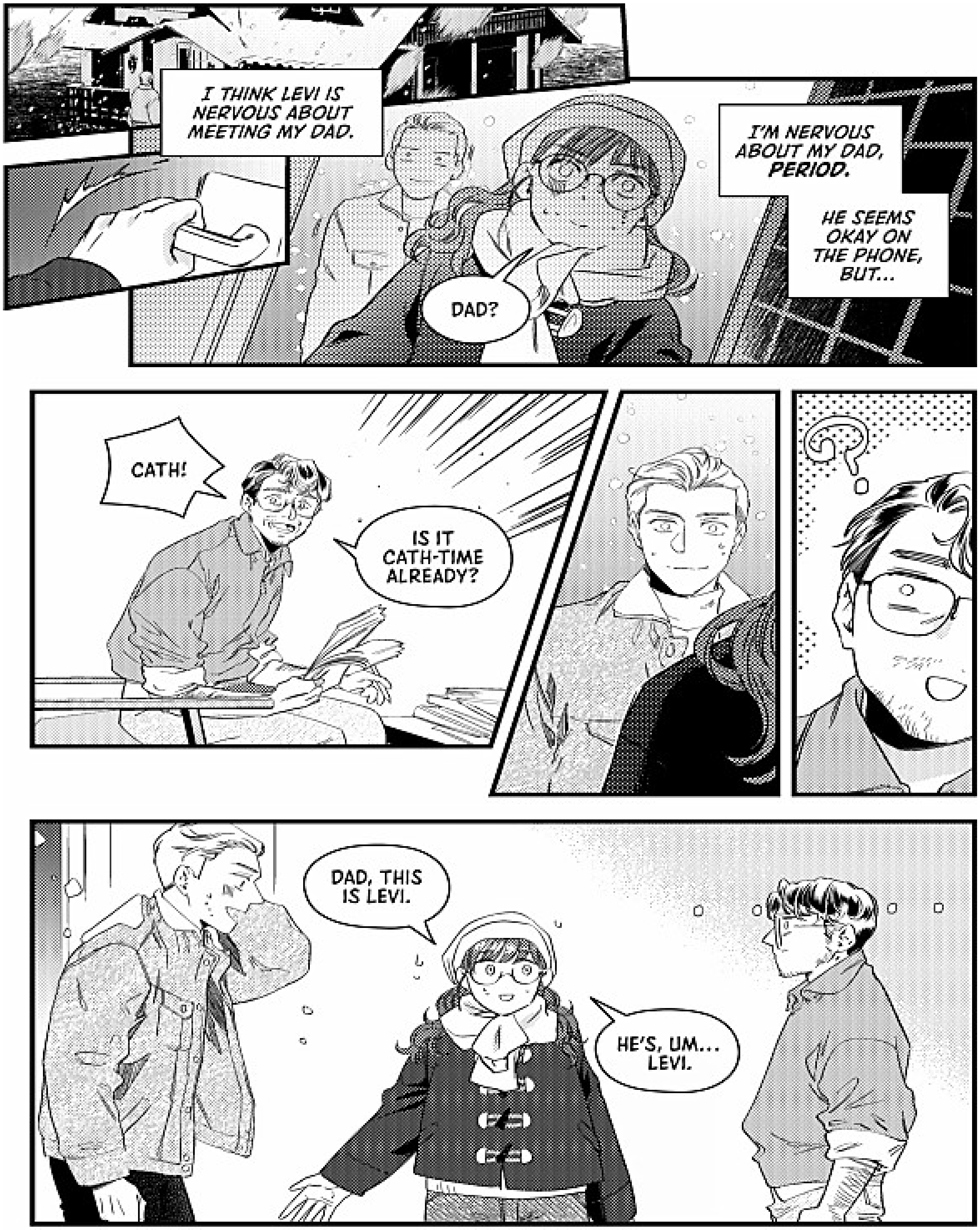

NO. I TOLD YOU, I DON'T WANT TO WRITE IT. I'M PUTTING ALL THAT BEHIND ME.
I'M *DONE* WITH FICTION-WRITING!
BUT YOU WRITE FICTION ALL THE TIME...
I WRITE *FAN*FICTION.
DON'T BE TRICKY WITH ME RIGHT NOW. I'M DRIVING THROUGH A BLIZZARD.
IT'S *DIFFERENT* WITH SIMON AND BAZ.
THEY ALREADY EXIST—I JUST MOVE THEM AROUND.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
DON'T YOU NEED TO KEEP YOUR GPA UP FOR YOUR SCHOLARSHIP?

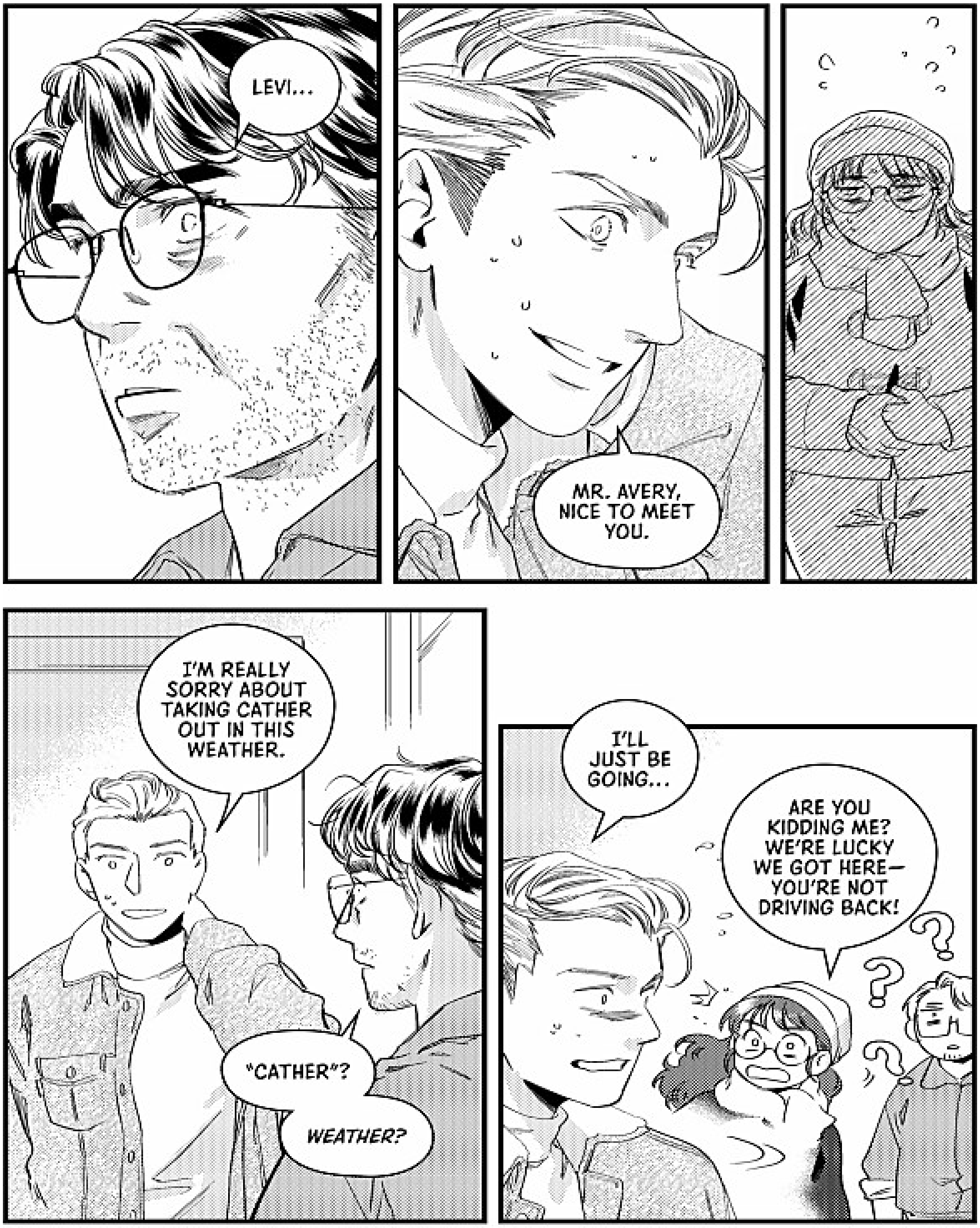

YOU REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND— I *CAN'T* DO IT.
I DON'T HAVE AN ORIGINAL STORY IN ME.
IT'S LIKE I TURN ON THE FAUCET, AND NOTHING COMES OUT.
CATH, I KNOW I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR SIX MONTHS…
…BUT I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE *ANY IDEA* HOW MUCH YOU'RE CAPABLE OF.
SIT TIGHT, IT'S GETTING ICY.

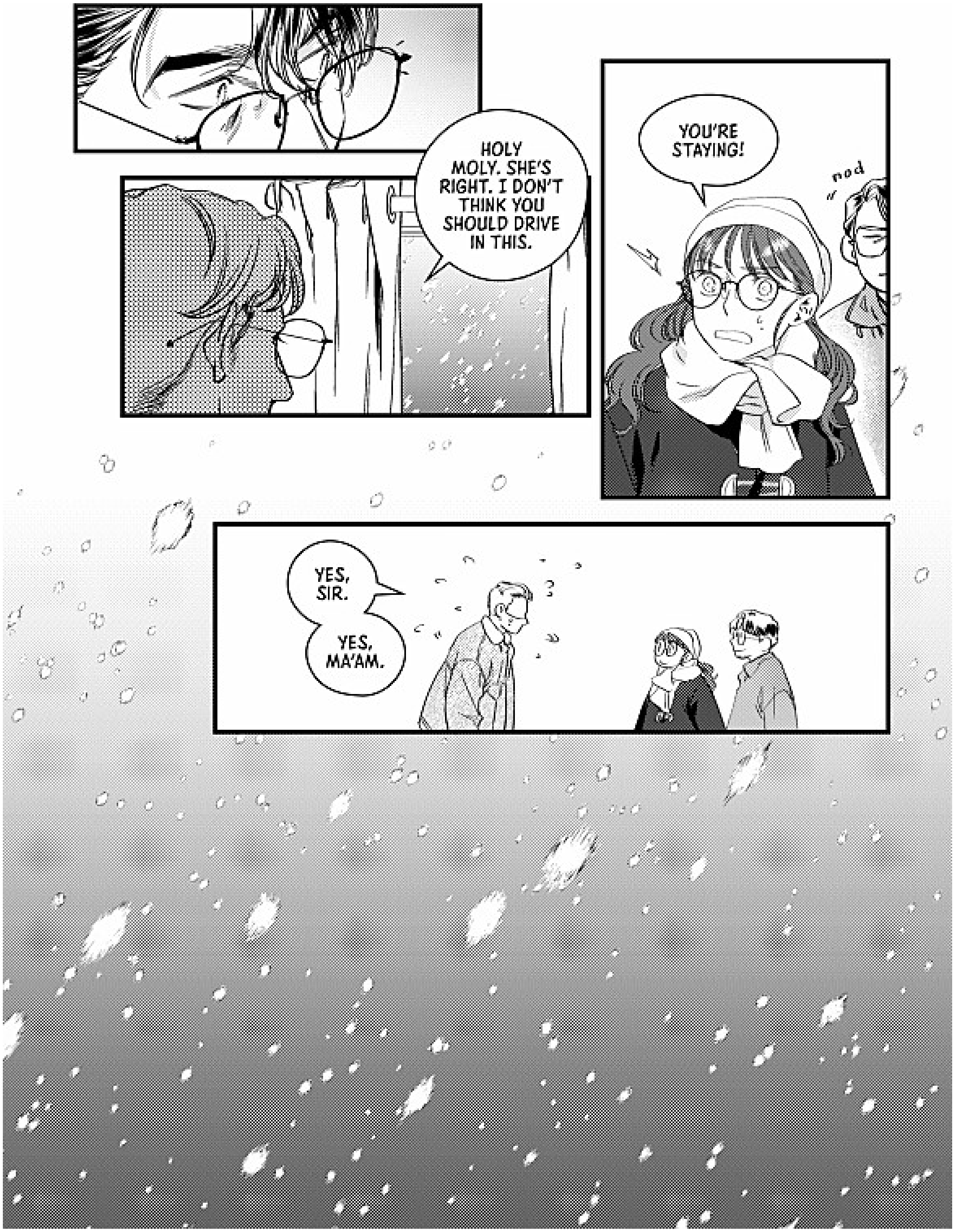

SLIIIDE
SHFFT
KCHK
VWW

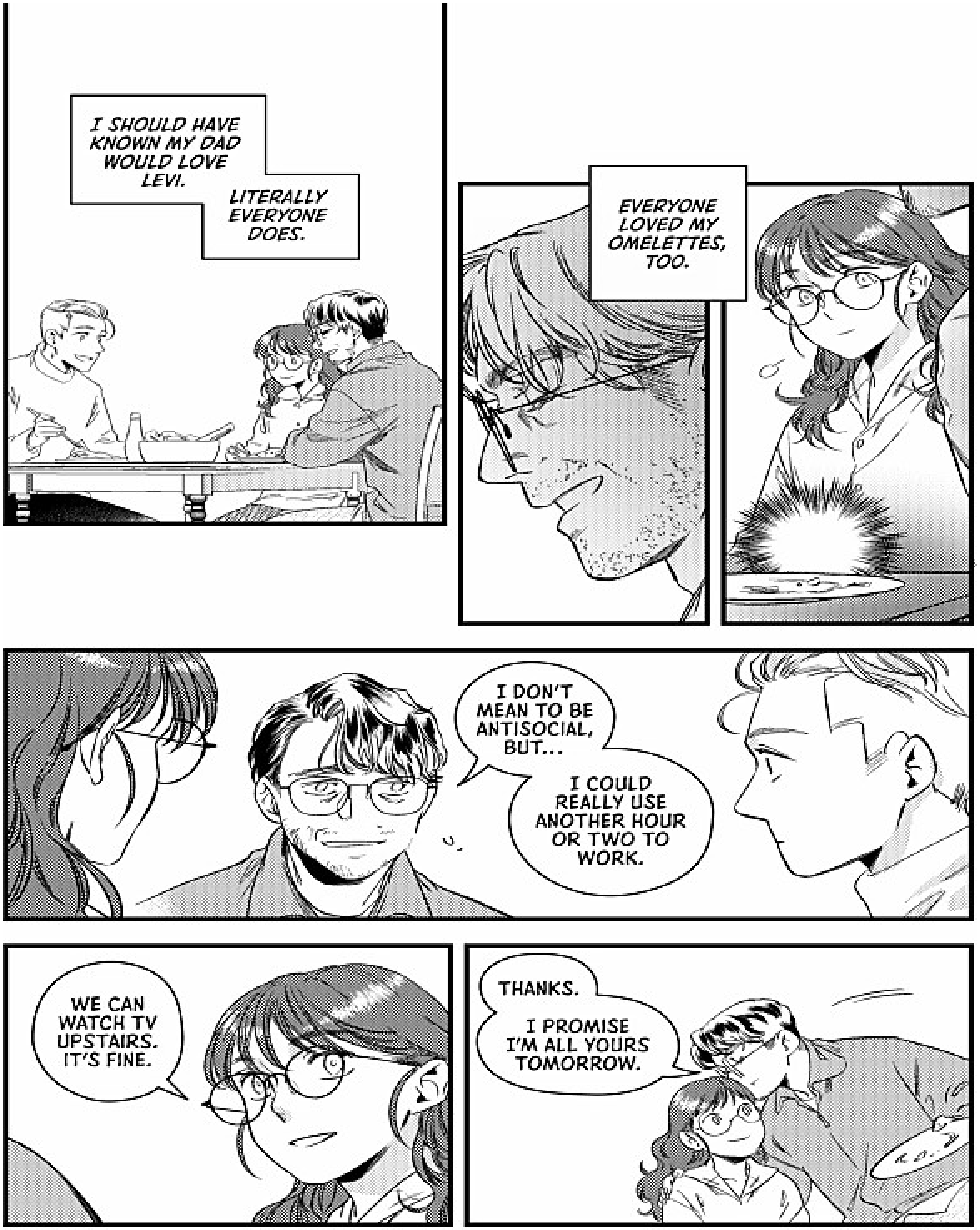

GULP
SHWWWFF
ZZZHHHZZHHH
WOOOOOOOOOM
YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M GOOD.
WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

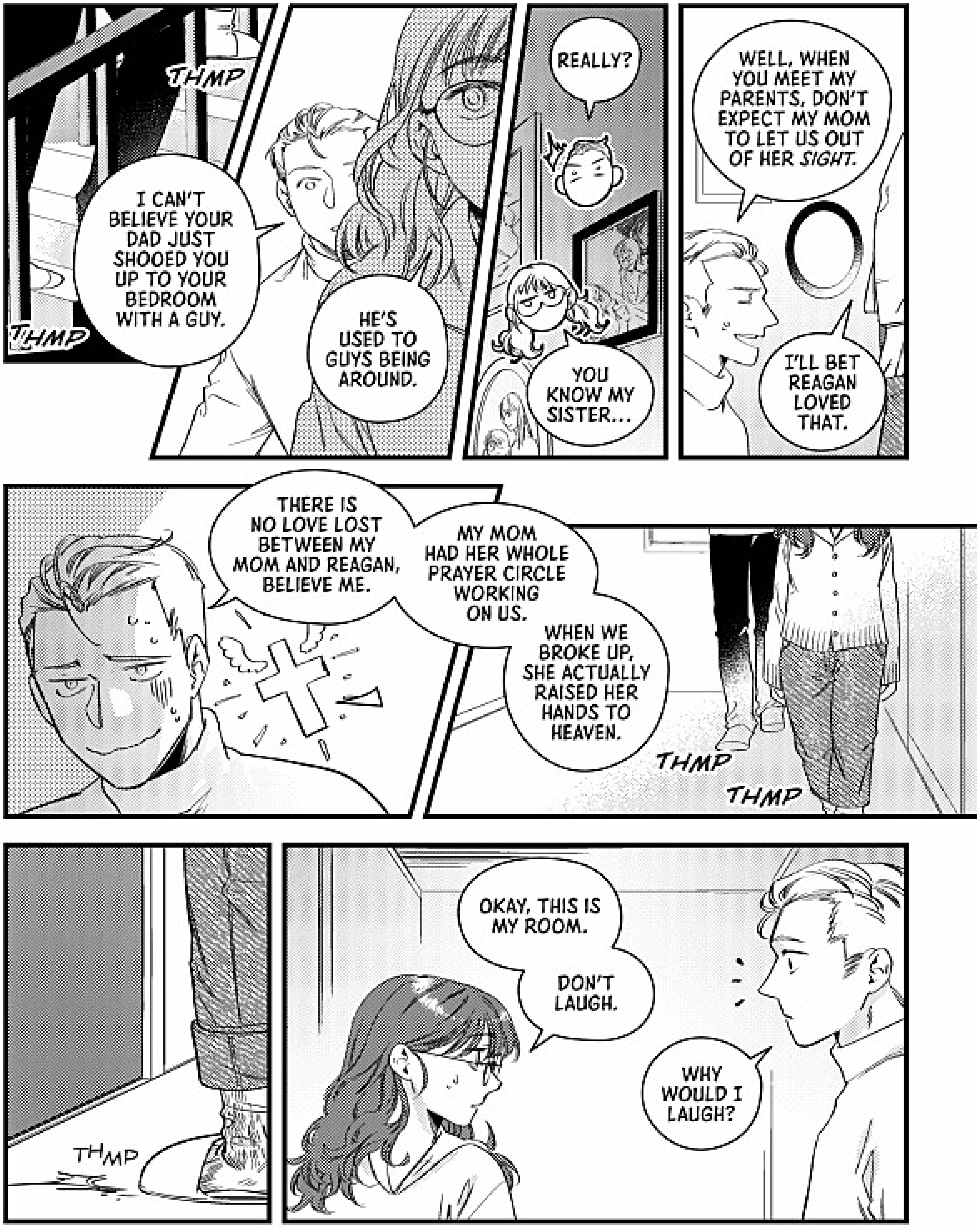

WE MADE IT!
MORE OR LESS INTACT...
LET'S NEVER DO THAT AGAIN.
SIGH
GRAB
YOU SHOULDN'T REWARD ME FOR ENDANGERING YOUR LIFE, YOU KNOW.
THINK OF THE PRECEDENT YOU'RE SETTING.
CATH... I REALLY LIKE YOU.

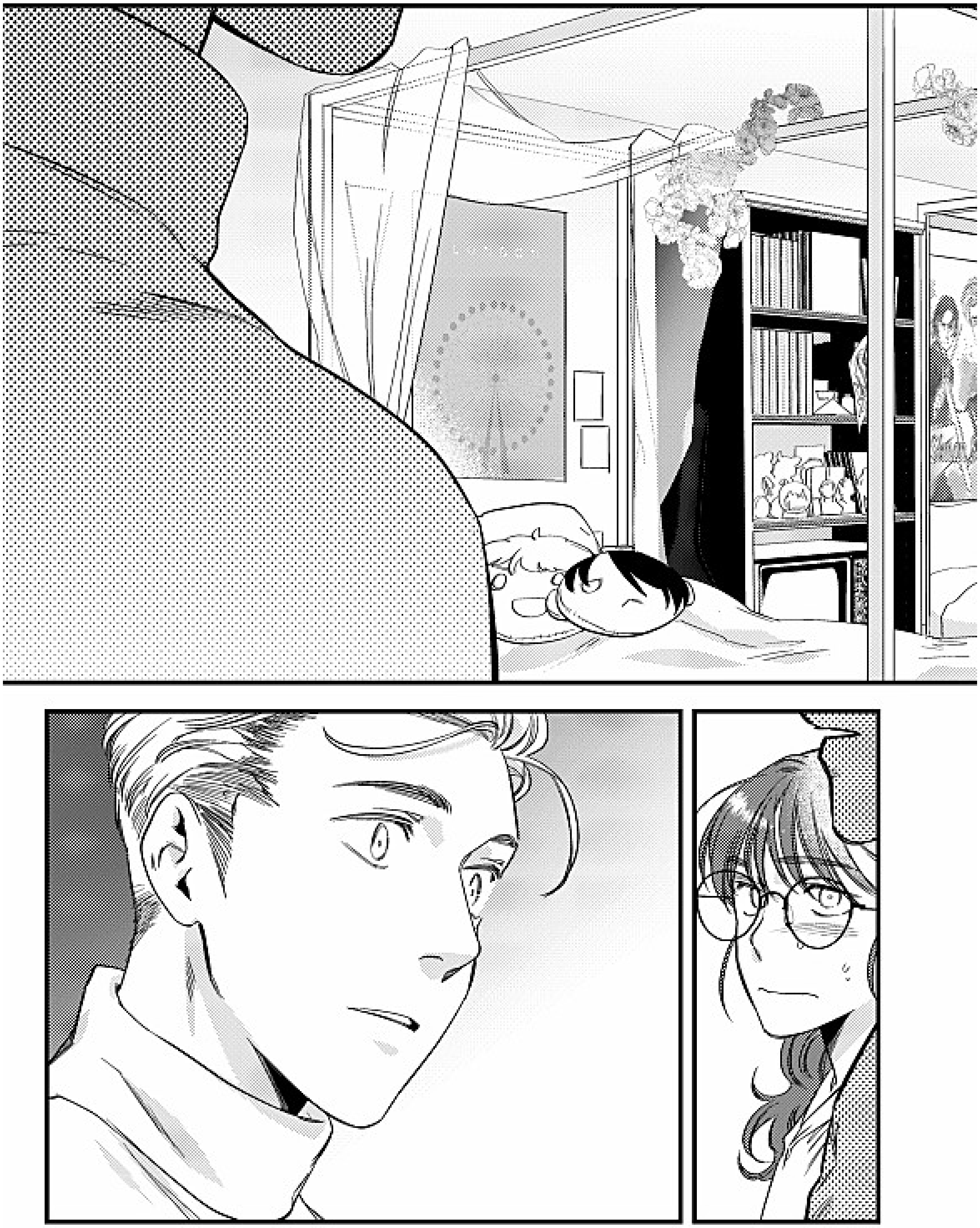

I THINK LEVI IS NERVOUS ABOUT MEETING MY DAD.
I'M NERVOUS ABOUT MY DAD, **PERIOD.**
HE SEEMS OKAY ON THE PHONE, BUT...
DAD?
CATH!
IS IT CATH-TIME ALREADY?
?
DAD, THIS IS LEVI.
HE'S, UM... LEVI.

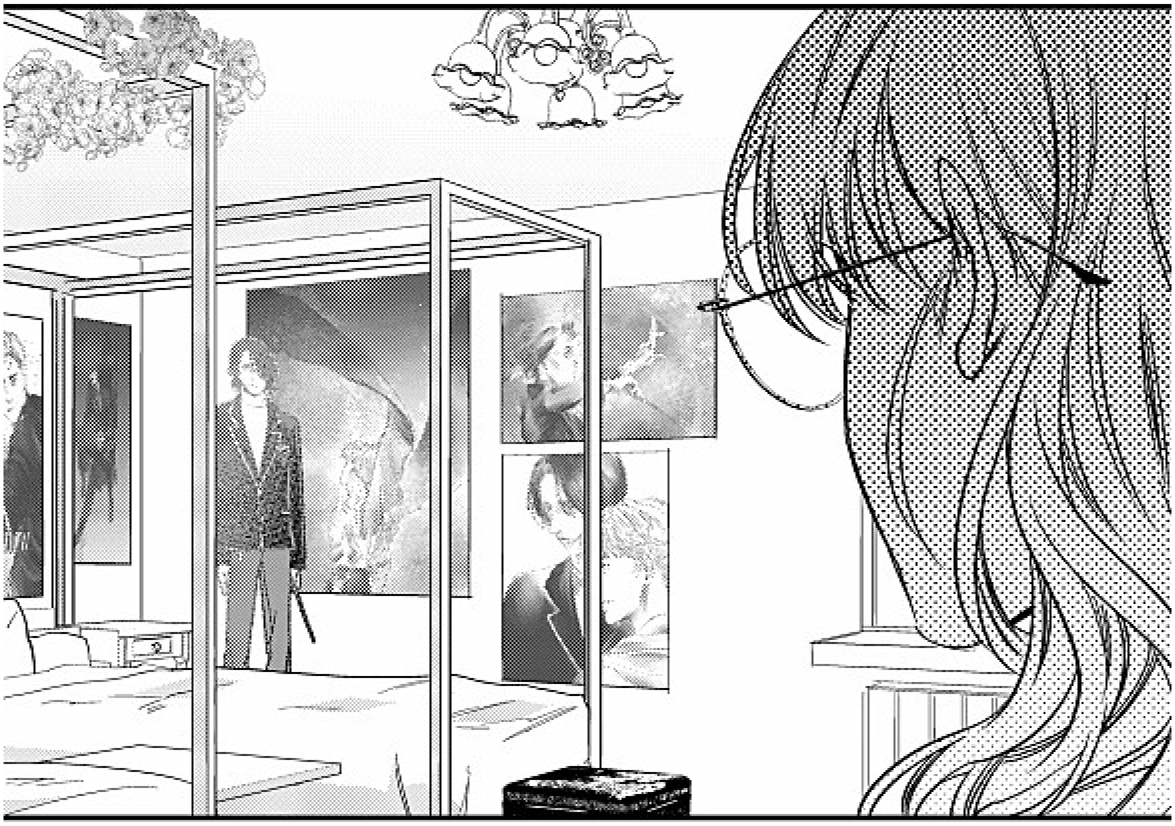

LEVI...
MR. AVERY, NICE TO MEET YOU.
I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT TAKING CATHER OUT IN THIS WEATHER.
"CATHER"?
WEATHER?
I'LL JUST BE GOING...
ARE YOU KIDDING ME? WE'RE LUCKY WE GOT HERE—YOU'RE NOT DRIVING BACK!

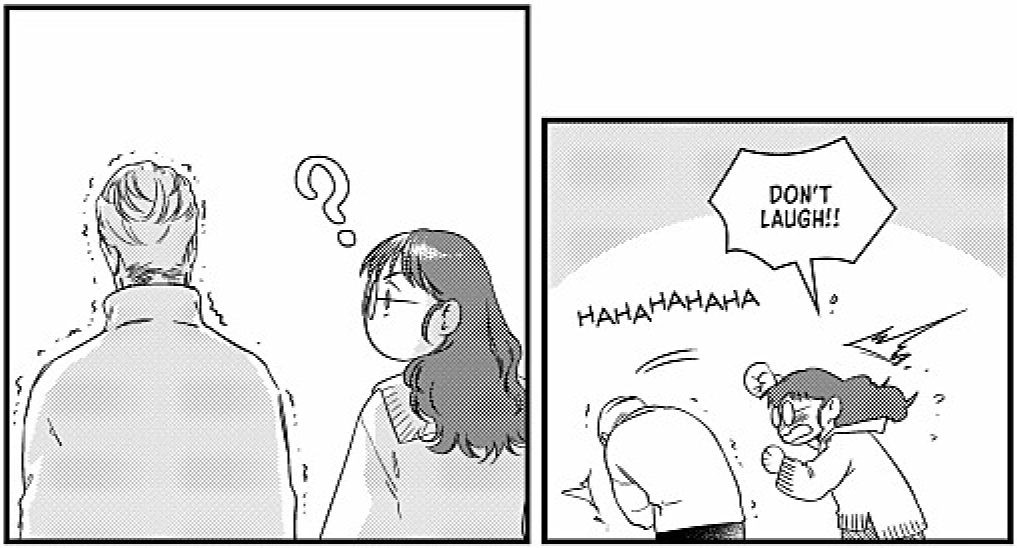

HOLY MOLY. SHE'S RIGHT. I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD DRIVE IN THIS.
YOU'RE STAYING!
nod
YES, SIR.
YES, MA'AM.

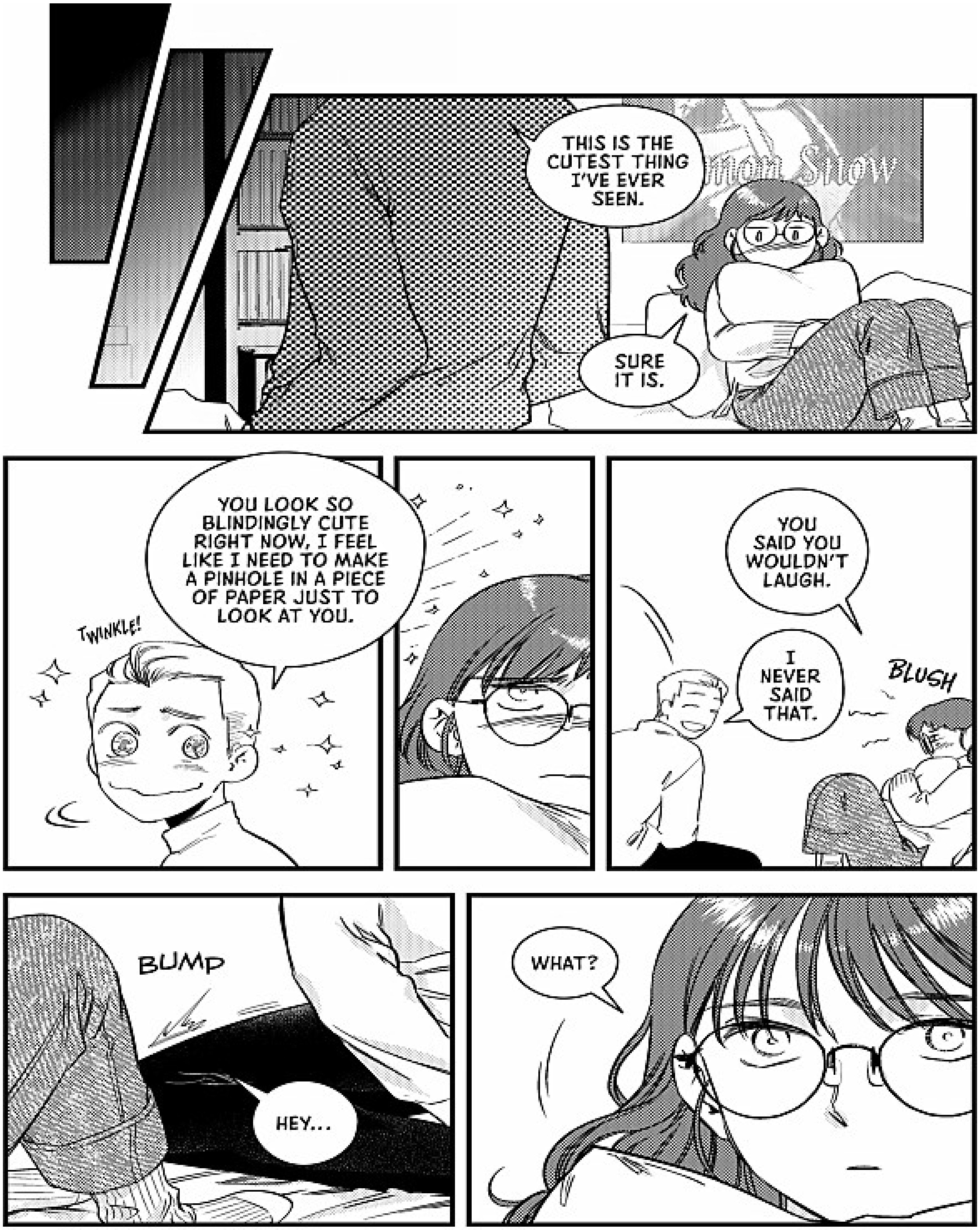

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MY DAD WOULD LOVE LEVI.
LITERALLY EVERYONE DOES.
EVERYONE LOVED MY OMELETTES, TOO.
I DON'T MEAN TO BE ANTISOCIAL, BUT...
I COULD REALLY USE ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO TO WORK.
WE CAN WATCH TV UPSTAIRS. IT'S FINE.
THANKS.
I PROMISE I'M ALL YOURS TOMORROW.

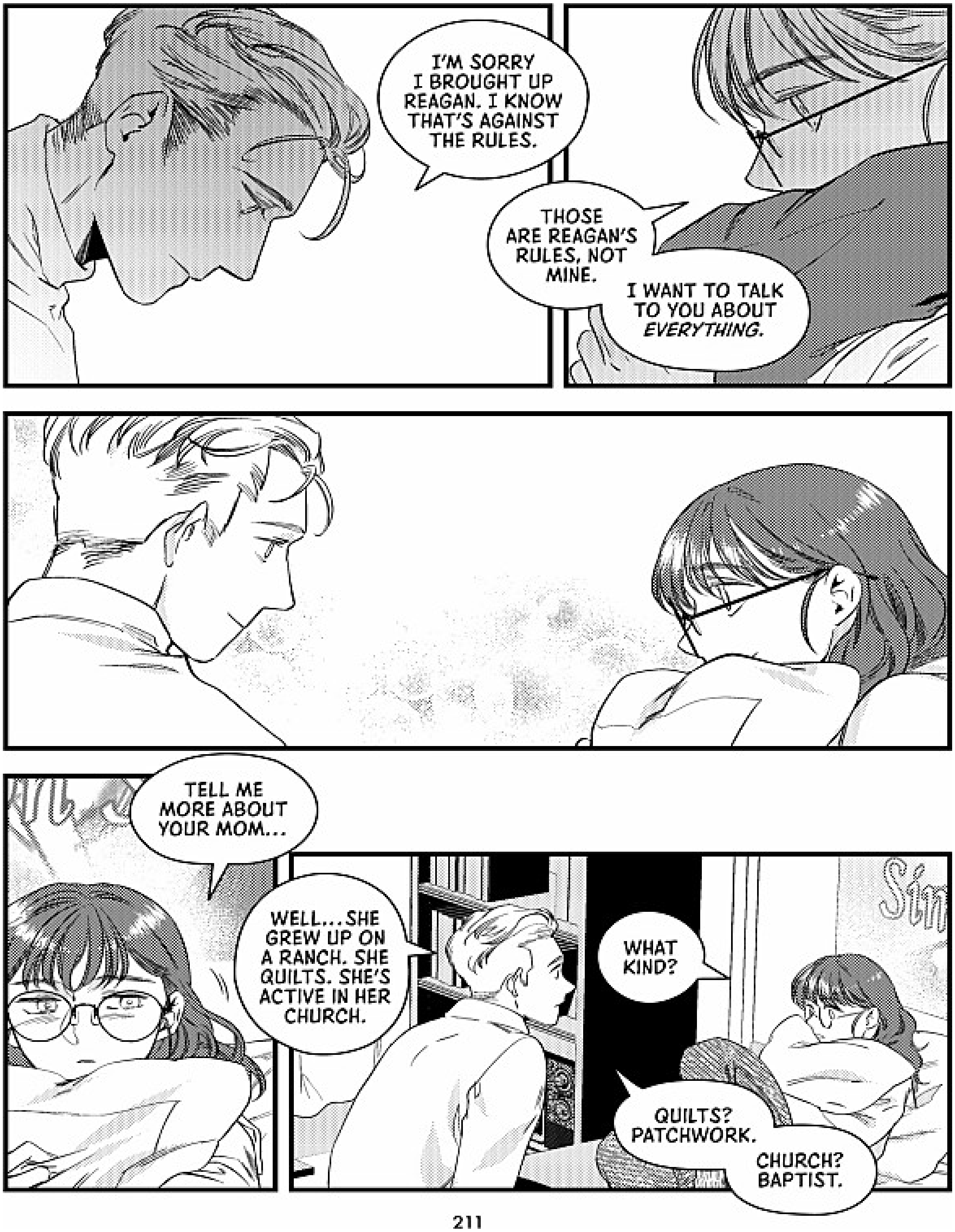

THMP
THMP
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR DAD JUST SHOOED YOU UP TO YOUR BEDROOM WITH A GUY.
HE'S USED TO GUYS BEING AROUND.
REALLY?
YOU KNOW MY SISTER...
WELL, WHEN YOU MEET MY PARENTS, DON'T EXPECT MY MOM TO LET US OUT OF HER *SIGHT.*
I'LL BET REAGAN LOVED THAT.
THERE IS NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN MY MOM AND REAGAN, BELIEVE ME.
MY MOM HAD HER WHOLE PRAYER CIRCLE WORKING ON US.
WHEN WE BROKE UP, SHE ACTUALLY RAISED HER HANDS TO HEAVEN.
THMP
THMP
THMP
OKAY, THIS IS MY ROOM.
DON'T LAUGH.
WHY WOULD I LAUGH?

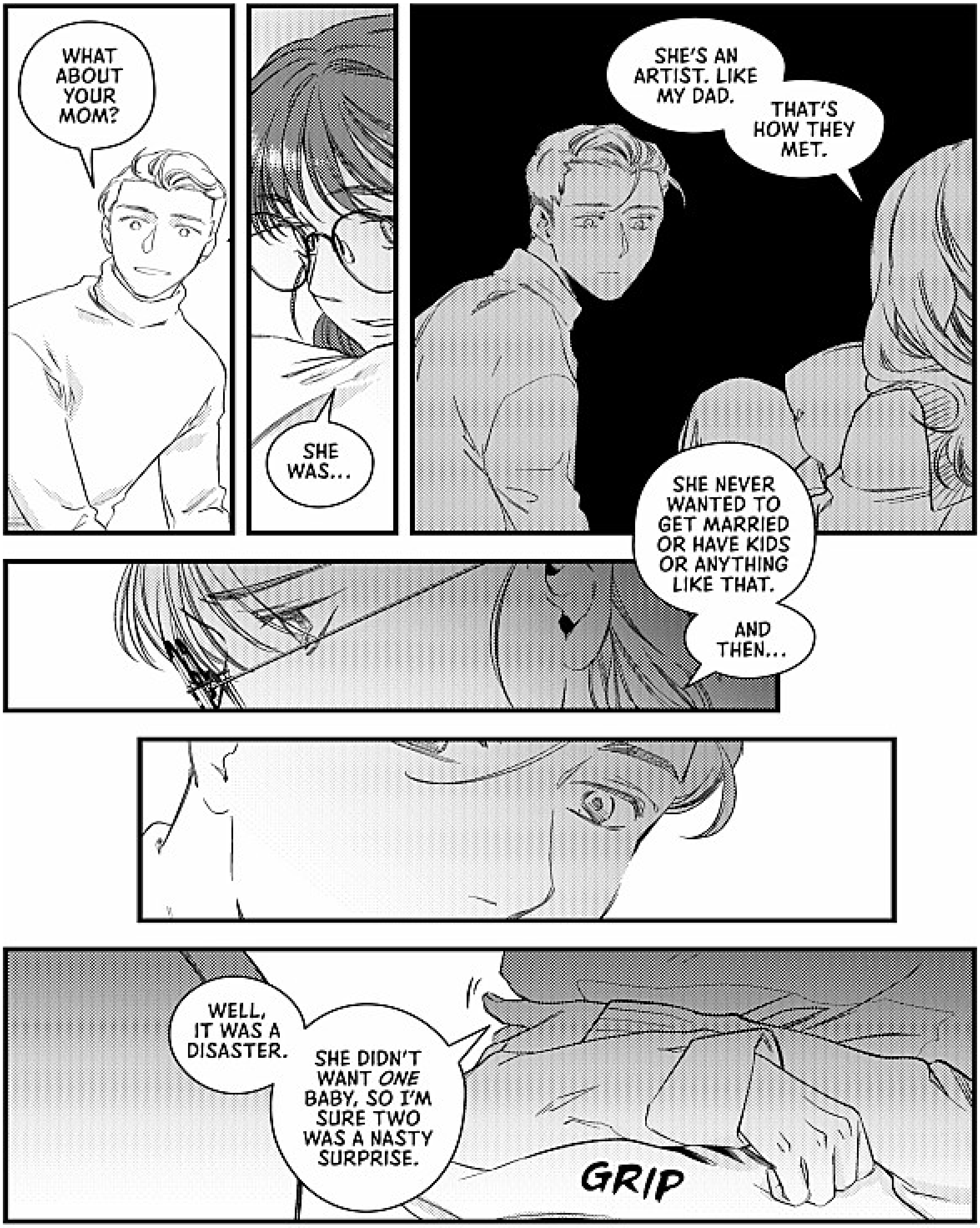


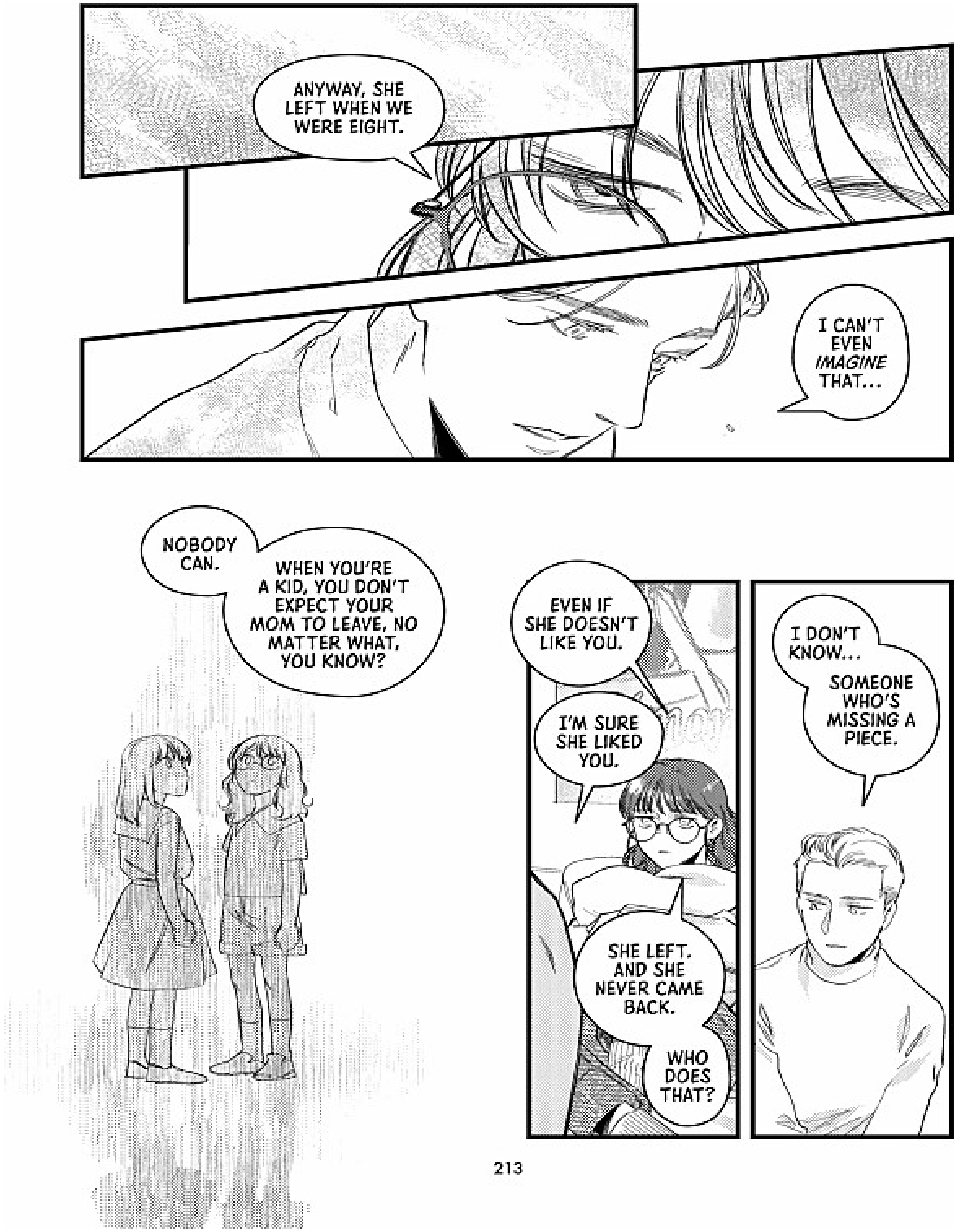


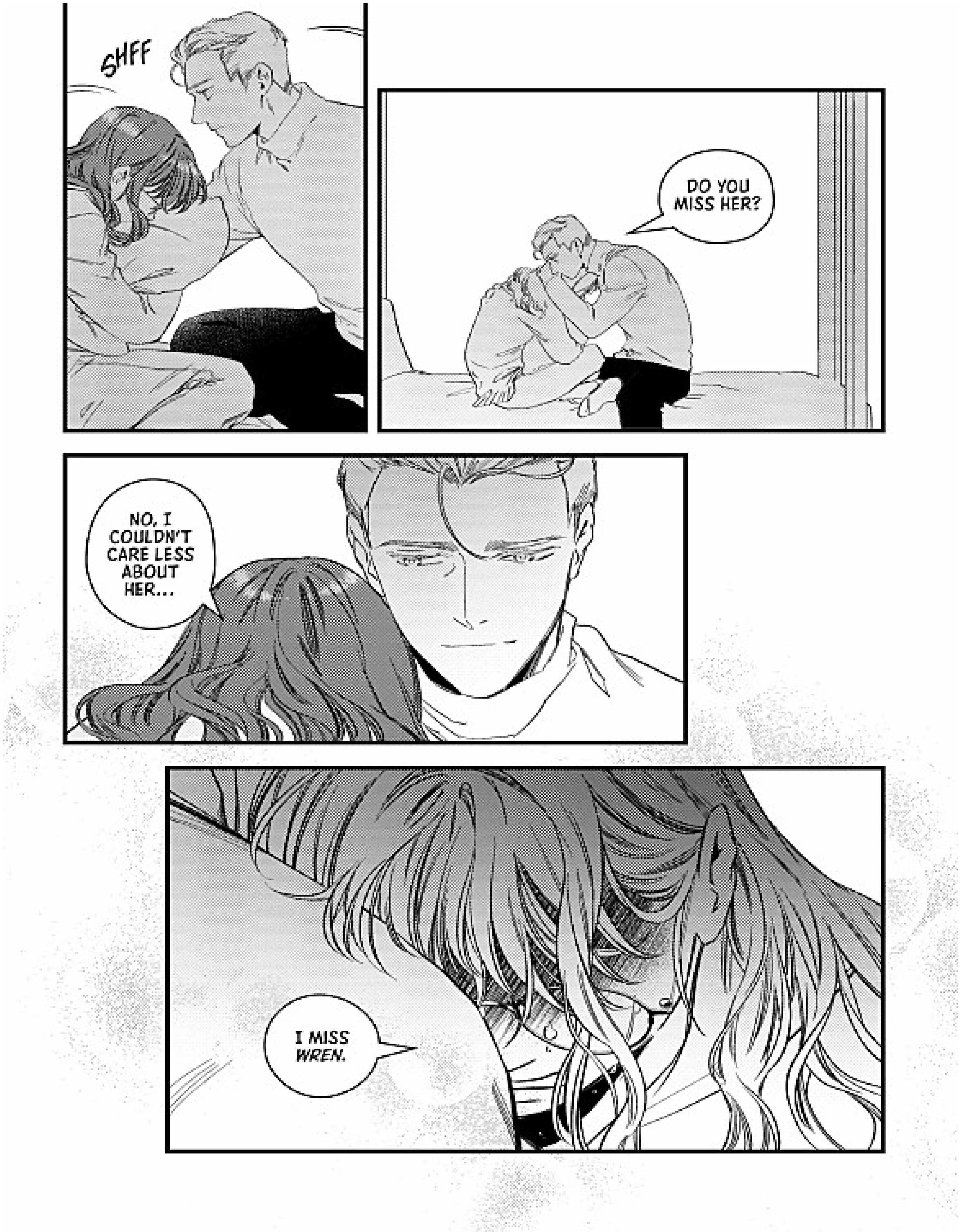

?
HAHAHAHAHA
DON'T LAUGH!!

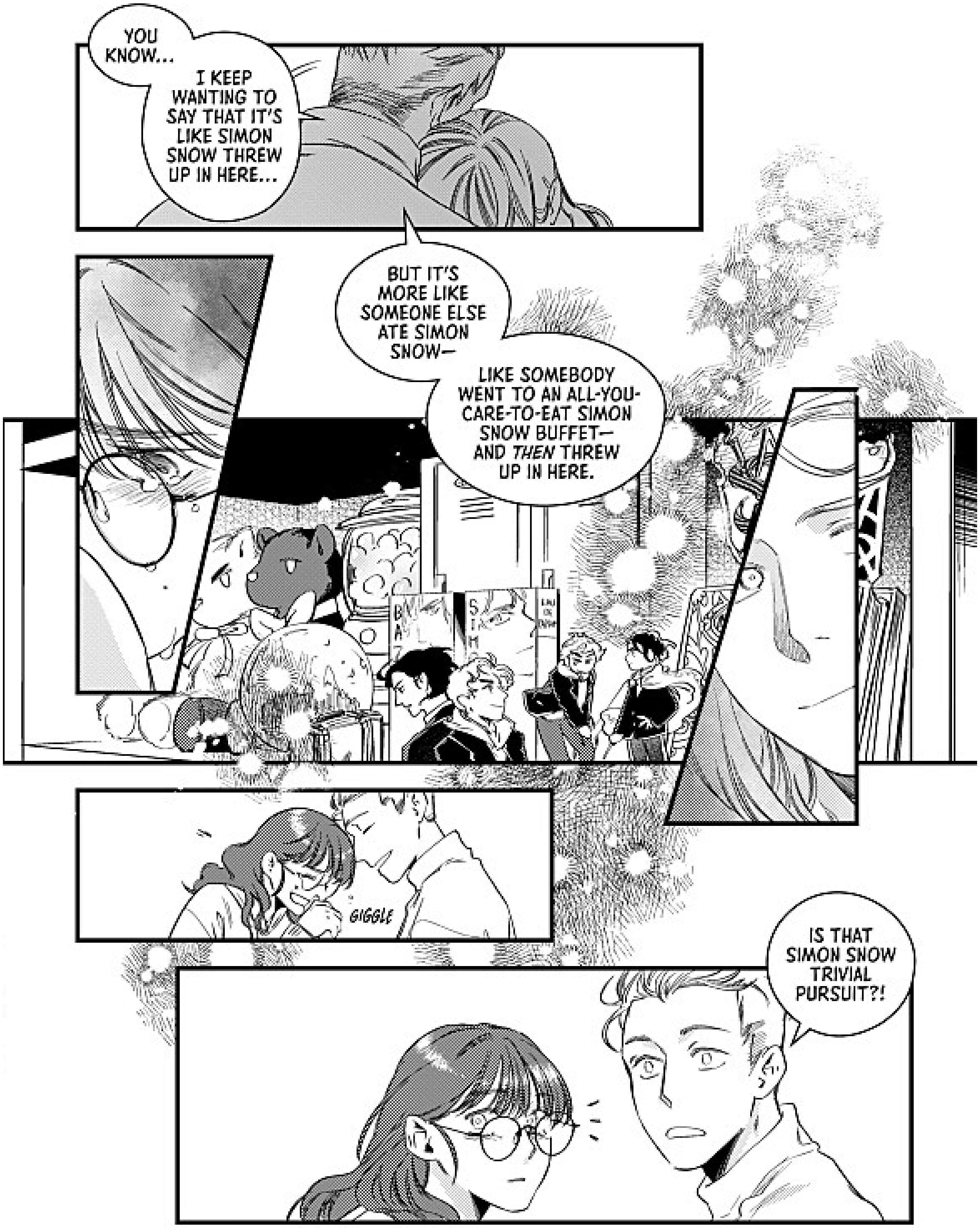

THIS IS THE CUTEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
SURE IT IS.
YOU LOOK SO BLINDINGLY CUTE RIGHT NOW, I FEEL LIKE I NEED TO MAKE A PINHOLE IN A PIECE OF PAPER JUST TO LOOK AT YOU.
TWINKLE!
YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T LAUGH.
I NEVER SAID THAT.
BLUSH
BUMP
HEY...
WHAT?

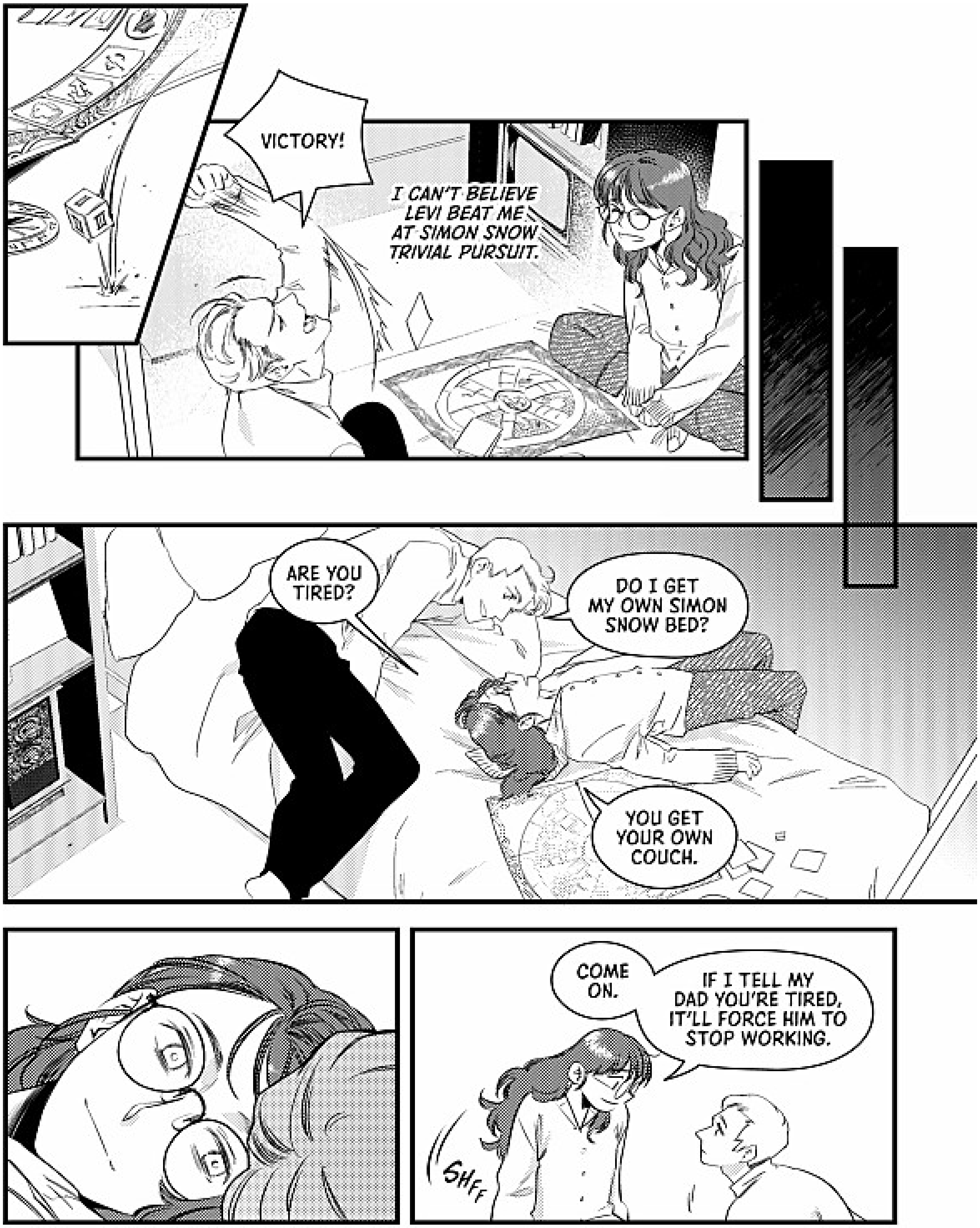

I'M SORRY I BROUGHT UP REAGAN. I KNOW THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES.
THOSE ARE REAGAN'S RULES, NOT MINE.
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT *EVERYTHING.*
TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR MOM...
WELL...SHE GREW UP ON A RANCH. SHE QUILTS. SHE'S ACTIVE IN HER CHURCH.
WHAT KIND?
QUILTS? PATCHWORK.
CHURCH? BAPTIST.

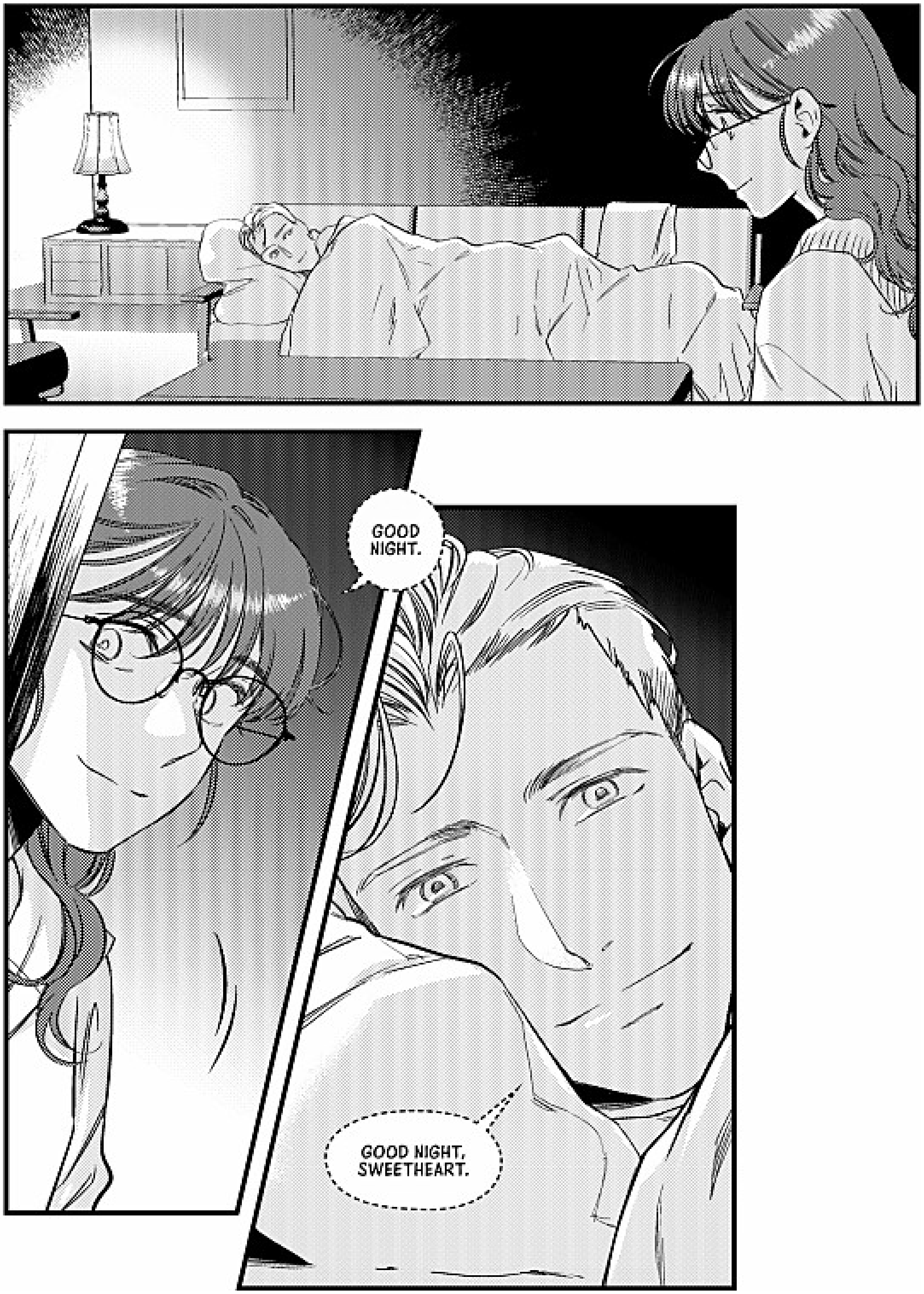

WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOM?
SHE WAS...
SHE'S AN ARTIST. LIKE MY DAD.
THAT'S HOW THEY MET.
SHE NEVER WANTED TO GET MARRIED OR HAVE KIDS OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
AND THEN...
WELL, IT WAS A DISASTER.
SHE DIDN'T WANT *ONE* BABY, SO I'M SURE TWO WAS A NASTY SURPRISE.
GRIP

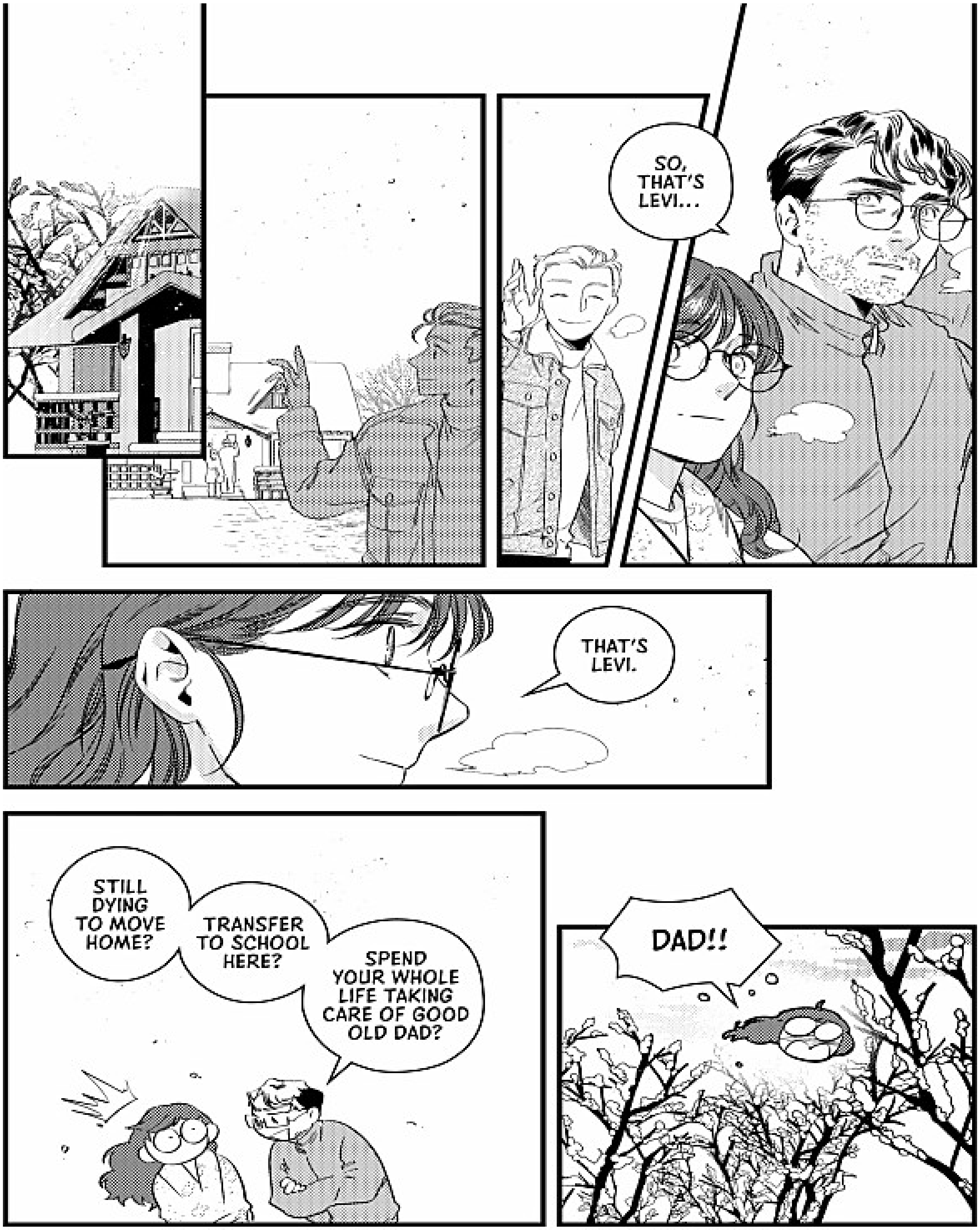

ANYWAY, SHE LEFT WHEN WE WERE EIGHT.
I CAN'T EVEN *IMAGINE* THAT...
NOBODY CAN.
WHEN YOU'RE A KID, YOU DON'T EXPECT YOUR MOM TO LEAVE, NO MATTER WHAT, YOU KNOW?
EVEN IF SHE DOESN'T LIKE YOU.
I'M SURE SHE LIKED YOU.
SHE LEFT. AND SHE NEVER CAME BACK.
WHO DOES THAT?
I DON'T KNOW...
SOMEONE WHO'S MISSING A PIECE.


SHFF
DO YOU MISS HER?
NO, I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT HER...
I MISS *WREN.*


YOU KNOW...
I KEEP WANTING TO SAY THAT IT'S LIKE SIMON SNOW THREW UP IN HERE...
BUT IT'S MORE LIKE SOMEONE ELSE ATE SIMON SNOW—
LIKE SOMEBODY WENT TO AN ALL-YOU-CARE-TO-EAT SIMON SNOW BUFFET— AND *THEN* THREW UP IN HERE.
BAZ
SIM
GIGGLE
IS THAT SIMON SNOW TRIVIAL PURSUIT?!


VICTORY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE LEVI BEAT ME AT SIMON SNOW TRIVIAL PURSUIT.
ARE YOU TIRED?
DO I GET MY OWN SIMON SNOW BED?
YOU GET YOUR OWN COUCH.
SHFF
COME ON.
IF I TELL MY DAD YOU'RE TIRED, IT'LL FORCE HIM TO STOP WORKING.


GOOD NIGHT.
GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART.


SO, THAT'S LEVI…
THAT'S LEVI.
STILL DYING TO MOVE HOME?
TRANSFER TO SCHOOL HERE?
SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE TAKING CARE OF GOOD OLD DAD?
DAD!!

From *Simon Snow and the Seventh Oak*

Chapter 23

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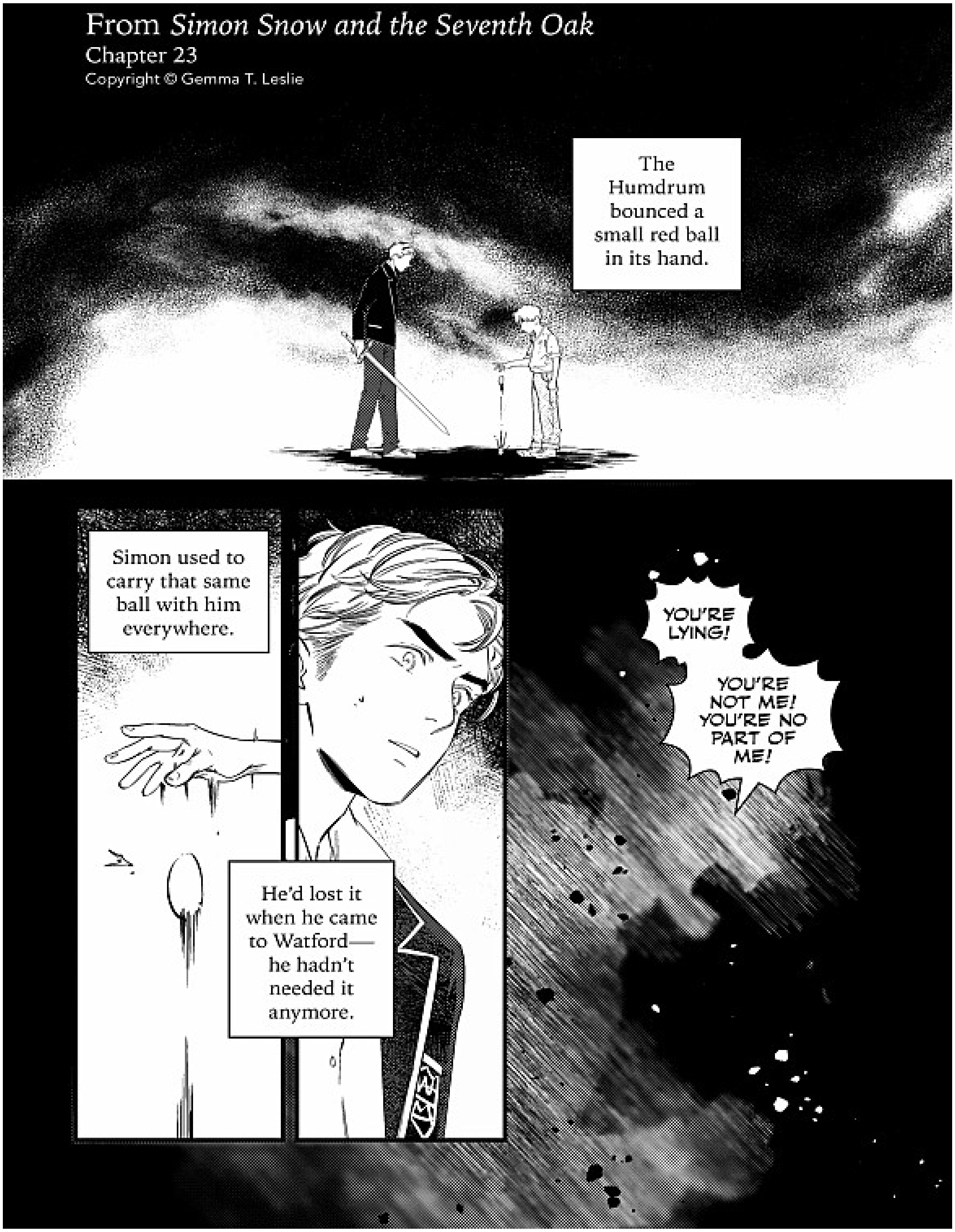
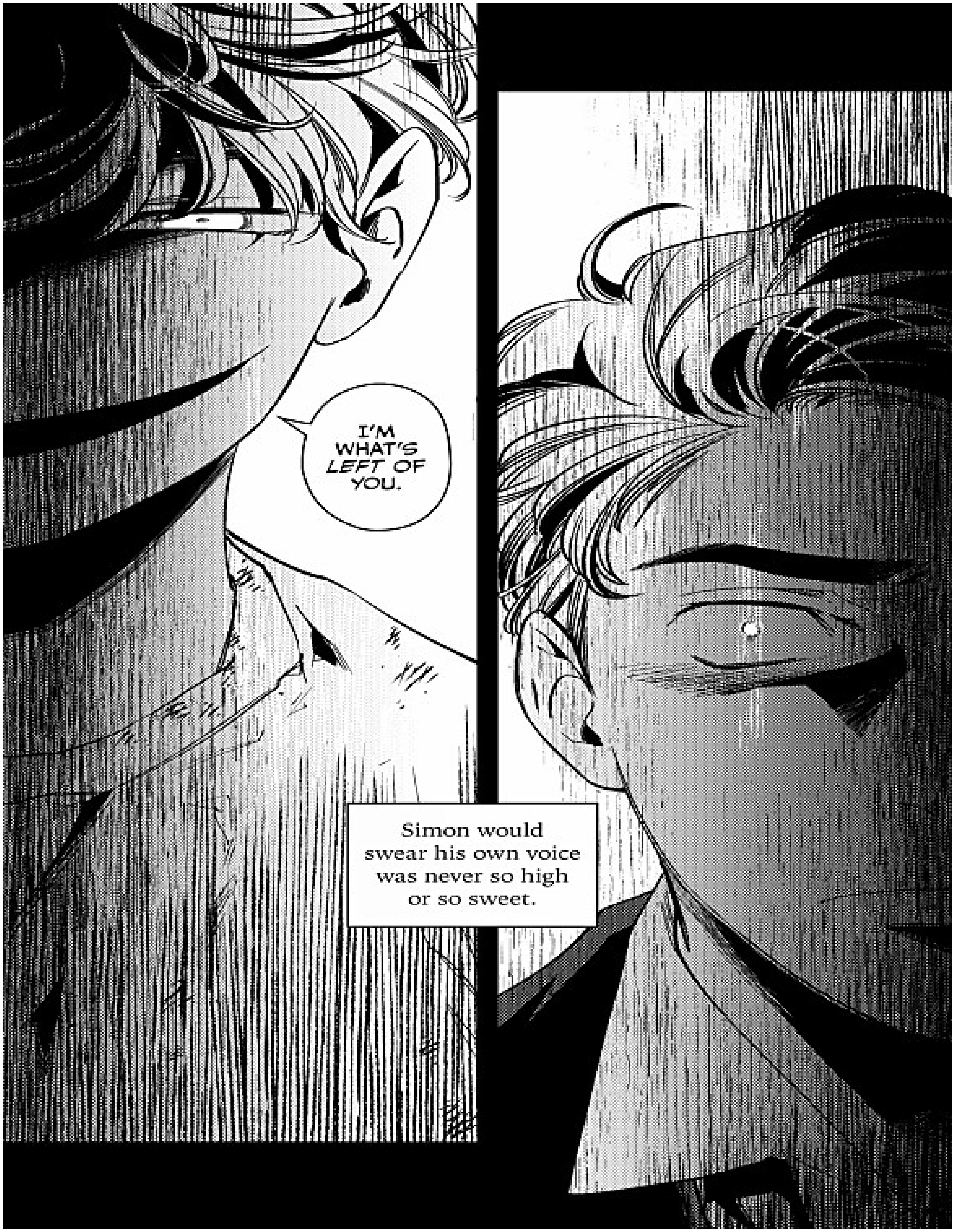
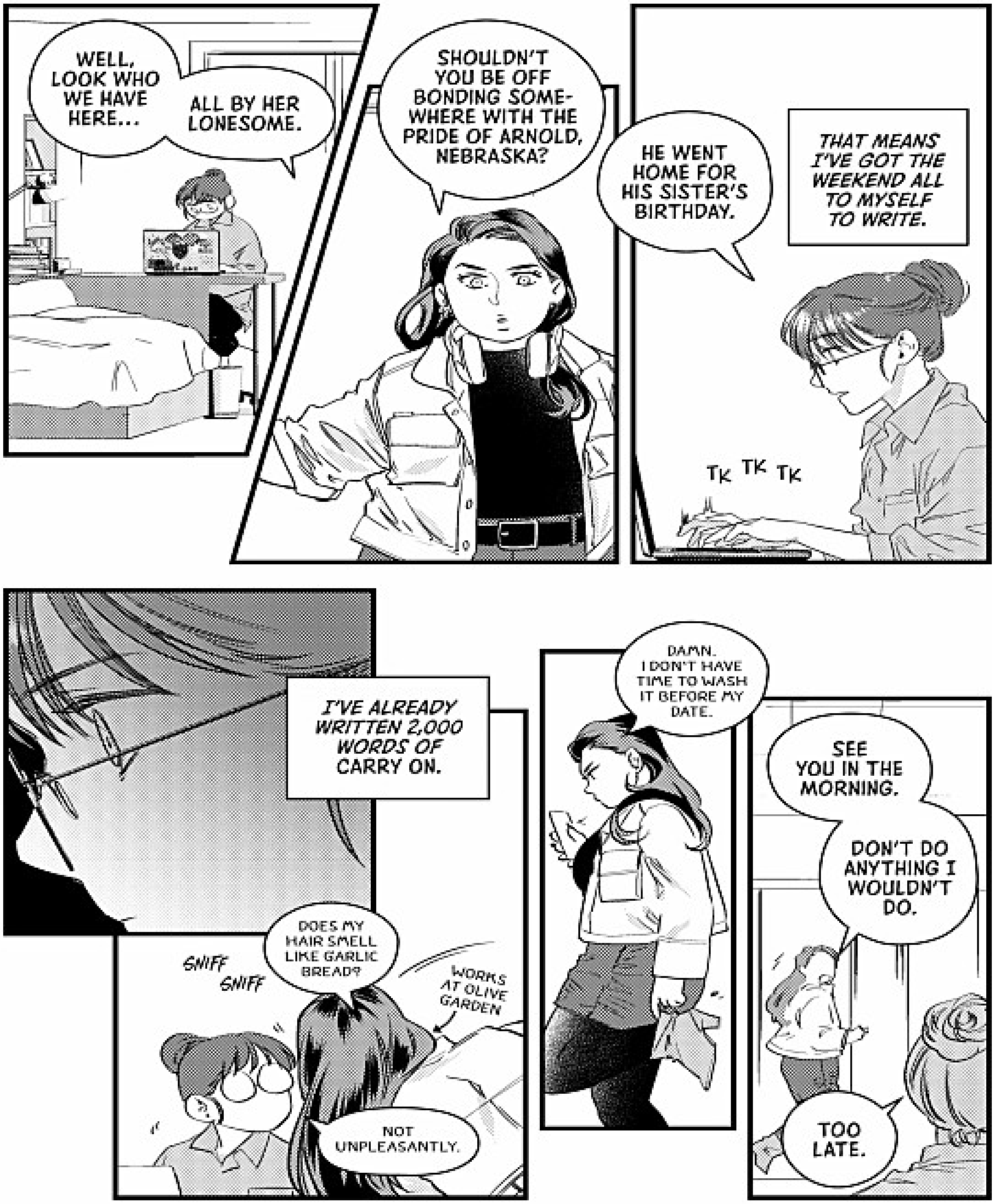
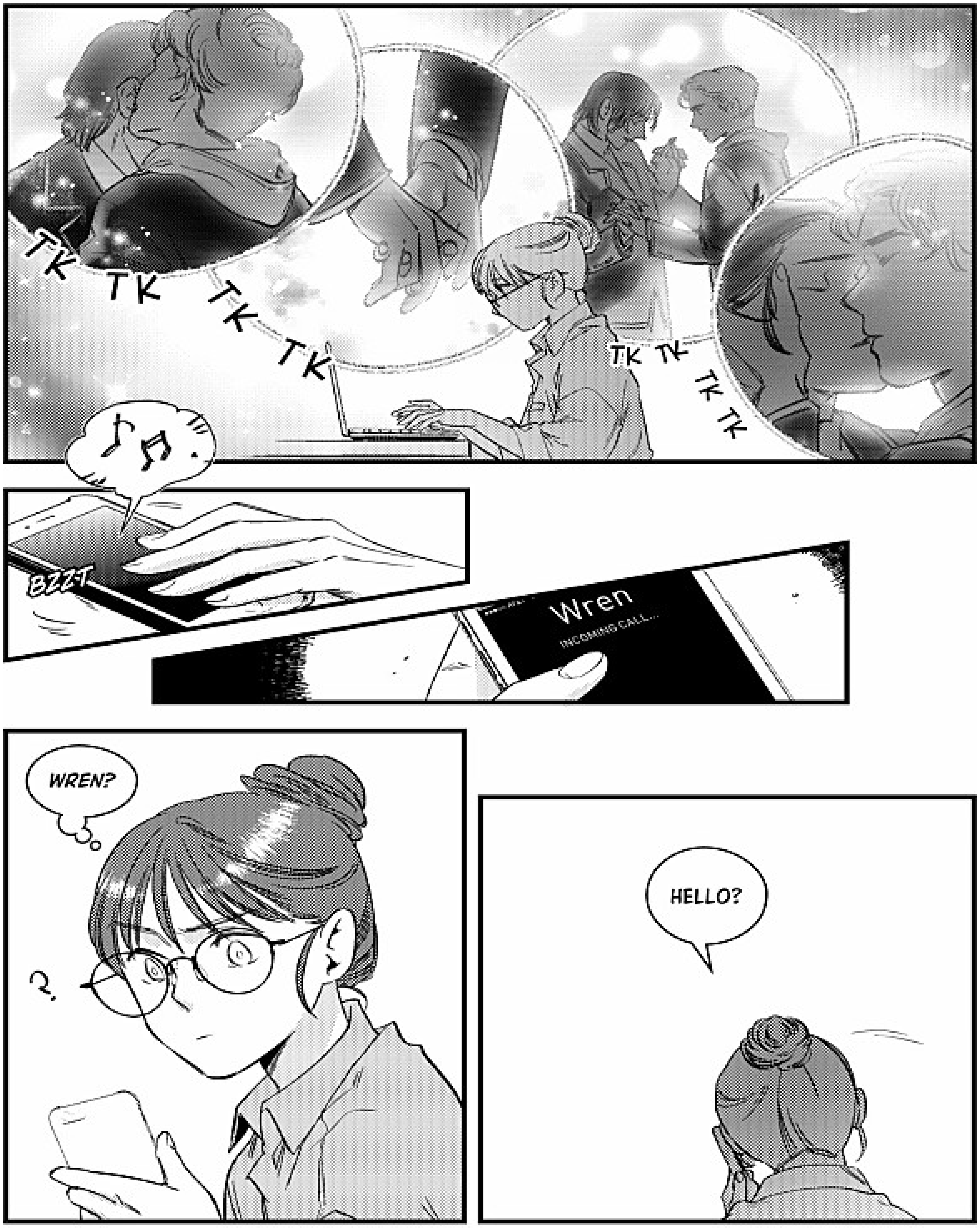
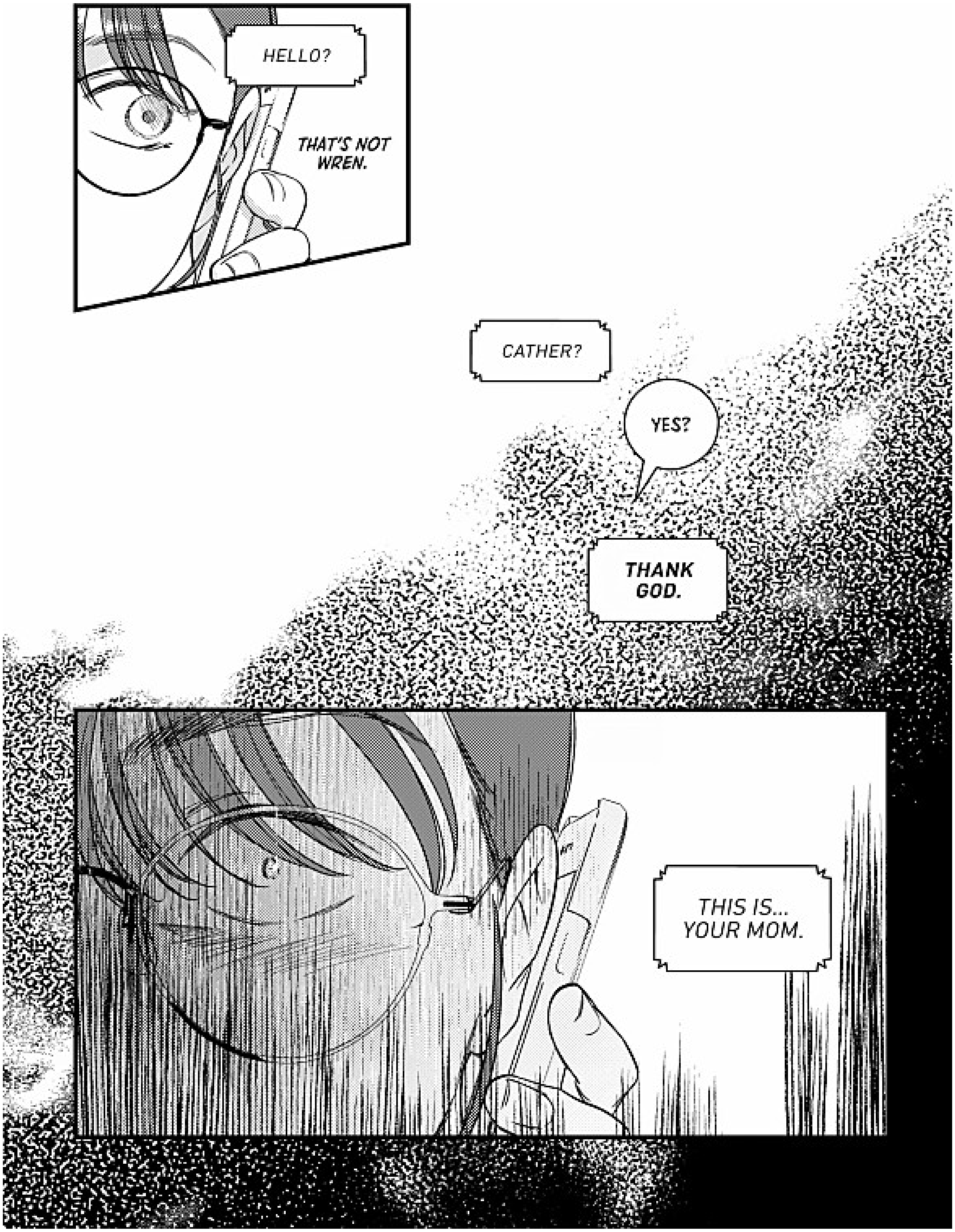
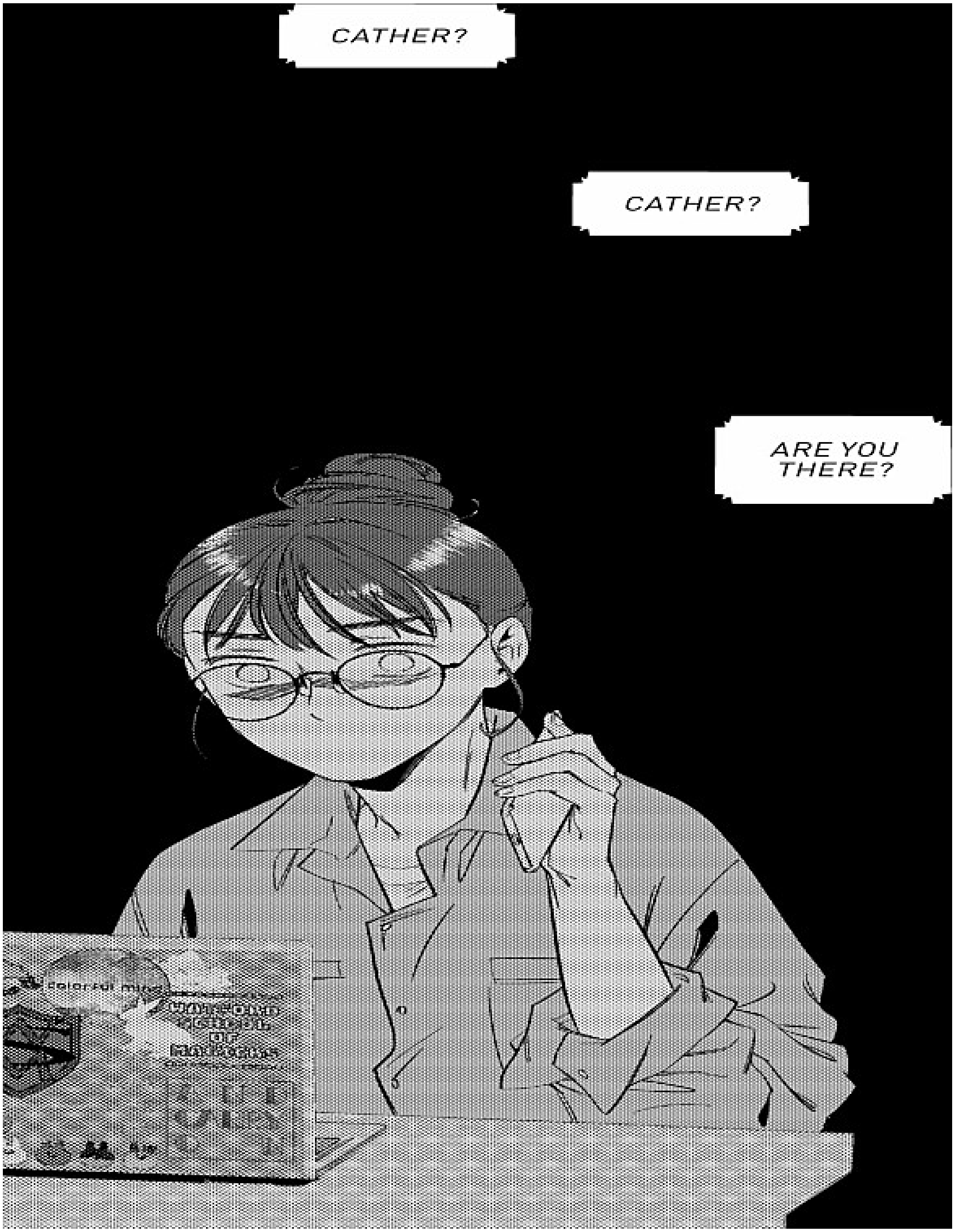

The Humdrum bounced a small red ball in its hand.
Simon used to carry that same ball with him everywhere.
He'd lost it when he came to Watford—he hadn't needed it anymore.
YOU'RE LYING!
YOU'RE NOT ME! YOU'RE NO PART OF ME!

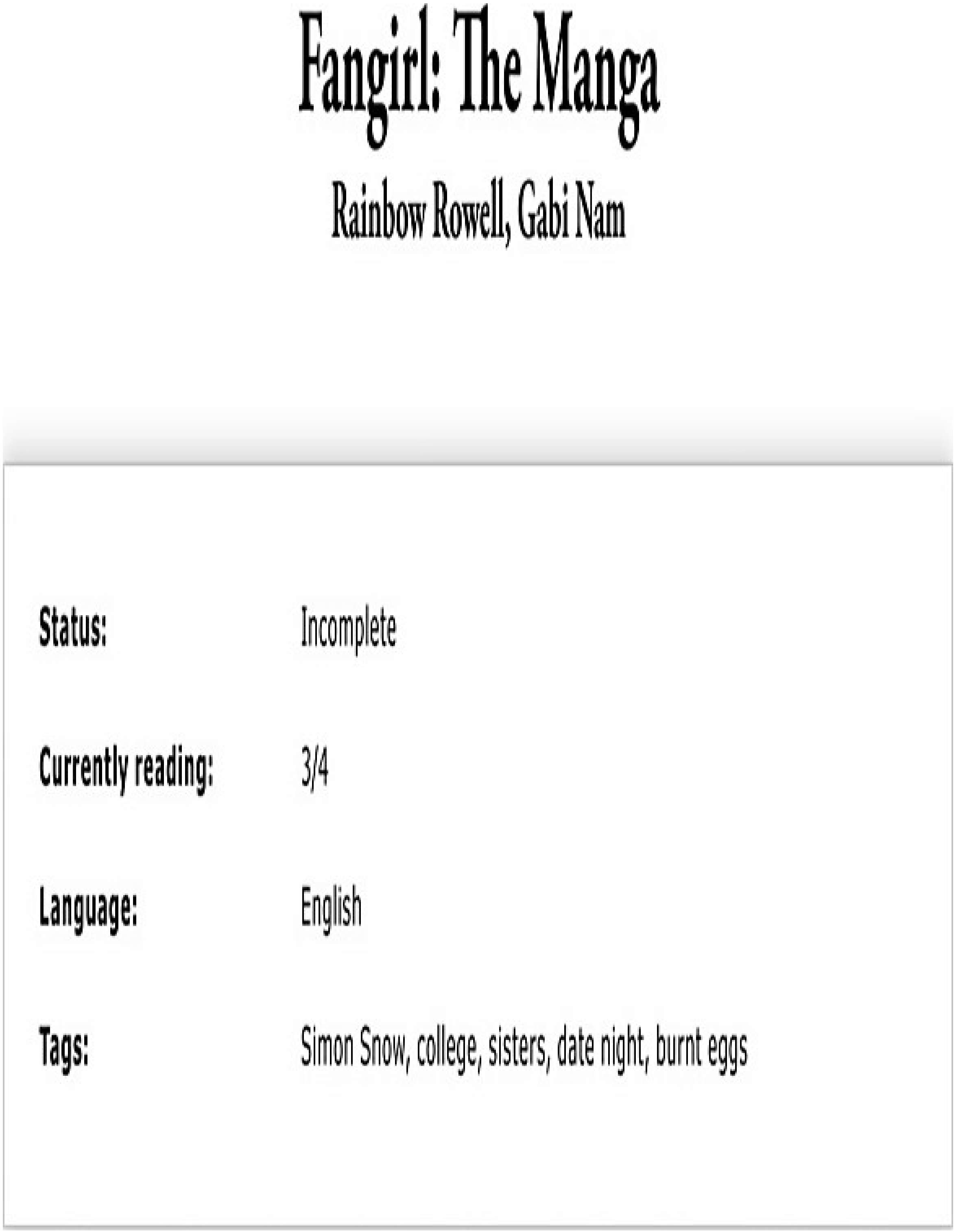

I'M WHAT'S *LEFT* OF YOU.
Simon would swear his own voice was never so high or so sweet.


WELL, LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE...
ALL BY HER LONESOME.
SHOULDN'T YOU BE OFF BONDING SOMEWHERE WITH THE PRIDE OF ARNOLD, NEBRASKA?
HE WENT HOME FOR HIS SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.
THAT MEANS I'VE GOT THE WEEKEND ALL TO MYSELF TO WRITE.
TK TK TK
I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN 2,000 WORDS OF CARRY ON.
SNIFF SNIFF
DOES MY HAIR SMELL LIKE GARLIC BREAD?
WORKS AT OLIVE GARDEN
NOT UNPLEASANTLY.
DAMN. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASH IT BEFORE MY DATE.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.
DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T DO.
TOO LATE.


TK TK TK TK
TK TK TK TK
♪♫
BZZT
Wren
INCOMING CALL...
WREN?
?
HELLO?


HELLO?
THAT'S NOT WREN.
CATHER?
YES?
THANK GOD.
THIS IS... YOUR MOM.

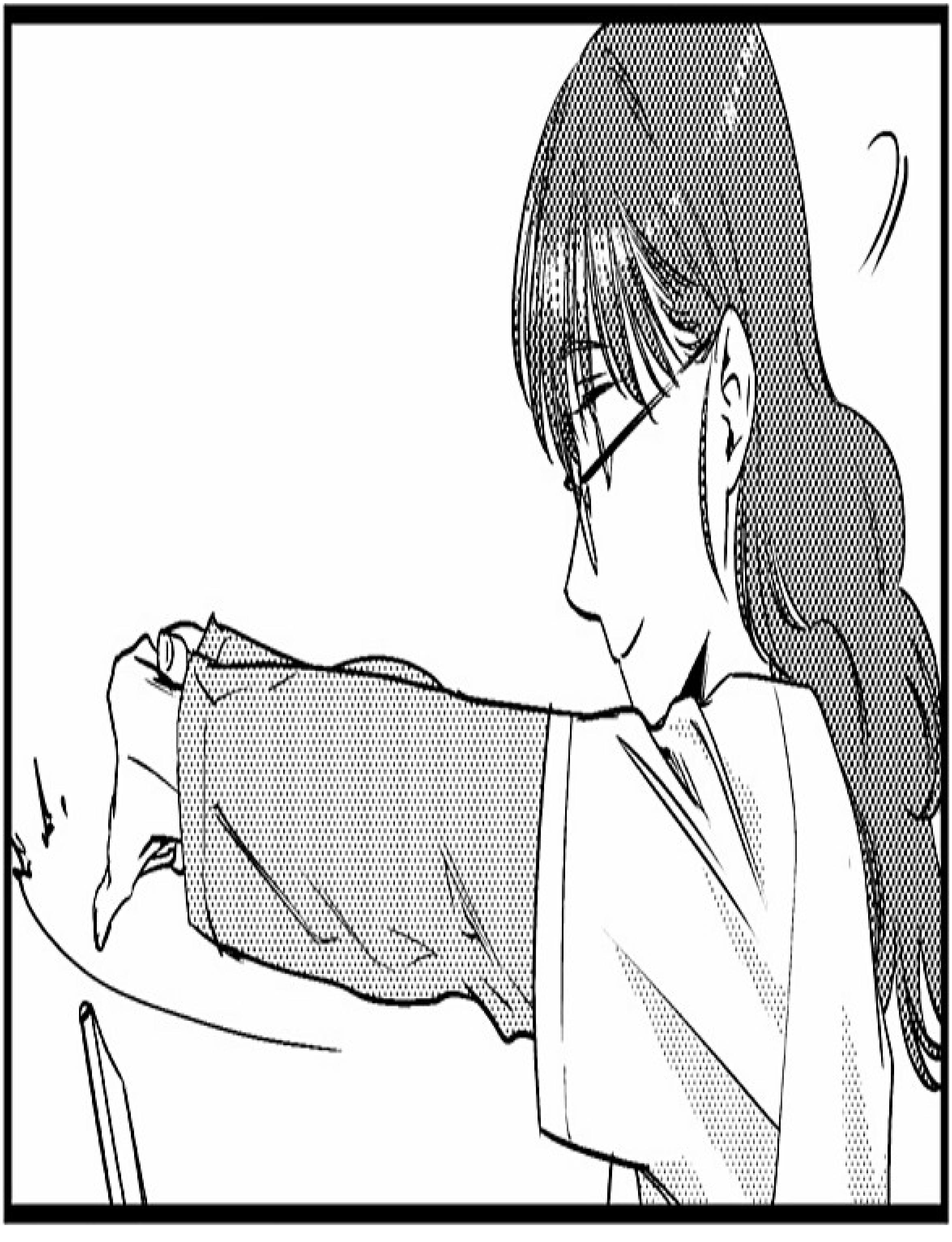

CATHER?
CATHER?
ARE YOU THERE?
colorful mind
WATFORD SCHOOL OF MAGICKS



Fangirl: The Manga

Rainbow Rowell, Gabi Nam

Status:	Incomplete
Currently reading:	3/4
Language:	English
Tags:	Simon Snow, college, sisters, date night, burnt eggs



RAINBOW ROWELL

Creator

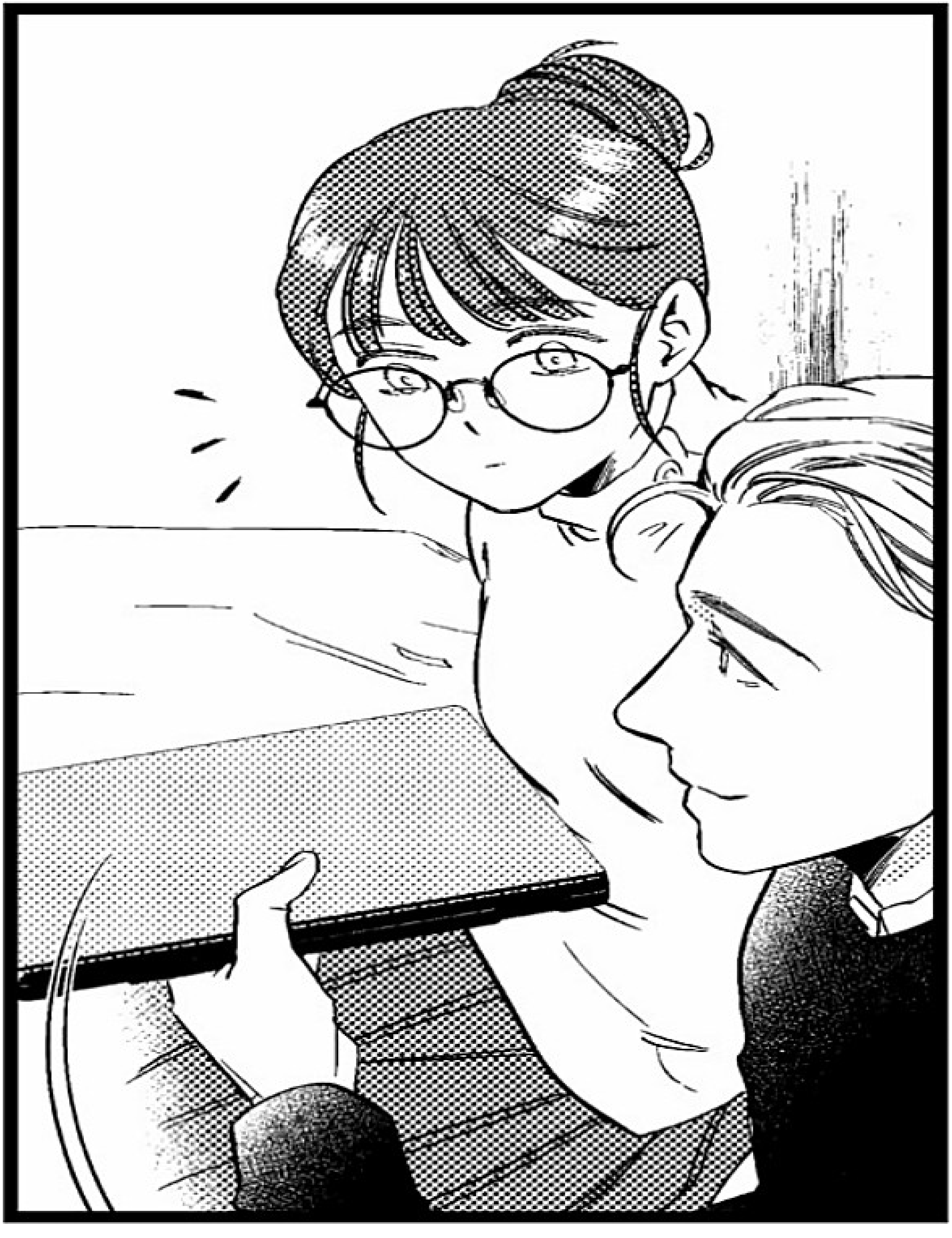
RAINBOW ROWELL lives in Omaha, Nebraska, with her family. She is the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of *Attachments*, *Eleanor & Park*, *Landline*, and the Simon Snow Trilogy. Her comics credits include Marvel's *Runaways* and *She-Hulk*, and the graphic novel *Pumpkinheads*.

You can visit her website at www.rainbowrowell.com

GABI NAM

Illustrator

GABI NAM is a South Korean artist who has lived abroad in Japan and France. She self-publishes her work in South Korea and specializes in the black-and-white manga style. *Fangirl: The Manga* is her English debut.



fangirl
THE MANGA
3

VIZ ORIGINALS EDITION

Based on the original novel *Fangirl* by Rainbow Rowell

Written and Adapted by RAINBOW ROWELL
Illustrated by GABI NAM

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Cover and Interior Design: ADAM GRANO
Editor: JULIA PATRICK, FAWN LAU

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PARENTAL ADVISORY
FANGIRL: THE MANGA is rated T+ for Older Teen and is recommended for ages 16 and up. This volume contains mature language and themes.

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Table of Contents

Page 1

Page 2
Page 3
Page 4
Page 5
Page 6
Page 7
Page 8
Page 9
Page 10
Page 11
Page 12
Page 13
Page 14
Page 15
Page 16
Page 17
Page 18
Page 19
Page 20
Page 21
Page 22
Page 23
Page 24
Page 25
Page 26
Page 27
Page 28
Page 29
Page 30
Page 31
Page 32
Page 33
Page 34
Page 35
Page 36
Page 37
Page 38

Page 39
Page 40
Page 41
Page 42
Page 43
Page 44
Page 45
Page 46
Page 47
Page 48
Page 49
Page 50
Page 51
Page 52
Page 53
Page 54
Page 55
Page 56
Page 57
Page 58
Page 59
Page 60
Page 61
Page 62
Page 63
Page 64
Page 65
Page 66
Page 67
Page 68
Page 69
Page 70
Page 71
Page 72
Page 73
Page 74
Page 75

Page 76
Page 77
Page 78
Page 79
Page 80
Page 81
Page 82
Page 83
Page 84
Page 85
Page 86
Page 87
Page 88
Page 89
Page 90
Page 91
Page 92
Page 93
Page 94
Page 95
Page 96
Page 97
Page 98
Page 99
Page 100
Page 101
Page 102
Page 103
Page 104
Page 105
Page 106
Page 107
Page 108
Page 109
Page 110
Page 111
Page 112

Page 113
Page 114
Page 115
Page 116
Page 117
Page 118
Page 119
Page 120
Page 121
Page 122
Page 123
Page 124
Page 125
Page 126
Page 127
Page 128
Page 129
Page 130
Page 131
Page 132
Page 133
Page 134
Page 135
Page 136
Page 137
Page 138
Page 139
Page 140
Page 141
Page 142
Page 143
Page 144
Page 145
Page 146
Page 147
Page 148
Page 149

Page 150
Page 151
Page 152
Page 153
Page 154
Page 155
Page 156
Page 157
Page 158
Page 159
Page 160
Page 161
Page 162
Page 163
Page 164
Page 165
Page 166
Page 167
Page 168
Page 169
Page 170
Page 171
Page 172
Page 173
Page 174
Page 175
Page 176
Page 177
Page 178
Page 179
Page 180
Page 181
Page 182
Page 183
Page 184
Page 185
Page 186

Page 187
Page 188
Page 189
Page 190
Page 191
Page 192
Page 193
Page 194
Page 195
Page 196
Page 197
Page 198
Page 199
Page 200
Page 201
Page 202
Page 203
Page 204
Page 205
Page 206
Page 207
Page 208
Page 209
Page 210
Page 211
Page 212
Page 213
Page 214
Page 215
Page 216
Page 217
Page 218
Page 219
Page 220
Page 221
Page 222
Page 223

Page 224
Page 225
Page 226
Page 227
Page 228
Page 229
Page 230
Page 231
Page 232
Page 233

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